





J. M. Leigh.

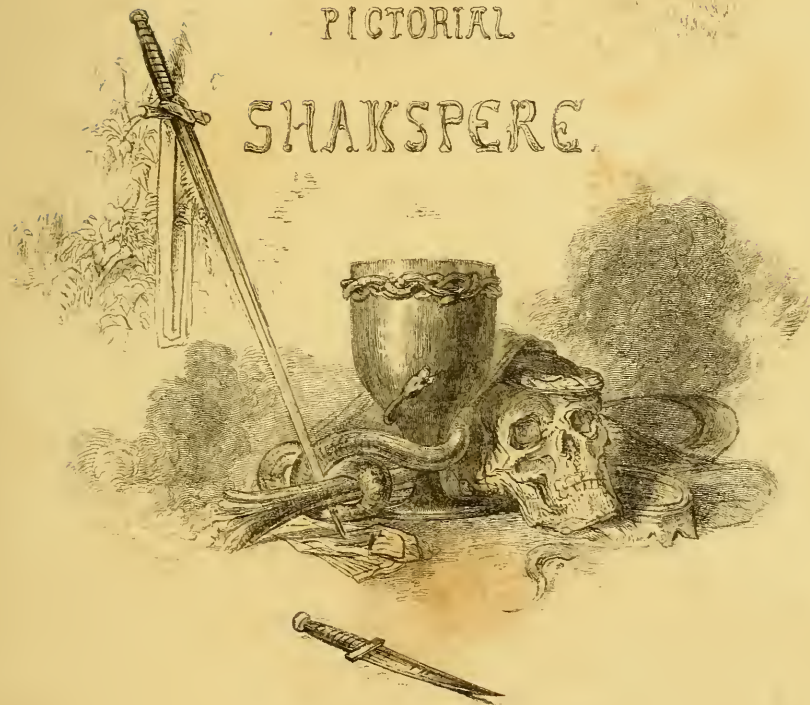








PICTORIAL
SHAKSPEARE.



EDITED BY JAMES H. BENTLEY

TRAGEDIES

VOL. II

THE
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,
AND
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE NATIONAL EDITION.

· TRAGEDIES.

VOL. II.

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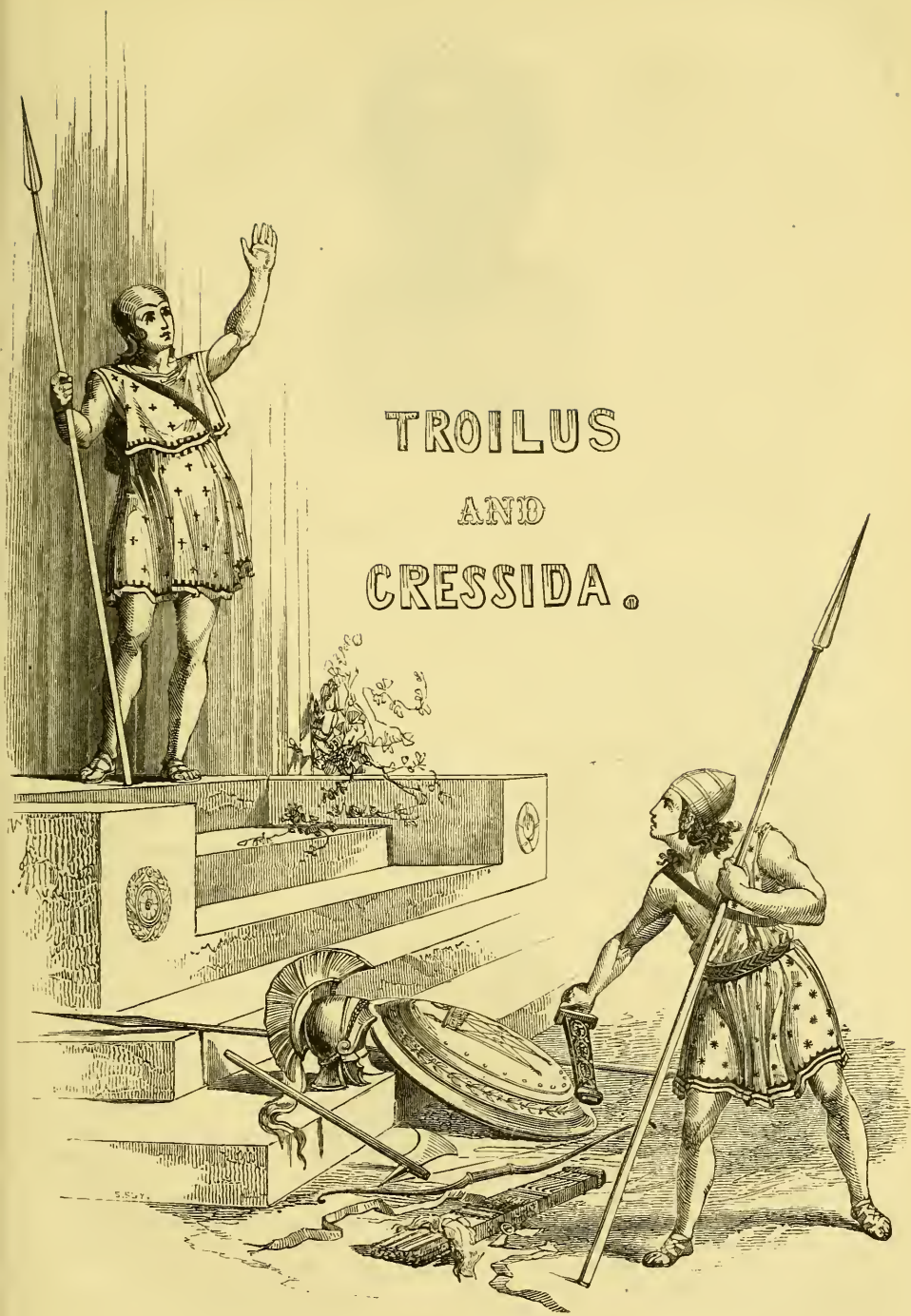
C O N T E N T S.

(TRAGEDIES.)

VOL. II.

	PAGE
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA	1
CYMBELINE	109
CORIOLANUS	229
JULIUS CÆSAR	341
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	433
TITUS ANDRONICUS	545
PERICLES	617

TROILUS
AND
CRESSIDA.





[Homer.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE original quarto edition of 'Troilus and Cressida' was printed in 1609. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623.

"The original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, as a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name of Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), *in the apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of 'Troilus and Cressida.'" Without entering into the question who Lollius was, we at once receive the 'Troilus and Creseide' of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspeare's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspeare. Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shakspearean commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play. But although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress, as given by Chaucer, are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful

difference in the characterisation, the whole story under the treatment of Shakspeare becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true:—

"I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featured*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Dürer."^a

^a 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 183.

Dryden, we have seen, speaks of Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' as a work of his apprenticeship. Dryden himself aspired to reform it with his own master-hand. The notion of Dryden was to convert the 'Troilus and Cressida' into a regular tragedy. He complains that "the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished." The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have "a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre." To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false; but she is to die: and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral:—

"Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings."

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They formed no part of the "rubbish" he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. Cressida is

the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita! There is nothing in her which could be called love: no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, "*Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont heureux.*" Shakspeare has described such happiness:—

"A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;

Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters.



[Chaucer.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

HECTOR, *son to Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

TROILUS, *son to Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 11.

PARIS, *son to Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 8.

DEIPHOBUS, *son to Priam.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HELENUS, *son to Priam.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ÆNEAS, *a Trojan commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.

ANTENOR, *a Trojan commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with
the Greeks.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.

MARGARELON, *a bastard son to Priam.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 8.

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

MENELAUS, *brother to Agamemnon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.

ACHILLES, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.

AJAX, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

ULYSSES, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

NESTOR, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

DIOMEDES, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

PATROCLUS, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous
Grecian.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 8.

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

Servant to Troilus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

Servant to Paris.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Servant to Diomedes.

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

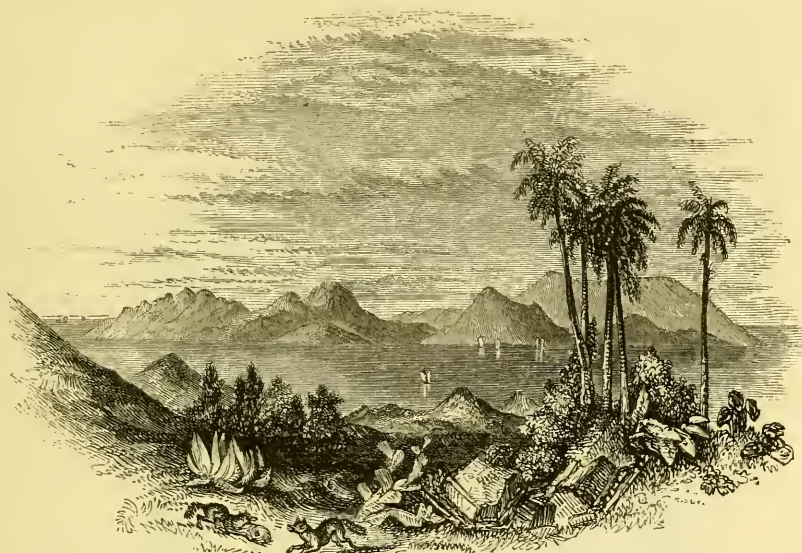
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY, AND THE GRECIAN CAMP BEFORE IT.



["To Tenedos they come."]

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous^a, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that 's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,

^a *Orgulous*—proud—the French *orgueilleux*. Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, several times uses the word; as, "The Flemings were great, fierce, and *orgulous*."

And Antenorides^a, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling^b bolts,
 Sperr up^c the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd^d,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt^e and firstlings of those broils,
 Beginning in the middle ; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
 Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

^a The names of the gates thus stand in the folio of 1623:—

“Darden and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And *Antenonidus*.”

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare had before him Caxton's translation of the ‘Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy,’ and there the names of the gates are thus given: “In this cittle were sixe principall gates: of which the one was named Dardane, the second Tymbria, the thyrd Helias, the fourth Chetas, the fifth Troyan, and the sixt *Antenorides*.” But he was also familiar with the ‘Troye Boke’ of Lydgate, in which the six gates are described as Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helias, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare meant to take the *Antenorides* of Caxton, or the *Anthonydes* of Lydgate; or whether, the names being pure inventions of the middle age of romance-writers, he deviated from both. As it is, we have retained the *Antenorides* of the modern editors.

^b *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

^c *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, which Tieck considers preferable to Theobald's substitution of *sperr up*. Desirous as we are to hold to the original, we cannot agree with Tieck. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. The commentators give us examples of the use of *sperr*, in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers. They have overlooked a passage in Chaucer's ‘Troilus and Cressida’ (book v.), which Shakspeare must have had before him in the composition of his play:—

“For when he saw her dorés *sperred* all,
 Wel nigh for sorrow adoun he gan to fall.”

^d *Arm'd*. Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak. (See Collier's ‘Annals of the Stage,’ vol. iii. p. 442.)

^e *Vaunt*—the van.



[SCENE III. *Before Agamemnon's Tent.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS, armed, and PANDARUS.

TRO. Call here my varlet^a, I'll unarm again :
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within ?
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

PAN. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

TRO. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

^a *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet* are the same ; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hireling*.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

PAN. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs^a tarry the grinding.

TRO. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the bolting.

TRO. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.

TRO. Still have I tarried.

PAN. Ay, to the leavening: but here 's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TRO. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser bleuch at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence^b?

PAN. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TRO. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,

As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PAN. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her.—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

TRO. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;

^a Needs is not found in the quarto, and is consequently omitted in all modern editions.

^b This line as it stands is an ingenious and tasteful correction by Rowe. The line in both the originals appears thus:—

“So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence.”

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach^a; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense^b
Hard as the palm of ploughman ;—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PAN. I speak no more than truth.

TRO. Thou dost not speak so much.

PAN. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair 't is
the better for her; an she be not she has the mends in her own hands.

TRO. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought
on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PAN. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she
were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.
But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one
to me.

TRO. Say I she is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her
father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her:
for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

TRO. Pandarus,—

PAN. Not I.

TRO. Sweet Pandarus,—

PAN. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there
an end. *[Exit PANDARUS. An alarum.*

TRO. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.

^a We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning "O! that her hand;" for what does Troilus desire? the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

^b Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
 Between our Ilium and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

TRO. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

ÆNE. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TRO. By whom, Æneas?

ÆNE. Troilus, by Menelaus.

TRO. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

[*Alarum.*

ÆNE. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

TRO. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—

But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound thither?

ÆNE. In all swift haste.

TRO. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

CRES. Who were those went by?

ALEX. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

CRES. And whither go they?

ALEX. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

CRES. What was his cause of anger?

ALEX. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

CRES. Good; and what of him?

ALEX. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

CRES. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

ALEX. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions;
he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man
into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into
folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he
hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attainment but he carries some stain of
it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath
the joints of everything; but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty
Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded^a Argus, all eyes and no
sight.

CRES. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

ALEX. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down;
the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

CRES. Who comes here?

ALEX. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

CRES. Hector's a gallant man.

ALEX. As may be in the world, lady.

PAN. What's that? what's that?

CRES. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PAN. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow,
Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium¹?

CRES. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone,
ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRES. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

PAN. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

CRES. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRES. So he says here.

PAN. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can
tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let
them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

CRES. What, is he angry too?

PAN. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRES. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

^a *Purblinded* in the folio—the quarto, *purblind*.

PAN. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man if you see him?

CRES. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

PAN. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRES. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

PAN. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

CRES. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

PAN. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

CRES. So he is.

PAN. 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

CRES. He is not Hector.

PAN. Himself? no, he 's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRES. Excuse me.

PAN. He is elder.

CRES. Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN. The other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit^a this year.

CRES. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

PAN. Nor his qualities;—

CRES. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRES. 'T would not become him, his own 's better.

PAN. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

CRES. No, but brown.

PAN. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRES. To say the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She praised his complexion above Paris.

CRES. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRES. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

PAN. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRES. Then she 's a merry Greek, indeed.

PAN. Nay, I am sure she does.—She came to him the other day into the compassed window^b,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

^a *Wit*. This is Rowe's correction:—both the old copies have *will*.

^b *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

CRES. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRES. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter^a?

PAN. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

CRES. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRES. O, he smiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRES. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

CRES. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

PAN. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRES. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

CRES. Without the rack.

PAN. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRES. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

CRES. With mill-stones.

PAN. And Cassandra laughed.

CRES. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And Hector laughed.

CRES. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRES. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

PAN. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

CRES. What was his answer?

PAN. Quoth she, "Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

CRES. This is her question.

PAN. That 's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs,"^b quoth

^a *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *shoplifter*.

^b So the quarto and folio. All the modern copies read *one and fifty*. "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" says Theobald. This is an exactness which Priam and his chroniclers would equally have spurned. The Margaron of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act V., is one of the additions to the old classical family. We leave the text as we find it.

he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he, "pluck it out and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed^a.

CRES. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

PAN. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

CRES. So I do.

PAN. I 'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

CRES. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May.

[*A retreat sounded.*]

PAN. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

CRES. At your pleasure.

PAN. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely:

I 'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

CRES. Speak not so loud.

PAN. That 's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

CRES. Who 's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

PAN. That 's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I 'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRES. Will he give you the nod?

PAN. You shall see.

CRES. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

PAN. That 's Hector², that, that, look you, that: there 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There 's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there 's a countenance! Is 't not a brave man?

CRES. O, a brave man!

PAN. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there 's no jesting: there 's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

CRES. Be those with swords?

PAN. Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it 's all one:

^a *Passed*—was excessive. So in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,'—"Why, this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida retorts in the common acceptance of the word.

By god's lid, it does one's heart good :—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece. [PARIS *passes over*.] Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

CRES. Who 's that?

HELENUS *passes over*.

PAN. That 's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That 's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day :—That 's Helenus.

CRES. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus? no;—yes, he 'll fight indifferent well :—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

CRES. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over*.

PAN. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

CRES. Peace, for shame, peace!

PAN. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

CRES. Here come more.

PAN. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRES. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

PAN. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRES. Well, well.

PAN. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth^a, the spice and salt that season a man?

^a So forth in the folio—the quarto, *such like*.

CRES. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date 's out.

PAN. You are such another^a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

CRES. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles;
upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty;
and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand
watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRES. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too;
if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how
I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

PAN. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PAN. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.^b]

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come:

[Exit Boy.]

I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

CRES. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRES. To bring, uncle,—

PAN. Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRES. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, gifts^c, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear.

[Exit.]

^a *Another* in the folio—the quarto, *a*.

^b The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *Gifts* is the reading of all the old copies. *Griefs* has crept into all the modern editions.

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

AGAM. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad^a and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

NEST. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold

^a *Broad in the quarto—the folio, loud.*

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: Where 's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide,
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize ^a
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

ULYSSES.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
 And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
 I give to both your speeches,—which were such
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver ^b,
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
 On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks' ears ^c
 To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
 Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

[To AGAMEMNON.

[To NESTOR.

AGAM. ^d Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
 That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastick ^e jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

^a *Brize*—the gad-fly.

^b *Hatch'd*. Gifford says "to hatch is to inlay."

^c This is the reading of the folio, except in the substitution of *on* for *in*. The quarto has—

"On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears.

^d This speech of Agamemnon is not in the quarto.

^e *Mastick*. We retain the word of the original. *Masticke* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking something emphatic. In all modern editions the word is rendered *mastive*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, '*Histrion-Mastix: The Player's Scourge*;' but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed

ULYSS. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'ring
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture ! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :

to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last. We attach little importance to the circumstance that the author of that satire has introduced a dialogue between Troilus and Cressida; for the subject had most probably possession of the stage before Shakspeare's play. But it appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:
 And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness lives^a, not in her strength.

NEST. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGAM. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

ULYSS. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on;
 And like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming

^a *Lives* in the folio—in the quarto, *stands*.

He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries—"Excellent !—" 'T is Agamemnon just,—
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'dress'd to some oration."

That 's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife :
Yet god^a Achilles still cries, "Excellent ;
'T is Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet ;—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, "O !—enough, Patroclus ;
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NEST. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

ULYS. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

^a *God* in the old copies. It is frittered down by the moderns into *good*.

When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

NEST. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons.

[*Tucket sounds.*]

AGAM. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

MEN. From Troy.

AGAM. What would you 'fore our tent?

ÆNE. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

AGAM. Even this.

ÆNE. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

AGAM. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

ÆNE. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

AGAM. How?

ÆNE. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

AGAM. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

AGAM. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

ÆNE. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAM. What 's your affair, I pray you ?

ÆNE. Sir, pardon, 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAM. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

ÆNE. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;

To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

AGAM. Speak frankly as the wind ;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

ÆNE. Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy

A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce

Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords³ !

If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,

That holds his honour higher than his ease ;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)

And dare avow her beauty and her worth,

In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,

Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :

If any come, Hector shall honour him ;

If none, he 'll say in Troy, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

AGAM. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector ; if none else, I 'll be he.

NEST. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian mould^a
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me, —
 I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn ;
 And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world ; his youth in flood,
 I 'll pawn^b this truth with my three drops of blood.

ÆNE. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

ULYSS. Amen.

AGAM. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

ULYSS. Nestor !

NEST. What says Ulysses ?

ULYSS. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NEST. What is 't ?

ULYSS. This 't is :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To overbulk us all.

NEST. Well, and how ?

ULYSS. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NEST. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up :
 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

^a *Mould* in the folio—in the quarto, *host*.

^b *Pawn* in the folio—in the quarto, *prove*.

As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

ULYSS. And wake him to the answer, think you?

NEST.

Yes,

It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

ULYSS. Give pardon to my speech;—

Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better^a. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NEST. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

ULYSS. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

^a The quarto reads—

“The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first.”

Were he not proud, we all should wear^a with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves
 Give him allowance as the worthier man^b,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We 'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
 NEST. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice ;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other : Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Wear in the folio—in the quarto, *share*.

^b So the folio—in the quarto, *for the better man*.

[*Ulysses.*]



[SCENE II. "Enter Cassandra, raving."]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

AJAX. Thersites,—

THER. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

AJAX. Thersites,—

THER. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?

AJAX. Dog,—

THER. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

AJAX. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. *[Strikes him.]*

THER. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord¹!

AJAX. Speak then, thou vinew'dest^a leaven, speak: I will beat thee into hand-someness.

THER. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

AJAX. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

THER. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

AJAX. The proclamation,—

THER. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

AJAX. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

THER. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. [When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.^b]

AJAX. I say, the proclamation,—

THER. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

AJAX. Mistress Thersites!

THER. Thou shouldst strike him.

AJAX. Cobloaf!

THER. He would pun^c thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

AJAX. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.]

THER. Do, do.

AJAX. Thou stool for a witch!

THER. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego^d may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but^e to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX. You dog!

THER. You scurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur!

[Beating him.]

THER. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

ACHIL. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now, Thersites? what 's the matter, man?

THER. You see him there, do you?

^a *Vinew'dest*—vinewed—vinny—signifies decayed, mouldy; the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*. The modern editors have retained "*unsalted*," from the quarto. In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have "*feneued* traditions."

^b These words are not in the folio.

^c *Pun*—pound.

^d *Assinego*—an ass.

^e *But*. Both the quarto and folio so read; but *put* has crept into modern editions.

ACHIL. Ay; what 's the matter?

THER. Nay, look upon him.

ACHIL. So I do; what 's the matter?

THER. Nay, but regard him well.

ACHIL. Well! why I do so.

THER. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHIL. I know that, fool.

THER. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THER. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I 'll tell you what I say of him.

ACHIL. What?

THER. I say, this Ajax—

ACHIL. Nay, good Ajax. [AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.

THER. Has not so much wit—

ACHIL. Nay, I must hold you.

THER. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHIL. Peace, fool!

THER. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

AJAX. O thou damned cur! I shall—

ACHIL. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THER. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PATR. Good words, Thersites.

ACHIL. What 's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THER. I serve thee not.

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THER. I serve here voluntary.

ACHIL. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

THER. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHIL. What, with me too, Thersites?

THER. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grand-sires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

ACHIL. What, what?

THER. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles! to Ajax! to!

AJAX. I shall cut out your tongue.

THER. 'T is no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

PATR. No more words, Thersites ; peace.

THER. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I ?

ACHIL. There 's for you, Patroclus.

THER. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents ;
I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

PATR. A good riddance.

ACHIL. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth^a hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach ; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what ; 't is trash : Farewell.

AJAX. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

ACHIL. I know not, it is put to lottery ; otherwise,
He knew his man.

AJAX. O, meaning you :—I 'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

PRI. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks :

“ Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off :”—Hector, what say you to 't ?

HECT. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—“ Who knows what follows ?”

Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

^a *Fifth.* So the folio ; the quarto has *first*, which obtains in modern editions. The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun ; by the *fifth* of a summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes^a,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

TRO. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

HEL. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

TRO. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest⁵,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare^b hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

HECT. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

TRO. What 's aught but as 't is valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable^c

^a *Dismes*—tenths.

^b *Hare* in the quarto; by a typographical error, *hard* in the folio.

^c *Inclinable* in the folio—the quarto, *attributive*.

To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have spoil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective same^a,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent^b bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale^c the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go,")
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried—"Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,

^a *Same*. The word of the folio; the quarto has *sive*, which gives us the common reading of *sieve*. The second folio has *place*. The commentators say that *sieve* is a basket, and they tell us that *sieves* and *half-sieves* are well known in Covent Garden. That is true; but a *sieve* of fruit is a basket of *picked* fruit,—of the finest fruit, sorted from the commoner, according to the original notion of *sieve*, which implies separation. *Same*, on the contrary, is used as a noun, in the sense of a heap, or mass, collected in one place, in strict accordance with its Saxon derivation. Such use of the word is uncommon, but it is not the less correct.

^b How forcible is "your breath of full consent,"—compared with the reading of the quarto, which is invariably followed, "your breath, *with* full consent!"

^c *Stale* in the folio—the quarto, *pale*.

That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

CAS. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRI. What noise? what shriek is this?

TRO. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CAS. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

HECT. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT. Peace, sister, peace.

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age, and wrinkled old^a,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

HECT. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

TRO. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

PAR. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

^a *Old* in the folio—the quarto, *elders*.

All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRI. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

PAR. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECT. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,

And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TRO. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonise us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

HECT. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

THER. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall
the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy

satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-dartèr of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-aimed^a ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

PATR. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

THER. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

PATR. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

THER. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Who's there?

PATR. Thersites, my lord.

ACHIL. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?—Come; what's Agamemnon?

THER. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATR. Thy lord, Thersites: Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THER. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATR. Thou may'st tell that knowest.

ACHIL. O, tell, tell.

THER. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

PATR. You rascal!

THER. Peace, fool; I have not done.

ACHIL. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

^a *Short-aimed.* The originals have *short-armed*. The correction is suggested by Mr. Dyce.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool ; Achilles is a fool ; Thersites is a fool ; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this ; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles ; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon ; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool ; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool ?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover^a.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here ?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody :—Come in with me, Thersites.

[*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery ! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore : A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject ! and war, and lechery, confound all !

[*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles ?

Patr. Within his tent ; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent^b our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him :
Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent ; he is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by my head, it is pride : But why, why ? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No ; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish than their faction : But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

^a In the folio, *to the creator*.

^b *Shent*. The quarto reads *sate*, the folio, *sent*. Theobald made the change to *shent*, meaning to rebuke.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

NEST. No Achilles with him.

ULYS. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy^a :

His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure^a.

PATR. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry

If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him ; he hopes it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

AGAM. Hear you, Patroclus ;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lines^b, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

PATR. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*]

AGAM. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.]

^a *Flexure*, the true reading, is *flight* in the folio.

^b *Lines* in the folio. Haumer changed the word, the meaning of which is clear enough, into *lunes*.

AJAX. What is he more than another?

AGAM. No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAM. No question.

AJAX. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAM. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

AGAM. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

AJAX. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

NEST. Yet he loves himself: Is 't not strange? [Aside.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

ULYSS. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGAM. What's his excuse?

ULYSS. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

AGAM. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us?

ULYSS. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters 'gainst itself^a. What should I say?

He is so plaguy^b proud, that the death-tokens of it

Cry—"No recovery."

AGAM. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,

^a 'Gainst itself is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *down himself*.

^b *Plaguy*. Steevens, in his horror of a line of more than ten syllables, calls plaguy a "vulgar epithet,—the wretched interpolation of some foolish player." Malone, with good sense, says, "the very word explains what follows,—'the death-tokens.'"

At your request, a little from himself.

ULYSS. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
 When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminat himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles;
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
 And say in thunder—"Achilles go to him."

NEST. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*]

DIO. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

AJAX. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
 Over the face.

AGAM. O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX. An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:

Let me go to him.

ULYSS. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX. A paltry, insolent fellow!

NEST. How he describes himself!

[*Aside.*]

AJAX. Can he not be sociable?

ULYSS. The raven chides blackness.

[*Aside.*]

AJAX. I'll let his humours blood.

AGAM. He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

[*Aside.*]

AJAX. An all men were o' my mind!

ULYSS. Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Aside.*]

AJAX. A should not bear it so, a should eat swords first: Shall pride
 carry it?

NEST. An 't would, you'd carry half.

[*Aside.*]

ULYSS. He would have ten shares.

[*Aside.*]

AJAX. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

NEST. He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: Pour in, pour in;
 his ambition is dry^a.

[*Aside.*]

^a All this spirited dialogue has been ruined by Steevens, in his attempt to turn the prose into his halting verse. He had no more idea of rhythm than a savage would have of a half-tint in painting.

ULYSS. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[To AGAMEMNON.]

NEST. Our noble general, do not do so.

DIO. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSS. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face ;

I will be silent.

NEST. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

ULYSS. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us ! Would he were a Trojan !

NEST. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

ULYSS. If he were proud—

DIO. Or covetous of praise—

ULYSS. Ay, or surly borne—

DIO. Or strange, or self-affected !

ULYSS. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here 's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

AJAX. Shall I call you father ?

ULYSS. Ay, my good son ^a.

DIO. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

ULYSS. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our general

To call together all his state of war ;

Fresh kings are come to Troy : To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast :

^a Because Nestor was an old man, the modern editors make *him* reply to the question of Ajax. In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was revered, *father*. Ben Jonson had thus his sons. The flattery of Ulysses has won the heart of Ajax ; Nestor has said nothing.

And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAM. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep ;

Light boats may sail swift, though greater bulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Cassandra.*]



[SCENE I. *Helen unarming Hector.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

PAN. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

SERV. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You depend upon him, I mean.

SERV. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

PAN. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

SERV. The lord be praised!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

SERV. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

PAN. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

SERV. I hope I shall know your honour better.

PAN. I do desire it.

SERV. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*]

PAN. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

SERV. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

PAN. Know you the musicians?

SERV. Wholly, sir.

PAN. Who play they to?

SERV. To the hearers, sir.

PAN. At whose pleasure, friend?

SERV. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PAN. Command, I mean, friend.

SERV. Who shall I command, sir?

PAN. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

SERV. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

PAN. Who, my cousin Cressida?

SERV. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

SERV. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

PAR. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HELEN. O, sir,—

PAN. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PAR. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

PAN. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

HELEN. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

PAN. Go to, sweet queen; go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

HELEN. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PAN. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

HELEN. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PAN. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

HELEN. My lord Pandarus,—

PAN. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

PAR. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

HELEN. Nay, but my lord,—

PAN. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

PAR. [I'll lay my life,^a] with my disposer, Cressida.

PAN. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

PAR. Well, I'll make excuse.

PAN. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

PAR. I spy.

PAN. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

HELEN. Why, this is kindly done.

PAN. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PAN. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

HELEN. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PAN. Ay, you may, you may.

HELEN. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.

^a The words in brackets are not in the folio.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
 Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
 Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
 So dying love lives still:
 Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
 Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

HELEN. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PAN. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PAN. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—
 Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

PAN. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day^a, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HELEN. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

PAN. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PAN. To a hair.

PAN. Farewell, sweet queen.

HELEN. Commend me to your niece.

PAN. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.

[A retreat sounded.

PAN. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
 To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
 To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
 With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
 Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
 Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
 Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

HELEN. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
 Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
 Yea, overshines ourself.

PAN. Sweet, above thought I love thee^b.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

PAN. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

^a *To-day*. So the folio and the quarto. *To-night* is the reading of all the modern editions.

^b The reading of the quarto is, "Sweet, above thought I love *her*," and the speech is there correctly given to Paris. *Thee* is the reading of the folio, and the words incorrectly conclude the speech of Helen.

SERV. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

PAN. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

TRO. Sirrah, walk off.

[*Exit Servant.*]

PAN. Have you seen my cousin?

TRO. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

PAN. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

TRO. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now.
She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with
a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath
so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

TRO. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now;
swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone
again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your

ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills^a.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

TRO. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she 'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here 's—
“In witness whereof the parties interchangeably”—Come in, come in; I 'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

TRO. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

CRES. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

TRO. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRES. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TRO. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

CRES. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

TRO. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRES. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TRO. Nothing, but our undertakings: when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

CRES. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TRO. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

^a *Fills*—thills—shafts.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

CRES. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

PAN. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me:

Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

TRO. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

PAN. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

CRES. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,

For many weary months.

TRO. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRES. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My soul of counsel from me^a: Stop my mouth.

TRO. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PAN. Pretty, i' faith.

CRES. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:

'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:

I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TRO. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

PAN. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

CRES. Pray you, content you.

TRO. What offends you, lady?

CRES. Sir, mine own company.

TRO. You cannot shun

Yourself.

^a So the folio; the quarto, *my very soul of counsel*.

CRES. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you :

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit ?

I would be gone :—I speak I know not what^a.

TRO. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRES. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love :

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;

Or else you love not : For to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

TRO. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays !

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;

How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRES. In that I'll war with you.

TRO.

O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right !

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,

Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

CRES.

Prophet may you be !

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself,

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated

^a We follow the reading of the folio. The sentences are transposed in the quarto.

To dusty nothing ; yet let memory
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood ! when they have said, as false
 As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son ;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

PAN. Go to, a bargain made : seal it, seal it ; I 'll be the witness.—Here I hold
 your hand : here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since
 I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between
 be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars ; let all
 constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between
 Pandars ! say, amen.

TRO. Amen.

CRES. Amen.

PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it
 shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.
 And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this geer ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and
 CALCHAS.

CAL. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
 The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
 That, through the sight I bear in things to love^a,
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes⁷ ; sequest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
 And here, to do you service, am become

^a The meaning appears to us sufficiently clear—through my prescience in knowing what things
 I should love. The ordinary reading, unsupported by any authority, is—

“ That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy.”

The commentators have given us four pages to prove, and disprove, the correctness of the modern
 reading.

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which you say live to come in my behalf.

AGAM. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

AGAM. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIOM. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burthen
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

ULYSSES. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last: 'T is like, he 'll question me,
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
 If so, I have derision medicinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass
 To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGAM. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along;—

So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd ou. I will lead the way.

ACHIL. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGAM. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

NEST. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHIL. No.

NEST. Nothing, my lord.

AGAM. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

ACHIL. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*]

ACHIL. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX. How now, Patroclus?

ACHIL. Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX. Ha?

ACHIL. Good morrow.

AJAX. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*]

ACHIL. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATR. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

ACHIL. What, am I poor of late?

'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;

I 'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

ULYSS.

Now, great Thetis' son!

ACHIL. What are you reading?

ULYSS. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

ACHIL. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,^a]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

ULYSS. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,

^a The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

While pride is feasting in his wantonness !
To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

ACHIL. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

ULYSSES. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue : If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement for the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object :
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

ACHIL. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

ULYSS. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

ACHIL. Ha! known?

ULYSS. Is that a wonder?

The providence that 's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation

Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,

Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:

All the commerce that you have had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,

To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—

“Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

PATR. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;

They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus:

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air^a.

ACHIL. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATR. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

ACHIL. I see, my reputation is at stake;

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

PATR. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHIL. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace^a;

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

THER. A wonder!

ACHIL. What?

THER. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

ACHIL. How so?

THER. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

ACHIL. How can that be?

THER. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who would say, there were wit in this head, an 't would out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

ACHIL. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

THER. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his

^a *Airy air* is the reading of the folio; the quarto has *air*, without the Shakspearean superlative.

presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

ACHIL. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

PATR. Jove bless great Ajax.

THER. Humph!

PATR. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

THER. Ha!

PATR. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

THER. Humph!

PATR. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

THER. Agamemnon?

PATR. Ay, my lord.

THER. Ha!

PATR. What say you to 't?

THER. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHIL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THER. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

ACHIL. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THER. Let me carry another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

ACHIL. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it. [*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

THER. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]



[Æneas meeting Paris.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

PAR. See, ho! who 's that there?

DEI. 'T is the lord Æneas.

ÆNE. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,

As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

DIO. That 's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

PAR. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

ÆNE. Health to you, valiant sir,
 During all question of the gentle truce^a:
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
 As heart can think or courage execute.

DIO. The one and other Diomed embraces.
 Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
 But, when contention and occasion meet,
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

ÆNE. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
 With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
 Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
 No man alive, can love, in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

DIO. We sympathise:—Jove, let Æneas live,
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun!
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

ÆNE. We know each other well.

DIO. We do; and long to know each other worse.

PAR. This is the most despitefull'st^b gentle greeting,
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
 What business, lord, so early?

ÆNE. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PAR. His purpose meets you: 'T was to bring this Greek
 To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
 For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
 Let's have your company; or, if you please,
 Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
 (Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality, whereof, I fear,
 We shall be much unwelcome.

ÆNE. That I assure you;
 Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
 Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PAR. There is no help;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

^a The sentence scarcely requires explanation: Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

^b This is the common construction of the age of Shakspeare: the modern reading is *despiteful*.

ÆNE. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

PAR. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most ^a,
Myself, or Menelaus?

DIO. Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more:
But he as he; which heavier for a whore ^b?

PAR. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIO. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PAR. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell ^c.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

TRO. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

CRES. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

^a *Most* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *best*.

^b This is the reading of the folio.

^c Warburton proposed to read *not sell*, which is evidently the meaning,—antithetically opposed to *buy*. Tieck and Voss support the change of reading; but our principle is, not to alter the text. In this respect it is the same in both editions, the quarto and the folio.

- TRO. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
- CRES. Good morrow, then.
- TRO. Prithee now, to bed.
- CRES. Are you aweary of me?
- TRO. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys^a no longer,
I would not from thee.
- CRES. Night hath been too brief.
- TRO. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously^b as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
- CRES. Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
- PAN. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
- TRO. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

- CRES. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—
- PAN. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
- CRES. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
- PAN. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?
- CRES. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
- PAN. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia^c! hast not slept to-night?
would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]
- CRES. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd o' the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
- TRO. Ha, ha!

^a *Joys* in the quarto; the folio, *eyes*.

^b *Tediously* in the quarto; the folio, *hideously*.

^c *Capocchia*. Florio, in his 'Italian Dictionary,' explains *capocchio* as "a shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

CRES. Come, you are deceiv'd, I thiuk of no such thing.—

[*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

PAN. [*Going to the door.*] Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what 's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

PAN. Who 's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what should he do here?

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;

It doth import him much to speak with me.

PAN. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I 'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

ÆNE. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware.

You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go^a.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

TRO. How now? what 's the matter?

ÆNE. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand

Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,

The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor

Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,

We must give up to Diomedes' hand

The lady Cressida⁹.

TRO. Is it concluded so?

ÆNE. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

TRO. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

ÆNE. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*

PAN. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck.

^a Steevens printed this speech metrically, according to his notion of metre.

Enter CRESSIDA.

CRES. How now? what 's the matter? who was here?

PAN. Ah, ah!

CRES. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

PAN. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRES. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

PAN. Prithee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

CRES. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what 's the matter?

PAN. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRES. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

PAN. Thou must.

CRES. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremity^a you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I will go in and weep;—

PAN. Do, do.

CRES. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

PAR. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,

And haste her to the purpose.

TRO. Walk in to her house;

^a *Extremity* in the folio; the quarto, *extremes*.

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :
 And to his hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*

PAR. I know what 't is to love ;
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
 Please you walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

PAN. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRES. Why tell you me of moderation ?
 The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And no less in a sense as strong as that
 Which causeth it^a : How can I moderate it ?
 If I could temporise with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief :
 My love admits no qualifying cross^b :
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

PAN. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck !

CRES. O Troilus ! Troilus !

PAN. What a pair of spectacles is here ! Let me embrace too : *O heart*,—as
 the goodly saying is,—

*O heart, heavy heart,
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking ?*

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
 By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live
 to have need of such a verse : we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs ?

TRO. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,

^a This is the reading of the folio ; the quarto has,

“ And *violenteth* in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it.”

^b *Cross* in the folio ; *dross* in the quarto. The folio gives as clear a meaning, without a mixed metaphor.

That the blest gods,—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

CRES. Have the gods envy?

PAN. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

CRES. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TRO. A hateful truth.

CRES. What, and from Troilus too?

TRO. From Troy and Troilus.

CRES. Is 't possible?

TRO. And suddenly; where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasting^a with the salt of broken tears.

ÆNE. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

TRO. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
 Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
 Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

PAN. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up
 by the root. [Exit PANDARUS.]

CRES. I must then to the Grecians^b?

TRO. No remedy.

CRES. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
 When shall we see again?

TRO. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart¹⁰,—

CRES. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

TRO. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:
 I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
 For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

^a *Distasting* in the folio; the quarto, *distasted*.

^b *Grecians* in all the early editions. The modern editors have silently given us *Greeks*, in their love of "metre."

That there's no maculation in thy heart:
 But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

CRES. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

TRO. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

CRES. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TRO. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation.
 But yet, be true.

CRES. O heavens!—be true, again?

TRO. Hear why I speak it, love;
 The Grecian youths are full of quality;
 Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
 Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise^a;
 How novelties may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
 Makes me afraid.

CRES. O heavens! you love me not

TRO. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
 But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

CRES. Do you think I will?

TRO. No.

But something may be done that we will not:
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

^a These are three fine lines, perfectly intelligible:—this love is well composed with the gift of nature, which gift (natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts and exercise. The second line is not found in the quarto, which reads,

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
 And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

The poet strengthened the image in his last copy; but he did not anticipate that editors would arise, who, having two readings, would make a hash, and give us,

"The Grecian youths are full of quality;
 They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
 And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

ÆNE. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

TRO. Come, kiss, and let us part.

PAR. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

TRO. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

CRES. My lord, will you be true?

TRO. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit

Is—plain and true,—there 's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,

Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;

And, by the way, possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

DIO. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

TRO. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the seal^a of my petition to thee,

In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,

As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,

I 'll cut thy throat.

DIO. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:

Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,

To be a speaker free; when I am hence,

^a *Seal* is the reading of all the old copies. Warburton changed this to *zeal*, which everybody follows,—in ignorance of the strong meaning attached to *seal* in Shakspeare's age. Did the commentators never hear of such a line as

"*Seals of love, but seal'd in vain*"?

I 'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
 I 'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be 't so,
 I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

TRO. Come, to the port.—I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

PAR. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

ÆNE. How have we spent this morning!

The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him in the field.

PAR. 'T is Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

DEI. Let us make ready straight.

ÆNE. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed*; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES,
 NESTOR, *and others.*

AGAM. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time. With starting courage,
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax^a; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

AJAX. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
 Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:

^a Perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed as the first folio of Shakspeare. If it had been reprinted, with a literal attention to the *punctuation* even, up to the present hour, we should have a better copy than England possesses in a hundred shapes. We have an instance before us. *Our* text is pointed as the old copy (which is also the punctuation of the quarto). This is the modern punctuation:—

“Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet,” &c.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

ULYSS. No trumpet answers.

ACHIL. 'T is but early days.

AGAM. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

ULYSS. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait ;

He rises on the toe : that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

AGAM. Is this the lady Cressid ?

DIO. Even she.

AGAM. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady

NEST. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSS. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

NEST. And very courtly counsel : I 'll begin. —

So much for Nestor.

ACHIL. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

MEN. I had good argument for kissing once.

PATR. But that 's no argument for kissing now :

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;

[*And parted thus you and your argument.*^a]

ULYSS. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

PATR. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :

Patroclus kisses you.

MEN. O, this is trim !

PATR. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

MEN. I 'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

CRES. In kissing, do you render or receive ?

PATR. Both take and give.

CRES. I 'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give ;

Therefore no kiss.

MEN. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.

CRES. You 're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

MEN. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

CRES. No, Paris is not ; for you know 't is true

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

MEN. You fillip me o' the head.

CRES. No, I 'll be sworn.

^a The line in brackets is not in the folio.

ULYSS. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRES. You may.

ULYSS. I do desire it.

CRES. Why, beg then.

ULYSS. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

CRES. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

ULYSS. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

DIO. Lady, a word:—I 'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

NEST. A woman of quick sense.

ULYSS. Fie, fie upon her!

There 's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling^a reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

ALL. The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAM. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

ÆNE. Hail, all you state^b of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

AGAM. Which way would Hector have it?

ÆNE. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

ACHIL. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprising^c

The knight oppos'd.

ÆNE. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

^a *Tickling* in the folio; the quarto, *ticklish*.

^b *You state* in the folio; the quarto, *the state*.

^c *Disprising* in the folio; the quarto, *misprising*.

ACHIL. If not Achilles, nothing.
 ÆNE. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
 In the extremity of great and little,
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
 In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
 ACHIL. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

AGAM. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

ULYSS. They are oppos'd already.
 AGAM. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
 ULYSS. The youngest son of Priam; a true knight^a;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has he gives; what thinks he shows;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impure^b thought with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect

^a We take the reading of the quarto. The folio has,

“The youngest son of Priam;
 A true knight; they call him Troilus.”

But these words, *they call him Troilus*, are found below; and their introduction here is probably a clerical or typographical error.

^b *Impure*. The originals have *impair*. Mr. Dyce has satisfactorily shown that there is no precedent for the use of this word adjectively.

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.*

AGAM. They are in action.

NEST. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TRO. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

AGAM. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

DIO. You must no more.

[*Trumpets cease.*

ÆNE. Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

DIO. As Hector pleases.

HECT. Why, then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son¹¹,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

AJAX. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

HECT. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

HECT. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

AJAX. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

DIO. 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECT. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

AJAX. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

HECT. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGAM. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that 's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome^a.

HECT. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAM. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting ;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECT. Whom must we answer ?

ÆNE. The noble Menelaus^b.

HECT. O you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded^c oath ;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove ;
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

MEN. Name her not now, sir ; she 's a deadly theme.

HECT. O, pardon ; I offend.

NEST. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth ; and I have seen thee,

^a The quarto has only the first two lines, and the last line, of this noble address ; and yet Steevens and Malone talk about the additions and substitutions of "the player-editors."

^b In the quarto, and the folio, this answer to the question of Hector is given by *Æneas* ; in the modern editions it is assigned to *Menelaus* ; and then, without looking at the originals, Reed and M. Mason discuss whether it is proper for Menelaus to call himself "noble."

^c *Untraded*—unused—uncommon.

[To TROILUS.

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements^a,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNE. 'T is the old Nestor.

HECT. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NEST. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HECT. I would they could.

NEST. Ha!

By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

ULYSS. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECT. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

ULYSS. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

HECT. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

^a So the folio; the quarto,

"Despising many forfeits and subduements."

ULYSS. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

ACHIL. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

HECT. Is this Achilles ?

ACHIL. I am Achilles.

HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

ACHIL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay, I have done already.

ACHIL. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECT. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er ;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

ACHIL. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him¹² ? whether there, or there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

HECT. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

ACHIL. I tell thee, yea.

HECT. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

AJAX. Do not chafe thee, cousin :—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

HECT. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;

We have had pelting^a wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

ACHIL. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

HECT. Thy hand upon that match.

AGAM. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive you^b: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

TRO. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYSS. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth^c,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

TRO. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

ULYSS. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

TRO. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Pelting*—petty.

^b *You* in the folio; the quarto, *we*.

^c *So* the folio; the quarto,

"Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth."



[SCENE IX. *Death of Hector.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS

ACHIL. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

PATR. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

ACHIL. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

THER. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers,
here's a letter for thee.

ACHIL. From whence, fragment?

THER. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

PATR. Who keeps the tent now?

THER. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

PATR. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

THER. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATR. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

THER. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries^a!

PATR. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

THER. Do I curse thee?

PATR. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

THER. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

PATR. Out, gall!

THER. Finch egg!

ACHIL. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

THER. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing;

^a This is the reading of the quarto. The folio shortens the enumeration of loathsome diseases with "and the like."

he is both ass and ox : to an ox were nothing ; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care : but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. —Hey-day ! spirits and fires !

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with lights*.

AGAM. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX. No, yonder 't is ;

There, where we see the lights.

HECT. I trouble you.

AJAX. No, not a whit.

ULYSS. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

AGAM. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECT. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

MEN. Good night, my lord.

HECT. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

THER. Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth 'a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

ACHIL. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

AGAM. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAM. and MEN.]

ACHIL. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIO. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

HECT. Give me your hand.

ULYSS. Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent ; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

TRO. Sweet sir, you honour me.

HECT. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED ; ULYSSES and TROILUS *following*.]

ACHIL. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

THER. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some

change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!
[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CAL. [Within.] Who calls?

DIO. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

CAL. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

ULYSS. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

TRO. Cressid comes forth to him.

DIO. How now, my charge?

CRES. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

TRO. Yea, so familiar!

ULYSS. She will sing any man at first sight.

THER. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

DIO. Will you remember?

CRES. Remember? yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TRO. What should she remember?

ULYSS. List!

CRES. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THER. Roguery!

DIO. Nay, then,—

CRES. I'll tell you what:

DIO. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a forsworn—

CRES. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

THER. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

DIO. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRES. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

DIO. Good night.

TRO. Hold, patience!

ULYSS. How now, Trojan?
 CRES. Diomed,—

DIO. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

TRO. Thy better must.

CRES. Hark! one word in your ear.

TRO. O plague and madness!

ULYSS. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

TRO. Behold, I pray you!

ULYSS. Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction^a; come, my lord.

TRO. I pray thee, stay.

ULYSS. You have not patience; come.

TRO. I pray you, stay;—by hell, and hell torments,

I will not speak a word.

DIO. And so, good night.

CRES. Nay, but you part in anger.

TRO. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

ULYSS. Why, how now, lord?

TRO. By Jove,

I will be patient.

CRES. Guardian!—why, Greek!

DIO. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

CRES. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

ULYSS. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

TRO. She strokes his cheek!

ULYSS. Come, come.

TRO. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

HER. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

DIO. But will you then?

CRES. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

DIO. Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRES. I'll fetch you one.

ULYSS. You have sworn patience.

TRO. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

[Exit.]

^a *Distraction*—the quartos have *destruction*.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

THER. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

CRES. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve¹³.

TRO. O beauty! where 's thy faith?

ULYSS. My lord,—

TRO. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRES. You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

DIO. Whose was 't?

CRES. No matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THER. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

DIO. I shall have it.

CRES. What, this?

DIO. Ay, that.

CRES. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal^a.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TRO. I did swear patience.

CRES. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;

I 'll give you something else.

DIO. I will have this: Whose was it?

CRES. 'T is no matter.

DIO. Come, tell me whose it was.

CRES. 'T was one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. Whose was it?

CRES. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TRO. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

CRES. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past:—And yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

^a This is the line of the quarto. The folio has

“He that takes that takes my heart withal.”

The modern editors give us “*must take*.”

DIO. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

CRES. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

DIO. I do not like this fooling.

THER. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.

DIO. What, shall I come? the hour?

CRES. Ay, come:—O Jove!

Do come:—I shall be plagued.

DIO. Farewell till then.

CRES. Good night. I prithee, come.—

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads must err; O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

THER. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

ULYS. All 's done, my lord.

TRO. It is.

ULYS. Why stay we then?

TRO. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

ULYS. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TRO. She was not, sure.

ULYS. Most sure she was.

TRO. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYS. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

TRO. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,

For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

ULYS. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

TRO. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THER. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce^a a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man faucey
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressida love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

^a *Conduce* in both copies; the modern reading is *commence*.

ULYSSES. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TRO. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

ULYSSES. I'll bring you to the gates.

TRO. Accept distracted thanks. *[Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]*

THER. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven;
I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

AND. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECT. You train me to offend you; get you gone:

By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day¹⁴.

HECT. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

CAS. Where is my brother Hector?

AND. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CAS. O, it is true.

HECT. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

CAS. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECT. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

AND. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to count violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity^a.

CAS. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow:
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECT. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

AND. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

HECT. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

TRO. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

HECT. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

TRO. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

HECT. O, 't is fair play.

TRO. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

^a This is one of the very few obscure passages in this play. The lines are not in the quarto. In the folio we find,

"Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob," &c.

The ordinary reading is,

"For we would give much, to use violent thefts."

To use thefts is clearly not Shakspearean. Perhaps *count*, or *give*, might be omitted, supposing that one word had been substituted for another in the manuscript, without the erasure of that first written; but this omission will not give us a meaning. We have ventured to transpose *count*, and omit *as*:—

"For we would give much, to count violent thefts."

We have now a clear meaning:—it is as lawful, because we desire to give much, to count violent thefts *as holy*,

"And rob in the behalf of charity."

HECT. How now? how now?

TRO. For the love of all the gods,

Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth

HECT. Fie, savage, fie!

TRO. Hector, then 't is wars.

HECT. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TRO. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRI. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

HECT. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRI. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECT. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CAS. O Priam, yield not to him.

AND. Do not, dear father.

HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you:

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.]

TRO. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

CAS. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

TRO. Away!—Away!

CAS. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[Exit.

HECT. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

PRI. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.

TRO. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

PAN. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

TRO. What now?

PAN. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

TRO. Let me read.

PAN. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

TRO. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [Tearing the letter.

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

PAN. Why! but hear you.

TRO. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame.

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name^a.

[Exeunt severally.

^a This couplet, which we here find in the folio, is again used by Troilus towards the conclusion of the play—the last words which Troilus speaks. In all modern editions the lines are omitted in the close of the third scene. Steevens says, “the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner.” Why not? Is the repetition unnecessary? Is not the loathing which Troilus feels towards Pandarus more strongly marked by this repetition? We have no doubt about the restoration of the lines.

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.**Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

THER. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

TRO. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

DIO. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

THER. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

THER. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HECT. I do believe thee;—live. [Exit.]

THER. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same.**Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

DRO. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse¹⁵;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
 Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
 And am her knight by proof.

SERV.

I go, my lord.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAM. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
 Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
 Hath Doreus prisoner;
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
 Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers¹⁶; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

NEST. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse¹⁷,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls^a
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy^b Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
 Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite
 That what he will he does; and does so much
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

ULYS. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,

^a *Sculls*—shoals of fish. We have the word in Milton ('Paradise Lost,' book vii.):—

"Fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
 Bank the mid sea."

^b *Strawy*. This beautiful epithet is found in the quarto; the folio has *straying*.

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus!

[*Exit.*

DIO.

Ay, there, there.

NEST. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL.

Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

AJAX.

What wouldst thou?

DIO. I would correct him.

AJAX. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

DIO. Ha! art thou there?

AJAX. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

DIO. He is my prize. I will not look upon.

TRO. Come both you cogging Greeks; have at you both.

[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

HECT. Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHIL. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*

HECT. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man

Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

TRO. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reckon not though thou end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

HECT. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll frush^a it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—

It is decreed Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Frush*—break to pieces.

SCENE VIII.—*The same.**Enter MENELAUS and PARIS fighting: then THERSITES.*

THER. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog!
 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The
 bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

MAR. Turn, slave, and fight.

THER. What art thou?

MAR. A bastard son of Priam's.

THER. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard
 instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate.
 One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take
 heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a
 whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

MAR. The devil take thee, coward!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

HECT. Most putrified core, so fair without,

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:

Rest, sword¹⁸: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*]*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and darking^a of the sun,

To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECT. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHIL. Strike, fellows, strike¹⁹; this is the man I seek.

[*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou; now, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

^a *Darking*—so the folio; the common reading is *dark'ning*.

"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

MYR. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

ACHIL. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like^a, the armies separate.

My half-suppl'd sword that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others,
marching. Shouts within.*

AGAM. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NEST. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIO. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

AGAM. March patiently along:—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. Hector is slain.

ALL. Hector?—The gods forbid!

TRO. He's dead; and at the murtherer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

^a *Stickler-like.* A stickler was an arbitrator, or sidesman; one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on!

ÆNE. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TRO. You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet:—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains.

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. [*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

PAN. But hear you, hear you!

TRO. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

PAN. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones;—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—

Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:

And being once subdued in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :
Till then I 'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.



[Achilles.]



Phrygian Lady, with Casket.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*When were you at Ilium?*”

ILIUM, according to the romance-writers, was the palace of Priam. The author of ‘The Destruction of Troy’ thus describes it:—“In the most open place of the city, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich palace, which was named Ilion: that was one of the richest palaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world.”

² SCENE II.—“*That’s Hector,*” &c.

This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam’s two valiant sons:—

“Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;
In all this world there n’ is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,
And he well more of virtue hath than might;
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same praise of Troilus I say:
God help me, so I know not suché tway.

“Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,
And of Troilus the same thing trow I,
For dreddeless^a men telleth that he doth
In armés day by day so worthily,
And bear’th him here at homé so gently
To ev’ry wight, that allé praise hath he
Of them that me were levest praised be^b.

“Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus,
For yesterday whoso had with him been
Mighten have wonder’d upon Troilus;
For never yet so thick a swarm of been^c
Ne flew, as Greeké^s from him ’gonnen fleeen,
And through the field in every wightés ear
There was no cry but ‘Troilus is there!’

“Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,
There n’as but Greeké^s blood and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayéd thus:
He was their death, and shield and life for us,
That as that day there durst him none withstand
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.”

³ SCENE III.—“*Kings, princes, lords,*” &c.

Steevens says the challenge thus sent “would

^a Doubtless. ^b Whose praise I should most desire.
^c Bees.

better have suited Palmerin or Amadis than Hector or Æneas." Precisely so. And this was not only the language of romance, but of real life, almost up to the days of Shakspeare. In a challenge of the reign of Mary, four Spanish and English knights will maintain a fight on foot at the barriers against all comers, that "they may show their great desires to serve their ladies by the honourable adventure of their person." But would Steevens assert that Shakspeare did not purposely make the distinction between the Homeric and the feudal ages? He found the challenge of Hector in Homer; he invested it with its Gothic attributes in accordance with a principle. The commentators sneer at Shakspeare's violation of chronology, in the mention of Aristotle: what do they say to Chaucer's line in the 'Troilus and Creseide'—

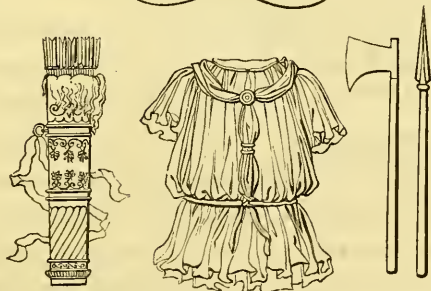
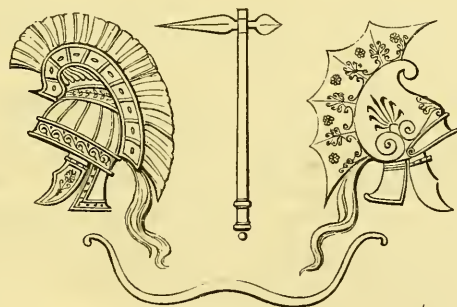
"He sung, she play'd, he told a tale of *Wade*"?

Wade was a hero of the same fabulous school as Bevis and Launcelot. The challenge of Hector is thus rendered by Chapman:—

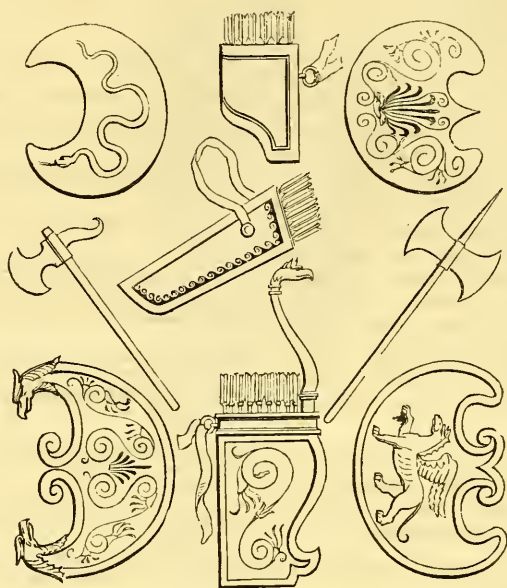
"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd

Through all my spirits, commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd

His promis'd favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife,
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I'll hang them as my trophies due: his body I'll resign
To be disposed by his friends in flaming funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;
That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
Survivors sailing the Black Sea may thus his name renew,
This is his monument whose blood long since did fates embroue,
Whom passing fair in fortitude illustrate Hector slew,
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die."
(Book vii.)



[Phrygian Tunic, Bi-pennes, Bow, Quiver, Helmets, &c.]



[Phrygian Shields, Quivers, and Battle Axes.]

ACT II.

4 SCENE I.

"The plague of Greece upon thee," &c.

TERSITES has been termed by Coleridge "the Caliban of demagogic life;" and he goes on to describe him as "the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse; just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist, of his betters." This is the Thersites of Shakspeare; he of Homer is merely a deformed jester. The wonderful finished portrait is made out of the slightest of sketches:—

"All sat, and audience gave;

Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out; of which his mind held
more

Than it could manage; anything with which he could
procure

Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet
been sure

To touch no kings. T' oppose their states becomes not
jesters' parts.

But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts

In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-eyed, and lame of
either foot:

So crook-back'd that he had no breast: sharp-headed,
where did shoot

(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all
envied

Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement
hates sustain,

(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing
thus:—

'Atrides, why complain'st thou now? what wouldst thou
more of us?

Thy tents are full of brass, and dames; the choice of all
are thine:

With whom we must present thee first, when any towns
resign

To our invasion. Want'st thou then (besides all this)
more gold

From Troy's knights, to redeem their sons? whom, to be
dearly sold,

I, or some other Greek, must take? or wouldst thou yet
again

Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts
that reign

In thy euroaching appetite? It fits no prince to be
A prince of ill, and govern us; or lead our progeny
By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,

And ill's eternal! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are:
 Come, fly
 Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with
 his preys,
 And try if we help'd him, or not: he wrong'd a man that
 weighs
 Far more than he himself in worth: he forc'd from Thetis'
 son,
 And keeps his prize still: nor think I that mighty man
 hath won
 The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss,
 Or else, Atreides, his had been thy last of injuries.'
 Thus he the people's pastor chid; but straight stood up
 to him
 Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
 This bitter cheek gave: 'Cease, vain fool, to vent thy
 railing vein
 On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou
 canst restrain
 With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree,
 For not a worse, of all this host, came with our king than
 thee
 To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth
 of thine
 The names of kings, much less revile the dignities that
 shine
 In their supreme states; wresting thus this motion for our
 home
 To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not
 what will come
 Of these designments,—if it be our good to stay or go:
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revil'st our general
 so,
 Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,
 But by our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes
 me wov
 (Which shall be curiously observ'd), if ever I shall hear
 This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear
 This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
 If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
 Whip thee to fleet from council; send, with sharp stripes,
 weeping hence,
 This glory thou affect'st to rail.' This said, his insolence
 He settled with his sceptre, strook his back and shoulders
 so
 That bloody wales rose: he shrunk round, and from his
 eyes did flow

Moist tears; and, looking filthily, he sat, fear'd, smarted;
 dried
 His blubber'd cheeks; and all the press (though griev'd to
 be denied
 Their wish'd retreat for home) yet laugh'd delightfully,
 and spake
 Either to other." (Chapman's 'Homer,' Book ii.)

5 SCENE II.—"*You are for dreams and
 slumbers, brother priest.*"

From his 'Homer' Shakspeare turned to the
 old Gothic romancer, and there he found the
 reproach of Troilus to Helenus, in the following
 very characteristic passage:—

"Then arose up on his feet Troilus, the
 youngest son of King Pryamus, and began to
 speak in this manner:—O noblemen and hardy,
 how be ye abashed for the words of this
 cowardly priest here? * * * If Helenus be
 afraid, let him go into the Temple, and sing
 the divine service, and let the other take
 revenge of their injurious wrongs by strength
 and force of arms. * * * All they that heard
 Troilus thus speak allowed him, saying that he
 had very well spoken. And thus they finished
 their parliament, and went to dinner."

6 SCENE III.—"*The elephant hath joints,*" &c.

Up to the time when Sir Thomas Brown
 wrote his 'Vulgar Errors' (about 1670), there
 was a prevailing opinion that the elephant had
 no joints, and that it could not lie down. Its
 joints, according to the passage before us, were
 not "*for flexure.*" Sir T. Brown refutes the
 error by appealing to the experience of those
 who had "*not many years past*" seen an ele-
 phant in England, "kneeling, and lying down."



[Head of Paris.]

ACT III.

7 SCENE III. *"Expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes."*

THE 'Troy Book' gives a different version of the motives of Calchas in going over to the Greeks. Apollo appeared to the priest,—

*"And said Calchas twice by his name;
Be right well 'ware thou ne turn again
To Troy town, for that were but in vain;
For finally learn this thing of me,
In short time it shall destroyed be."*

8 SCENE III. *"I have a woman's longing,*

*An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace."*

In the 'Destruction of Troy' we have the same conception worthy to be received into the poetry of Shakspeare:—

"The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."



[Phrygian attired in Coat of Mail.]

ACT IV.

9 SCENE II.
*"We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida."*

THIS part of the story is thus told in the 'Destruction of Troy':—

"Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo

had left the Troyans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida—for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at

the instance of Calcas, but the Trojans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own land and his natural lord, for to go into the company of his mortal enemies: yet at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseida to her father."

¹⁰ SCENE IV.—"*Be thou but true of heart.*"

The parting of Troilus and Cressida is very beautifully told by Chaucer; but as Shakspeare's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, we see little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought to have preserved her faith. Shakspeare has made her consistent:—

"And o'er all this, I pray you, quod she tho^a,
Mine owné heartés sothfast suffiance!
Sith I am thine all whole withouten mo,
That while that I am absent, no pleasance
Of other do me from your réembrance,
For I am e'er aghast; for why? men rede^b
That love is thing aye full of busy drede.

"For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defend!
That so betrayéd were or woe begone
As I, that allé truth in you intend:
And doubtless, if that I other ween'd,
I n'ere but dead, and ere ye cause yfind,
For Goddés love, so be me nought unkind.

"To this answeréd Troilus, and said,
Now God, to whom there is no cause awry,
Me glad, as wis I never to Cressid',
Sith thilké day I saw her first with eye,
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:
At short wordés, well ye may me believe;
I can no more; it shall be found at preve^c.

"Grand mercy, good heart mine! I wis, (quod she,)
And, blissful Venus! let me never sterve^d
Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree
To quite him well that so well can deserve;
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall so do, so true I have you found,
That aye honour to me-ward shall rebound:

"For trusteth well that your estate royal,
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness,
Of you in war or tourney martial,
Nor pomp, array, nobley^e, or eke richness,
Ne maden me to rue on your distress,
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;—
That was the cause I first had on you ruth:

"Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in despite
Every thing that sounéd into^f bad,
As rudeness, and peoplish^g appetite,
And that your reason bridled your delight;
This made aboven ev'ry créature
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure."

(Book iv.)

^a Then. ^b Say. ^c Proof. ^d Die.
^e Nobility. ^f Verged towards. ^g Vulgar.

¹¹ SCENE V.

"*Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.*"

This incident, which is one of the occasions in which Shakspeare, following the old romance writers, desires to exhibit the magnanimity of Hector, is found in the 'Destruction of Troy':—

"As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt: and then Hector for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side: but the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but to his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Trojans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

¹² SCENE V.

"*Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body Shall I destroy him?*"

It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspeare to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through
all that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding
bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and
where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could
display
The place it sought,—even through those arms his friend
Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him." (Book xxii.)



[Parting of Hector and Andromache.]

ACT V.

13 SCENE II.—“*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*”

THE story of Cressida's falsehood is prettily told by Chaucer. Shakspeare has literally copied one of the incidents:—

“She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.”

But we still trace the inconsistency of character in Chaucer's Cressida. Mr. Godwin laments that Shakspeare has not interested us in his principal female, as Chaucer has done. Such an interest would have been bought at the expense of truth. The passages which we give will enable the reader to compare the two characters:—

“The morrow came, and ghostly for to speak,
This Diomed is come unto Creseid’;
And, shortly, lest that ye my talé break,
So well he for himselfen spake and said
That all her sighés sore adown he laid;
And, finally, the sothé for to sain,
He reft her of the great of all her pain.

“And after this the story telleth us
That she unto him gave the fair bay steed
The which she onés won of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little need)
That Troilus’ was, she gave this Diomed;
And eke the bet from sorrow him to relieve,
She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.

“I find eke in the story ellés where,
When through the body hurt was Diomed
Of Troilus, then wept she many a tear
When that she saw his wíde woundés bleed,
And that she took to keepen him good heed,
And for to heal him of his woundés smart;
Men say,—I n’ot,—that she gave him her heart.

“But trúely the story telleth us
There maden never women moré woe
Than she when that she falsed Troilus;
She said, Alas! for now is clean ago
My name in truth of love for evermo,
For I have falsed one of the gentillest
That ever was, and one of the worthiest.”
(Book v.)

14 SCENE III.—“*My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*”

Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the ‘Canterbury Tales.’ We find the same relation in ‘The Destruction of Troy:’—

“Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not

believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore. When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus, and to the queen, and told to them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle, &c. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troilus issued first into the battle; after him Eneas. * * And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. * * At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him."

15 SCENE V.

"Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse."

This circumstance is also minutely copied from 'The Destruction of Troy':—

"And of the party of the Trojans came the King Ademon that joustet against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troilus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troilus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse, and sent it to Briseida, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troilus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

16 SCENE V. "The dreadful Sagittary
Appeals our numbers."

In 'The Destruction of Troy' we have an account of "a marvellous beast that was called Sagittary." The qualities of this beast are more circumstantially related by Lydgate:—

"And with him Guido saith that he had
A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
Of form and shape in manner monstrous:
For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
Fro the navel upward he was man,
And lower down like a horse yshaped:
And thilke part that after man was made
Of skin was black and rough as any bear,
Cover'd with hair fro cold him for to wear.
Passing foul and horrible of sight,
Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
As is a furnace with his red leven,
Or the lightning that falleth from the heaven;
Dreadful of look, and red as fire of cheer,
And, as I read, he was a good archer;
And with his bow both at even and morrow
Upon Greeks he wrought much sorrow."

17 SCENE V.

"Now here he fights on Galathe his horse."

"Then when Hector was richly arrayed, and armed with good harness and sure, he mounted upon his horse named Galathe, that was one of the most great and strongest horse of the world." ('Destruction of Troy.')

18 SCENE IX.—"Rest, sword."

Shakspeare borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romancers:—

"When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvelously, * * but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh: and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered:—and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto

him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."

¹⁹ SCENE IX.—"*Strike, fellows, strike.*"

From the Gothic romancers, likewise, Shakspeare took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but they tell the story of Troilus, and not of Hector:—

"After these things the nineteenth battle began with great slaughter; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enclose Troilus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troilus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight: then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Trojans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troilus, they found him that he fought

strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troilus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

But Shakspeare again goes to his 'Homer,' when Achilles trails Hector "along the field:—

"This said, a work not worthy him he set to; of both feet

He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle,
and then knit

Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that
freely flew;

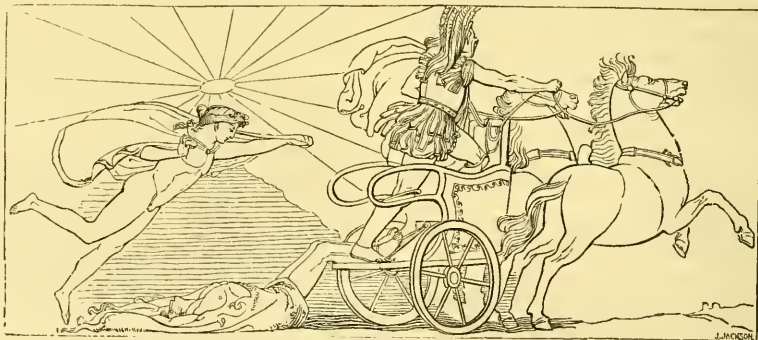
A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they
drew,

With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in
heaps and fil'd,

And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,

To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen."

(Chapman's Translation, Book xxii.)



[Hector's Body dragged at the Car of Achilles.]

COSTUME.



[A Trojan.]



[Phrygian Helmets.]

IN our notice of the costume for the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' we have given a description of the dress and arms of the Greeks during the heroical ages, illustrated by engravings from the frieze of the Parthenon. To the information there collected may be added on the present occasion that afforded to us by the 'Iliad' of Homer, and the vases and statues possessed or described by the late Mr. Hope. According to the latter authorities, the Trojans and other Phrygians appear to have worn the tunic with sleeves to the wrist, the tight trousers or pantaloons, and the cap with the point bending forwards, in the form of which their helmets were made. In war the tunic of mail composed of rings sewn flat upon leather or cloth, like those of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans of the eleventh century, would seem to have distinguished them in general from the Greeks, who wore the cuirass and the greaves. Homer, however, by his descriptions of the armour of the Trojan heroes, would induce us to believe that it did not always so essentially differ from that of the Greeks. He describes Paris, when arming for the combat with Menelaus, as putting on greaves^a, fastened with silver buttons, a thorax, or breast plate, and a helmet with horse-hair crest^b. On an old Sicilian vase too, in the Hope collection, Eneas is represented in complete Grecian armour^c. Again, we gather from the vases that the Phrygian shield, like that of

the Amazons, was the Pelta, or small semi-lunar shield, and their favourite weapon the bi-pennis, or double axe. Yet Homer does not make this distinction, but arms the Trojans with the large orbicular shield of the Greeks, the two spears, the sword, &c. He also describes the warriors of both armies as wearing occasionally the skins of beasts over their armour. Is it that some of the poets and painters of Greece, like all those of the middle ages, represented persons of every nation and period in the costume of the country and the time in which they themselves wrote or painted; or was there really little or no difference between the Greeks and Trojans when armed for battle^d? In the latter case, are we to look upon the interesting figures of Paris and other Phrygians represented on the ancient vases, &c., as things of no authority? These are questions the discussion of which would require much more time and space than can be afforded to us in the present instance, and we must content ourselves with submitting to our readers the engravings from the antique which are scattered throughout this play, with the avowal that we lean, as in duty bound, to the *pictorial* side, and consider that there *was* that remarkable difference between the Grecian armour and that of the Trojans which may be observed in the specimens given. The Phrygians are represented in shoes, the Greeks in sandals, or with naked feet, when wearing the greaves.

The arms of Achilles, worn by Patroclus, are said by Homer to have been of brass orna-

^a Ridiculously rendered by Pope as "*purple cuishes*."

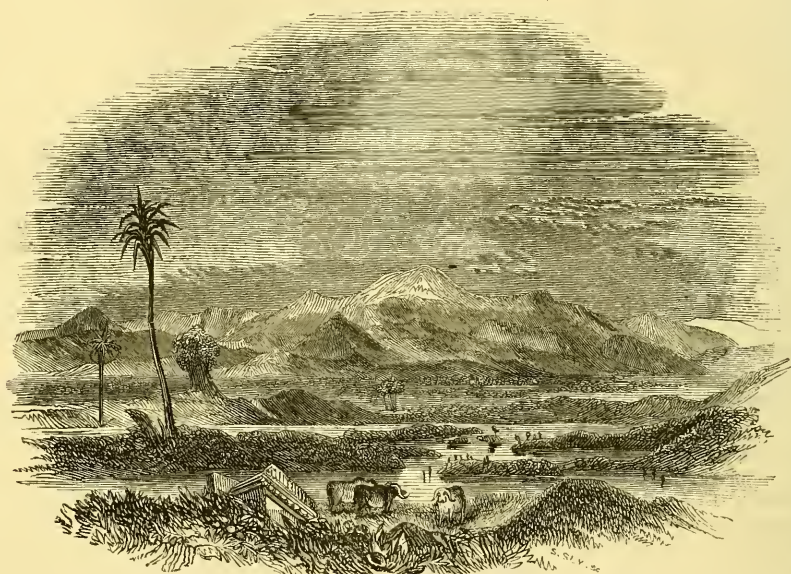
^b Phrygian helmets, with crests, both of horse-hair and metal, in imitation of the Greek, appear in Hope's collection, and so far bear out the poet's description.

^c Mr. Hope, however, does not give us his authority for so designating the figure, which in the edition of 1806 is termed "*a Greek warrior*."

^d Then wherefore "*the well-greaved Greeks*?" Does not that designation imply a peculiarity distinguishing them from their Asiatic or other opponents?

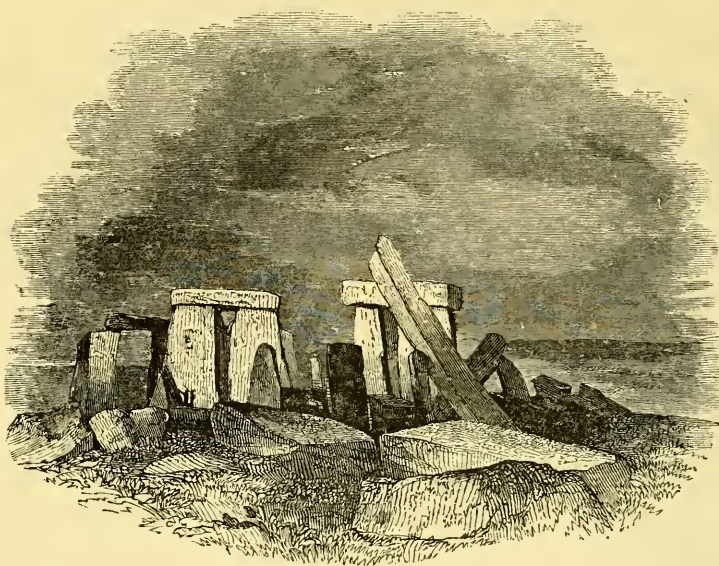
mented with gold. Those made for Achilles, by Vulcan, were of various metals,—the greaves of tin, the corslet of gold, the sword of brass, the helmet with a fourfold crest of gilded horse-hair, the shield of the most elaborate workmanship. The arms of Diomed were all brass; those of Ajax steel. Agamemnon's cui-

rass was composed of steel, tin, and gold, and ornamented with dragons. The hilt of his sword was gold, the sheath silver. His buckler was defended by ten circles and twenty bosses of brass, and in the centre had a Gorgon's head. The helmet was surmounted by a fourfold crest of horse-hair.



[Plains of Troy.]

CYMBELINE.



[Stonehenge.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedie of Cymbeline' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is very carefully divided into acts and scenes—an arrangement which is sometimes wanting in other plays of this edition. Printed as 'Cymbeline' must have been from a manuscript, the text, although sometimes difficult, presents few examples of absolute error.

In 'Cymbeline,' we are thrown back into the half-fabulous history of our own country, and see all objects under the dim light of uncertain events and manners. We have civilisation contending with semi-barbarism; the gorgeous worship of the Pagan world subduing to itself the more simple worship of the Druidical times; kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of "barbaric pearl and gold;" and, even in those days of simplicity, a wilder and a simpler life, amidst the fastnesses of mountains, and the solitude of caves—the hunters' life, who "have seen nothing," but who yet, in their natural piety, know "how to adore the

heavens." If these attributes of the drama had been less absorbing, we perhaps might have more readily seen the real course of the dramatic action. We venture to express our opinion, that one predominant idea does exist.

The dialogue of the "two Gentlemen" in the opening scene makes us perfectly acquainted with the relations in which Posthumus and Imogen stand to each other, and to those around them. "She's wedded, her husband banish'd." We have next the character of the banished husband, and of the unworthy suitor who is the cause of his banishment; as well as the story of the king's two lost sons. This is essentially the foundation of the past and future of the action. Brief indeed is this scene, but it well prepares us for the parting of Posthumus and Imogen. The course of their affections is turned awry by the wills of others. The angry king at once proclaims himself to us as one not cruel, but weak; he has before been described as "touch'd at very heart."

It is only in the intensity of her affection for Posthumus that Imogen opposes her own will to the impatient violence of her father, and the more crafty decision of her step-mother. But she is surrounded with a third evil,—

“A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady.”

Worse, however, even than these, her honour is to be assailed, her character vilified, by a subtle stranger; who, perhaps more in sport than in malice, has resolved to win a paltry wager by the sacrifice of her happiness and that of her husband. What has she to oppose to all this complication of violence and cunning? Her perfect purity—her entire simplicity—her freedom from everything that is selfish—the strength only of her affections. The scene between Iachimo and Imogen is a contest of innocence with guile, most profoundly affecting, in spite of the few coarsenesses that were perhaps unavoidable, and which were not considered offensive in Shakspeare's day.

This is the First Act; and, if we mistake not the object of Shakspeare, these opening scenes exhibit one of the most confiding and gentle of human beings, assailed on every side by a determination of purpose, whether in the shape of violence, wickedness, or folly, against which, under ordinary circumstances, innocence may be supposed to be an insufficient shield. But the very helplessness of Imogen is her protection. In the exquisite Second Scene of the Second Act, the perfect purity of Imogen, as interpreted by Shakspeare, has converted what would have been a most dangerous situation in the hands of another poet, into one of the most refined delicacy.—The immediate danger is passed; but there is a new danger approaching. The will of her unhappy husband, deceived into madness, is to be added to the evils which she has already received from violence and selfishness. Posthumus, intending to destroy her, writes “Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow.” She does follow her own love;—she has no other guide but the strength of her affections; that strength makes her hardy and fearless of consequences. It is

the one duty, as well as the one pleasure, of her existence. How is that affection requited? Pisanio places in her hand, when they have reached the deepest solitude of the mountains, that letter by which he is commanded to take away her life. One passing thought of herself—one faint reproach of her husband,—and she submits to the fate which is prepared for her.—But her truth and innocence have already subdued the will of the sworn servant of her husband. He comforts her, but he necessarily leaves her in the wilderness. The spells of evil wills are still around her:—

“My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen.”

Perhaps there is nothing in Shakspeare more beautifully managed,—more touching in its romance,—more essentially true to nature,—than the scenes between Imogen and her unknown brothers. The gentleness, the grace, the “grief and patience” of the helpless Fidele, producing at once the deepest reverence and affection in the bold and daring mountaineers, still carry forward the character of Imogen under the same aspects. “The bird is dead;” she was sick, and we almost fear that the words of the dirge are true.—But she awakes, and she has still to endure the last and the worst evil—her husband, in her apprehension, lies dead before her. She has no wrongs to think of—“O my lord, my lord,” is all, in connection with Posthumus, that escapes amidst her tears. The beauty and innocence which saved her from Iachimo,—which conquered Pisanio,—which won the wild hunters,—commend her to the Roman general—she is at once protected. But she has holy duties still to perform.—It is the unconquerable affection of Imogen which makes us pity Posthumus, even while we blame him for the rash exercise of his revengeful will. But in his deep repentance we more than pity him. We see only another victim of worldly craft and selfishness.—In the prison scene his spirit is again united with hers.—The contest we now feel is over between the selfish and the unselfish, the crafty and the simple, the proud and the meek, the violent and the gentle.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen, by a former husband.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, husband to Imogen.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

GUIDERIUS, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore, supposed son to Belarius.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

ARVIRAGUS, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Cadwal, supposed son to Belarius.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

PHILARIO, a Roman, friend to Posthumus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

IACHIMO, a Roman, friend to Posthumus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A Roman Captain.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Two British Captains.

Appear, Act V. sc. 3.

PISANIO, gentleman to Posthumus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 5.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

Appears, Act I. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 5.

Two Gentlemen of Cymbeline's Court.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

Two Gaolers.

Appear, Act V. sc. 4.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline, by a former Queen.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.

HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes,
Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Of-
ficers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN BRITAIN; SOMETIMES IN ROME.



[*The Garden.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 GENT. You do not meet a man but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king^a.

2 GENT. But what 's the matter?

^a The passage in the original edition (folio of 1623) stands thus:—

“ You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our courtiers:
Still seem, as do's the king's.”

In modern editions *courtiers* is sometimes printed as the genitive case; sometimes is cut off from the verb *seem* by a semicolon, and *the king's* is retained as the genitive case. This we have ventured to alter to *king*, as Tyrwhitt suggested. As we have punctuated the passage, we think it presents no difficulty. *Blood* is used by Shakspeare for natural disposition, as in ‘ All 's Well that Ends Well ’—

“ Now his important *blood* will nought deny
That she 'll demand.”

The

1 GENT. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
 He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
 That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She 's wedded;
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
 Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 GENT. None but the king?

1 GENT. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
 That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 GENT. And why so?

1 GENT. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
 Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
 (I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
 And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
 As to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
 Endows a man but he.

2 GENT. You speak him far ^a.

1 GENT. I do extend ^b him, sir, within himself;
 Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

2 GENT. What 's his name, and birth?

1 GENT. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
 Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

The meaning of the passage then is—You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods do not more
 obey the heavens than our courtiers still seem as the king seems. As is afterwards expressed—

“they wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's looks.”

^a You carry your praise *far*.

^b *Extend* is here used in the same sense as in the fifth Scene of this Act: “His banishment, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce are wonderfully to *extend* him.” The *Gentleman* says—I do *extend* him—appreciate his good qualities—but only within the real limits of what they are: instead of *unfolding* his measure duly, I crush him together—compress his excellence. Malone thinks that the term *extend* is originally legal. An *extent*, according to Blackstone, is an order to the sheriff to appraise lands or goods to their full *extended* value. It is a well-known term in old Scotch law, meaning nearly the same as a census or valuation.

And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
 Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father
 (Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow
 That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus^a;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him^b all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
 And in 's spring became a harvest^c: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
 A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature
 A glass that feated^d them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—
 For whom he now is banish'd—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

2 GENT. I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 GENT. His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 GENT. How long is this ago?

1 GENT. Some twenty years.

^a So the folio. The modern editors have rejected the second name, reading—

“To his protection; calls him Posthumus.”

To make a line of ten syllables—as if dramatic rhythm had no irregularities—they have destroyed the sense. The name of *Posthumus Leonatus* was given to connect the child with the memory of his father, and to mark the circumstance of his being born after his father's death.

^b *Puts to him* is the original reading, which has been silently corrupted into *puts him to*.

^c We arrange these two lines, as in the folio. The modern editors read—

“As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd, and

In his spring became a harvest.”

^d *Feated*. Johnson says, “a glass that *formed* them.” But *feat* is used by Shakspeare for nice, exact, with propriety—as in ‘The Tempest’—

“And look how well my garments sit upon me
 Much *feater* than before;”

and, consequently, the glass which *feats* the mature who look upon Posthumus, is “the mark and glass, copy and book,” which renders their appearance and deportment as proper as his own.

2 GENT. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 GENT. Howsœ'er 't is strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 GENT. I do well believe you.

1 GENT. We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
 The queen, and princess^a.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

QUEEN. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

IMO. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

POST. My queen! my mistress!
 O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause

^a The most important person (with reference to this conversation) who was coming is Posthumus—"the gentleman." The editors, however, quietly drop him, reading—

"We must forbear: here comes the queen and princess."

What can justify such capricious alterations of the text?

To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you:
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure: Yet I'll move him
 To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries to be friends^a;
 Pays dear for my offences.

[Aside.

[Exit.

POST. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

IMO. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

POST. How! how! another?—

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And sear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
 While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles,
 I still win of you: For my sake wear this;
 It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting on the ring.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

IMO. O, the gods!
 When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

POST. Alack, the king!

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
 If after this command thou fraught the court

^a This sentence is obscure; but the meaning of the crafty Queen appears to be, that the kindness of her husband, even when she is doing him wrong, purchases injuries as if they were benefits.

^b *Puttock*—a kite—a worthless species of hawk.

A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*]

Enter PISANIO.

QUEEN. Fye!—you must give way:

Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

PIS. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,

But that my master rather play'd than fought,

And had no help of anger: they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on 't.

IMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part,

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command: He would not suffer me

To bring him to the haven: left these notes

Of what commands I should be subject to,

When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,

He will remain so.

PIS. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk a while.

IMO. About some half hour hence,

I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,

Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.

1 LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLO. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 LORD. No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

1 LORD. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

2 LORD. His steel was in debt: it went o' the back side the town. [*Aside.*]

CLO. The villain would not stand me.

2 LORD. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [Aside.

1 LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 LORD. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [Aside.

CLO. I would they had not come between us.

2 LORD. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 LORD. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [Aside.

1 LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 LORD. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

CLO. Come, I 'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 LORD. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

CLO. You 'll go with us?

1 LORD. I 'll attend your lordship.

CLO. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 LORD. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

PIS. It was, "His queen, his queen!"

IMO. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

PIS. And kiss'd it, madam.

IMO. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with his eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,

How swift his ship.

IMO. Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

PIS. Madam, so I did.

IMO. I would have broke mine eye-strings¹; crack'd them, but
 To look upon him; till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
 The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
 When shall we hear from him?

PIS. Be assur'd, madam,
 With his next vantage^a.

IMO. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
 The shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing^b.

Enter a Lady.

LADY. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

IMO. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
 I will attend the queen.

PIS. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman^c.

IACH. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: He was then of a crescent
 note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name
 of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration;
 though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I
 to peruse him by items.

^a *Vantage*—opportunity.

^b So in the 18th Sonnet—

“Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.”

^c In the stage-direction of the original, we have “a Dutchman and a Spaniard” brought in, as well as a Frenchman. But these characters are mute; and may be therefore omitted here, and in the list of persons represented. It was no doubt the intention to show that the foolish wager of Posthumus was made amidst strangers who had resorted to Rome.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCH. And then his banishment—

IACH. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality^a. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

PHI. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone^b my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance^c of so slight and trivial a nature.

POST. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not^d to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCH. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

IACH. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

FRENCH. Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without

^a *Less quality.* So the folio. It has been corrected into *more quality*; but we doubt the propriety of the change. Posthumus is spoken of by all as one of high qualifications—and he is presently introduced as “a stranger of his quality.” He was bred as Imogen’s “playfellow,” and therefore cannot be spoken of as a low man—“without *more quality*.” As this play was first printed, like many others, after Shakspeare’s death, it is probable that it contains some typographical errors. We do not feel warranted in altering the text, or we would read, “for taking a beggar without *his quality*,”—a beggar who does not follow the occupation of a beggar.

^b *Atone*—to make at one. ^c *Importance*—import, matter. ^d *Not* is omitted in the original.

contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACH. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

POST. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACH. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POST. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACH. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many^a: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POST. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACH. What do you esteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

IACH. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POST. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POST. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince^o the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or the loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

PHI. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POST. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACH. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

POST. No, no.

IACH. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in

^a The passage stands in the folio—"I could not believe she excell'd many." The reasoning is then inconclusive; but the introduction of the word *but*, by Malone, gets over the difficulty.

Convince—overcome.

my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POST. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

IACH. What 's that?

POST. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

PHI. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACH. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

POST. What lady would you choose to assail?

IACH. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POST. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

IACH. You are a friend^a, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POST. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACH. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

POST. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

PHI. I will have it no lay.

IACH. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours:—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

POST. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us;—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy: she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACH. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful

^a *A friend.* So the original. Warburton proposed to read *afraid*.

counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHI. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

QUEEN. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers²;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 LADY.

I, madam.

QUEEN. Despatch.

[*Exeunt* Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

COR. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence—

My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But, though slow, deadly?

QUEEN.

I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions^a? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather

Their several virtues, and effects.

COR.

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart³:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN.

O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

[*Aside.*

^a *Conclusions*—experiments.

Will I first work : he 's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
 Take your own way.

COR. I do suspect you, madam ;
 But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN. Hark thee, a word.—

[*Aside.*
 To PISANIO.]

COR. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
 Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature : Those she has
 Will stupify and dull the sense awhile :
 Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs ;
 Then afterward up higher ; but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer
 So to be false with her.

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou think in time
 She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master : greater ; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans,—
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a box : PISANIO takes it up.*]

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I prithee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do 't, as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I 'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou 'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 'Think on my words. [*Exit PISANIO.*—A sly and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The handfast^a to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so ;—well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I 'll choke myself : there's all I 'll do for you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that 's glorious : Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons^b comfort.—Who may this be ? Fye !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

IACH. Change you, madam ?

^a *Handfast*—contract of marriage.

^b *Seasons* is a verb. The *mean* have their *honest*, homely wills—(opposed to the desire that 's *glorious*)—and that circumstance gives a relish to comfort.

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.

IMO. Thanks, good sir:

You are kindly welcome.

IACH. All of her that is out of door, most rich!

[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight^d;
Rather, directly fly.

IMO. [Reads.] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust" —

"LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

IACH. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach^b? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness^c,
Not so allur'd to feed.

^a *Trust*. Imogen breaks off in reading the letter of Leonatus. That which is addressed to her in the tenderness of affection is not "read aloud." Unmindful of this, the passage has been altered into "Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your *truest* Leonatus." The signature is separated from the word which has been changed to *truest*, by the passage which Imogen glances at in thankful silence.

^b The stones of the beach are each so like the other that the epithet *twinn'd* is appropriate. If *number'd* be the right word it must be taken in the sense of *numerous*, *numberous*. Theobald read "*th' unnumber'd* beach."

^c Dr. Johnson has given an explanation of this passage, which is an amusing specimen of his *Lexiphanic* style: "to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude."

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

IMO. What, dear sir,
Thus raps^a you? Are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish. [To PISANIO.

PIS. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

IMO. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

IACH. Well, madam.

IMO. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

IACH. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

IMO. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

IACH. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

IMO. Will my lord say so?

IACH. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope.

IACH. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

^a Raps you—transports you. We are familiar with the participle *rapt*, but this form of the verb is uncommon.

IMO. What do you pity, sir?

IACH. Two creatures, heartily.

IMO. Am I one, sir?

You look on me. What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

IACH. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

IMO. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACH. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

IMO. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

IACH. Had I this cheek,

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then, by-peeping^a in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

IMO. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

^a *By-peeping*—so the original. Johnson changed it to "*lie peeping*;" but it appears to us that "*by-peeping*" is clandestinely peeping.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

IACH. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! To be partner'd
With tomboys^a, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd:
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMO. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

IACH. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest^b, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

IMO. What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMO. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho! Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

^a Verstegan thus defines a *tomboy*: "*Tumbe*, to dance. *Tumbed*, danced. Hereof we yet call
a wench that skippeth or leapeth like a boy, a *tomboy*."

^b *Diana's priest*. In 'Pericles' we have the expression, used by Diana, of "*maiden priests*."

IACH. O happy Leonatus! I may say:

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

IMO. You make amends.

IACH. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking, a false report which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaff-less. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.

IACH. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

IMO. Pray, what is 't?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

IACH. They are in a trunk,

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night.
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMO. O, no, no.

IACH. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

IMO. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!

IACH. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

IMO. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]



[“ This diamond was my mother’s: take it, heart.”]



["Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.

CLO. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away^a! I had a hundred pound on 't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 LORD. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

^a This is usually pointed, "when I kiss'd the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away." But the *jack* was *kiss'd* by Cloten's *bowl*, and the *up-cast* of another bowler *hit it away*. The same technical expressions of *kiss* and *cast* are used by Rowley, in 'A Woman never vex'd;'—"This city *bowler* has *kiss'd* the mistress at the first *cast*."

2 LORD. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out.

[*Aside.*

CLO. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 LORD. No, my lord; nor [*Aside*] crop the ears of them.

CLO. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 LORD. To have smelt like a fool.

[*Aside.*

CLO. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jackslave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 LORD. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

[*Aside.*

CLO. Sayest thou?

1 LORD. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion^a that you give offence to.

CLO. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLO. Why, so I say.

1 LORD. Did you hear of a stranger that 's come to court to-night?

CLO. A stranger! and I not know on 't!

2 LORD. He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[*Aside.*

1 LORD. There 's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLO. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 LORD. One of your lordship's pages.

CLO. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLO. Not easily, I think.

2 LORD. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

[*Aside.*

CLO. Come, I 'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 LORD. I 'll attend your lordship. [*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,

^a *Companion* is used here, and in other passages of Shakspeare, in the same sense as *fellow* is at present. Sir Hugh Evans denounces the host of the Garter as a "scurvy cogging companion."

More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act
 Of the divorce he 'd make, the heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour^a; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a trunk.*IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

IMO. Who 's there? my woman Helen?

LADY.

Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY.

Almost midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the trunk.]

IACH. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes⁵, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,

How dearly they do 't—"T is her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper

^a This passage is usually printed thus:—

"A wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour!"

The reading of the original is—

"A wooer
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband. Then that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make the heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour."

It appears to us that amidst such manifest incorrectness of typography, a clearer sense is attained by the change of *Then* to *From*, than by altering the construction of the sentence. The *Lord* implores that the honour of Imogen may be held firm, to resist the horrid act of the divorce from her husband which Cloten would make.

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct^a.—But my design.
 To note the chamber, I will write all down:
 Such and such pictures:—There the window: Such
 The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures^b,
 Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story.
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off; [*Taking off her bracelet.*
 As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

^a This celebrated passage has produced some difference of opinion amongst the commentators. First, Capell says, of the word *windows*, "the poet's meaning is *shutters*." Haumer changed the word to "*curtains*." The *window* is the aperture through which light and air are admitted to a room—sometimes closed, at other times opened. It is the *wind-door*. We have the word in 'Romeo and Juliet' similarly applied—

"Thy eye's *windows* fall

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

Capell then goes on to say, that the "white and azure" refer to the white skin, generally laced with blue veins. Secondly, Malone thinks that the epithets apply to the "enclosed lights"—the eyes. Lastly, Warburton decides that the *eye-lids* were intended. We are disposed to agree with him. The *eye-lid* of an extremely fair young woman is often of a tint that may be properly called "white and azure;" which is produced by the net-work of exceedingly fine veins that runs through and colours that beautiful structure. Shakspeare has described this peculiarity in his 'Venus and Adonis'—

"Her two *blue windows* faintly she upheaveth."

And in 'The Winter's Tale,' we have—

"*Violets* dim,

But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes."

But in the text before us, the eye-lids are not only of a "white and azure" hue, but they are also "laced with blue of heaven's own tinct"—marked with the deeper blue of the larger veins. The description is here as accurate as it is beautiful. It cannot apply with such propriety to the eye, which certainly is not *lac'd* with blue; nor to the skin generally, which would not be beautiful as "white and azure." It is, to our minds, one of the many examples of Shakspeare's extreme accuracy of observation, and of his transcendent power of making the exact and the poetical blend with, and support, each other.

^b M. Mason would read "the arras-figures;" but Iachimo subsequently describes, not only the figures of the arras, but its particular quality—

"Tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 Proud Cleopatra," &c.

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye^a! I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
 One, two, three,—Time, time! [Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

SCENE III.—Without the Palace, under Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 LORD. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 LORD. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

CLO. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 LORD. Day, my lord.

CLO. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings⁶,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies^b;

^a The original reads, "may *beare* the raven's eye." Theobald corrected it to *bare*. We are not quite sure of the propriety of the correction, though we are unwilling to disturb the received text. To *bare* the raven's eye, is to open the raven's eye—the eye of one of the earliest-waking and the quickest-seeing of birds. The predatory habits of the raven require that he should be up before the shepherd is about with his flocks; and his piercing eye at once leads him where the feeble lamb lies in some hollow a ready victim, or where the leveret has crept abroad in the gray of the morning from the safe *form* of its mother. The *dawning* may *bare* that eye; or the *dawning* may *bear*—may sustain, may be distinct enough to endure—the proof of that acute vision.

^b This apparently false concord is in truth a touch of our antique idiom, which adds to the beauty of this exquisite song. (See Illustrations of 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II., Illust. 28.)

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes^a;
 With everything that pretty is^b—My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better:
 if it do not, it is a voice^c in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts^d
 nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 LORD. Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early. He
 cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to
 your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

CYM. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
 Will she not forth?

CLO. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new;
 She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 And then she 's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to the king,
 Who lets go by no vantages that may
 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
 To orderly solicits; and, befriended
 With aptness of the season, make denials
 Increase your services^e: so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which

^a In one of Browne's 'Pastorals' is a passage which illustrates this:—

"The day is waxen old,
 And 'gins to shut up with the *marigold*."

^b Hanmer changed this to *bin*—a pretty word. But *is* occurs in the folio. We print the lines as they are printed in that edition; by which, in all probability, a different *time* of the *air* was indicated—a more rapid movement.

^c *Voice*. So the old copies. It has been changed to *vice*.

^d *Calves'-guts*. So the old copy. Rowe changed this to *cats'-guts*, and he has since been followed. The word *cats'-gut*—or *catgut*—is essentially modern. We believe there is not an example of it in any old author. In Bacon's 'Natural History' we have a passage in which *gut*—a musical string made of an animal substance—is thus spoken of—"A viol should have a lay of wire-strings below, close to the belly, and the strings of *guts* mounted upon a bridge." Why not, then, *calves'-guts*, as well as *cats'-guts*? We know not how the name *catgut* arose, for *cats* have as little to do with the production of such strings as mice have. At any rate, if the text of Shakspeare is an authority that such strings were made from *calves*, we are not called upon to destroy the record by insisting that they ought to have been made from *cats*.

^e This is ordinarily printed,

"And be befriended
 With aptness of the season: make denials
 Increase your services."

We follow a suggestion of Monck Mason.

You tender to her, that you in all obey her^a,
 Save when command to your dismission tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

CLO. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that 's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
 We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt CYMBELINE, QUEEN, Lords, and Messenger.]

CLO. If she be up, I 'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
 I know her women are about her. What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false^b themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.

[Knocks.]

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

LADY. Who 's there that knocks?

CLO. A gentleman.

LADY. No more?

CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY. That 's more

^a This passage is generally pointed thus—

“So seem, as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which

You tender to her: that you in all obey her,” &c.

The meaning of the passage is clearly—“so seem, that you in all obey her, as if you were inspir'd,” &c. The cutting off of the last member of the sentence is destructive to the sense. *You are senseless* has the meaning of *be you senseless*.

^b *False* is here used as a verb. See Note in ‘The Comedy of Errors,’ Act II., Scene 2.

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What 's your lordship's pleasure?

CLO. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

LADY. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

CLO. There is gold for you; sell me your good report.

LADY. How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

CLO. Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

IMO. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,

And scarce can spare them.

CLO. Still, I swear I love you.

IMO. If you but said so 't were as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still

That I regard it not.

CLO. This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness; one of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLO. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:

I will not.

IMO. Fools are not mad folks.

CLO. Do you call me fool?

IMO. As I am mad, I do:

If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners,

By being so verbal^a: and learn now, for all,

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;

And am so near the lack of charity,

(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I had rather

You felt, than make 't my boast.

CLO. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

^a So *verbal*. Johnson defines this, "so *verbose*, so full of talk." But neither Cloten nor Imogen have used many words. Imogen has been parrying her strange admirer; but she now resolves to *speak* plainly—to be *verbal*—and thus to forget a lady's manners.

(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none :
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

IMO. Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

CLO. The south-fog rot him !

IMO. He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now ? Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

CLO. His garment ? Now, the devil—

IMO. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

CLO. His garment ?

IMO. I am sprighted with a fool ;
 Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw 't this morning : confident I am
 Last night 't was on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
 I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

PIS. 'T will not be lost.

IMO. I hope so : go and search.

[Exit PISANIO.]

CLO. You have abus'd me :—
 His meanest garment ?

IMO. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make 't an action call witness to 't.

CLO. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too:

She's my good lady^a; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[Exit.

CLO. I 'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

POST. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure

To win the king, as I am bold her honour

Will remain hers.

PHI. What means do you make to him?

POST. Not any; but abide the change of time;

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish

That warmer days would come: In these sear'd hopes^b,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,

I must die much your debtor.

PHI. Your very goodness, and your company,

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius

Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think,

He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

POST. I do believe,

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)

That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed

In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings

Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen

Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar

Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline

^a *She's my good lady.* This phrase is used ironically. To "stand my good lord," is—to be my good friend.

^b *Sear'd hopes.* This is ordinarily printed *fear'd hopes*—a reading unnoticed by any of the commentators in the variorum editions, but explained by Eccles, in his edition of this drama (1801), as "hopes blended with fears." We have ventured to change the text to *sear'd* hopes. "In the present *winter's* state" the hopes of Posthumus are *sear'd*; but they still exist, and in cherishing them, *witherd* as they are, he barely gratifies his friend's love.

(Now mingled^a with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

PHI. See! Iachimo!

POST. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

PHI. Welcome, sir.

POST. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

IACH. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

POST. And therewithal the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenour good, I trust.

IACH. 'T is very like.

PHI. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there^b?

IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

POST. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

IACH. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

POST. The stone's too hard to come by.

IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

POST. Make not, sir,

^a *Mingled*. The folio is distinctly printed *wing-led*—the compound word, with a hyphen. It was altered by Rowe to *mingled*, and Malone justifies it, because in the folio *wind* has been printed for *mind*. This reason is not very strong, for those who have watched the progress of printers' errors know that an uncommon word is not ordinarily substituted for a common one. We would restore *wing-led* to the text, because the phrase conveys one of those bold images which are thoroughly Shakspearean; but we feel that the speaker is deliberately reasoning, and does not use the language of passion, under which state Shakspeare for the most part throws out such figurative expressions. The simple word *mingled* is most in harmony with the entire speech. Tieck, however, adopts *wing-led* in his admirable translation.

^b This speech, in the original, belongs to Posthumus. But he is intent upon his letters.

Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACH. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

POST. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

IACH. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

POST. Proceed.

IACH. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

POST. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACH. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

POST. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

IACH. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

POST. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACH. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted⁷ : Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands⁸.

POST. This is her honour^a !—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACH. Then, if you can, [Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel^b : See !—
And now 't is up again : It must be married
To that your diamond ; I 'll keep them.

POST. Jove !
Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

IACH. Sir, (I thank her,) that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

POST. May be she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

IACH. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

POST. O, no, no, no ; 't is true. Here, take this too ; [Gives the ring.
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't :—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man : The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false !

PHI. Have patience, sir,

^a Iachimo has just said—

“ I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour.”

^b Johnson interprets this reading, “if you can, forbear to flush your cheek with rage.” Boswell says, “if you can, restrain yourself within bounds.” To *pale* is commonly used for to confine or surround. Iachimo has produced no effect upon Posthumus up to this moment ; but he now says, if you *can*, be pale : I will see what this jewel will do to make you change countenance.

And take your ring again ; 't is not yet won :
It may be probable she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her ?

POST. Very true ;
And so I hope he came by 't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POST. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'T is true ;—nay, keep the ring—'t is true, I am sure
She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—They induc'd to steal it !
And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoy'd her :
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

PHI. Sir, be patient !
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

POST. Never talk on 't ;
She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more ?

POST. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turns ;
Once, and a million !

IACH. I 'll be sworn,—

POST. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie ;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

IACH. I 'll deny nothing.

POST. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do 't ; i' the court ; before
Her father :—I 'll do something—

[Exit.

PHI. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert^a the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACH. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

POST. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

^a *Pervert*—for avert.

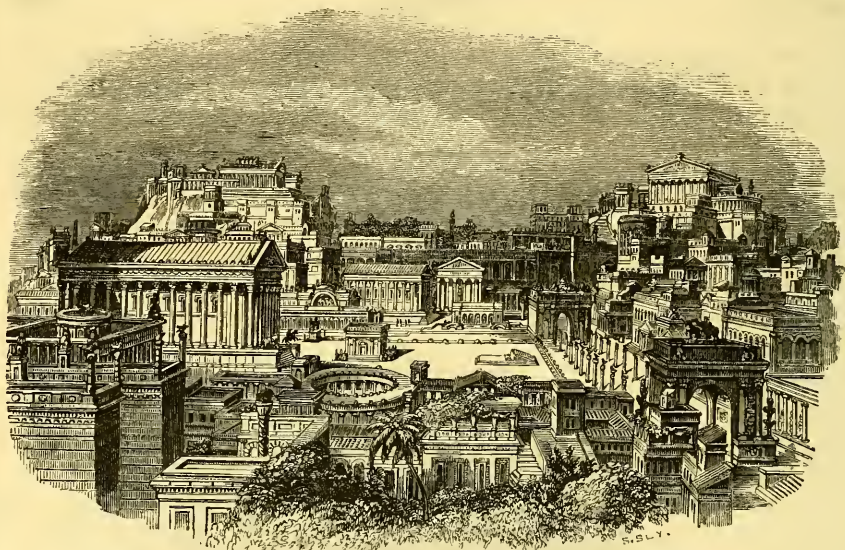
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better ^a.

[*Exit.*

^a This is the same idea that is more piously expressed by Sir Thomas More—"God could not lightly do a man more vengeance than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."



["Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly



[SCENE VII. *Restoration of the Roman Forum.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

CYM. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

LUC. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

CLO. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN.

That opportunity,

Which then they had to take from us, to resume
 We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks ^a unscaleable, and roaring waters;
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot ^b fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright ⁹,
 And Britons strut with courage.

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than
 it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of
 them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not
 say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
 tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the
 moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more
 tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition ^c,
 (Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon

^a *Rocks*. The original reads *oaks*. We have no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which
 is Hanmer's.

^b *Giglot*. The term may be explained by its application to Joan of Arc, in the 'First Part of
 Henry VI.'—

"Young Talbot was not born
 To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench."

^c Steevens would leave out *from us* in this line, as unnecessary words, which only derange the
 metre. We must again, and again, beg the reader to bear in mind that this mode of corrupting
 the text is totally at variance with the practice of all the great dramatists of Shakspeare's age; it
 sacrifices force and variety, to produce feebleness and monotony.

Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws^a,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king¹⁰.

LUC. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

CYM. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me¹¹; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance^b. I am perfect^c
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

LUC. Let proof speak.

^a We have another example of a similar corruption, adopted from Hanmer by Steevens, who walks amidst the luxurious growth of Shakspeare's versification like a gardener who has pre-determined to have no shoot above *ten* inches long in his whole parterre. This line, in all the modern editions (except Malone's of 1821), stands thus—

“ Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius.”

His reasons for this merciless lopping are as follows:—

“ The old copy, in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words—

Mulmutius, which

Ordain'd our laws;—

most absurdly adds,

made our laws.”

Is it not evident that the oratorical construction of the sentence requires this repetition, after the long parenthesis which occurs after the first mention of Mulmutius? The skill of Shakspeare is shown in repeating the idea, without repeating precisely the same words; of which skill there are two other signal examples in ‘Love's Labour's Lost,’ and in ‘Troilus and Cressida.’ (See Illustrations of ‘Love's Labour's Lost,’ Act IV.)

^b *Utterance*. To fight at utterance is to fight without quarter—to the death; the French—
Combat à outrance.

^c *Perfect*—assured. So in ‘The Winter's Tale’—

“ Thou art *perfect* then, our ship hath touch'd upon
 The deserts of Bohemia.”

CLO. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

LUC. So, sir.

CYM. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace*

Enter PISANIO, reading a Letter.

PIS. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster 's her accuser^a?—Leonatus!
 O, master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
 (As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
 She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact comes to?—Do 't: The letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity^b:—O damn'd paper!

^a The original has, *what monsters her accuse?* The modern correction, which is Malone's, appears to be justified by the subsequent passage, *what false Italian?*

^b The original stage-direction at the commencement of this scene is—"Enter Pisanio reading of a letter." The modern editors, when they come to the passage beginning *do 't*, insert another stage-direction—*reading*. Upon this Malone raises up the following curious theory:—"Our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker, who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. * * * * * The words here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards given at length and in *prose*) are not found there, though the substance of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader." Now, we would ask, what can be more natural—what can be more truly in Shakspeare's own manner, which is a reflection of nature—than that a person having been deeply moved by a letter which he has been reading, should comment upon the substance of it *without* repeating the exact words? The very commencement of Pisanio's soliloquy—"How! of adultery?"—is an example of this. The word

Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary^a for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMO. How now, Pisanio?

PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in 'dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables^b.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.]

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, an you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes^c. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What

adultery is not mentioned in the letter upon which he comments. Malone refers to a similar *negligence* in the last scene of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' where Helena thus addresses Bertram—

"There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring," &c.

Malone adds, "she reads the words from Bertram's letter." He has no right to assume this, nor does he even give a stage-direction to that effect in his edition; but, because the letter which Helena reads in Act III. contains these words—"when thou canst get the ring upon my finger,"—Shakspeare has been guilty of negligence, oversight, inattention, &c., &c., in not giving the exact words of the letter, when she offers it to Bertram. Really, a critic, putting on a pair of spectacles, to compare the recollections of deep feeling with the document which has stirred that feeling, as he would compare the copy of an affidavit with the original, is a ludicrous exhibition.

^a *Feodary*—feudary. Hammer says, "A feodary is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord." Malone says, "The feodary was the escheator's associate, and hence Shakspeare, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general." We beg to refer our readers to the Illustrations of 'Henry IV., Part I.,' Act I., in which we endeavour to show that the *feudal vassal* and the *companion* were each meant by the same word—*fere*—*feudary*—*feodary*.

^b This address to the bees contains one of Shakspeare's legal allusions. The *forfeiters* (in the first folio *forfeytours*) had sealed to dangerous bonds; and in that age the seal was as binding as the signature, and rather more so.

^c This sentence is very difficult; but it does not appear to us to be mended by the departure from the original reading, which we ordinarily find—"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not

your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond^a), say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
"Twixt hour and hour?

PRIS. One score 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

IMO. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this 's foolery:
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say

even renew me with your eyes." Malone inserted *not*; and explains the reading thus—Justice, &c., could not be so cruel to me, *but that you would be able to renew me, &c.* This may be the meaning; but it is scarcely borne out by the construction of Malone's improved sentence. In the original it stands thus—"Justice, and your father's wrath, (should he take me in his dominion,) could not be so cruel to me, as you: (oh the dearest of creatures) would even renew me with your eyes." It is here evident that the printer has mistaken the sense in his "could not be so cruel to me, as you:" and when printers have a crotchet as to the meaning of a sentence, they seldom scruple to deviate from the copy before them. The *so* required therefore from them its parallel conjunction *as*. But if we alter a single letter we have a clear meaning, without any forced construction. *An* is often used familiarly for *if* by Shakspeare and the other old dramatists, as it was in discourse and correspondence. We have the word repeatedly in 'Measure for Measure:'—for example, "*An* he should, it were an alms to hang him." Let us therefore read the sentence with the substitution of *an* for *as*—"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, *an* you, (O the dearest of creatures,) would even renew me with your eyes." *Even* is here used in the old sense of equally, *even-so*, and is opposed to "*so cruel*."

^a *Beyond beyond*. The second *beyond* is used as a substantive, which gives us the meaning of *further than beyond*. The Scotch have a saying—"at the back of beyond."

She 'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife¹².

PIS. Madam, you 're best consider.

IMO. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through^a. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop^b, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven,
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUI. Hail, heaven!

ARV. Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle¹³ in a safer hold

^a Monck Mason has, we think, given us the true interpretation of this passage. *I see before me, man*, is, I see clearly that my course is for Milford. *Nor here, nor here, nor what ensues*—neither this way, nor that way, nor the way behind me,—*but have a fog in them.*

^b *Stoop*. The original has *sleep*—a manifest error. Rowe corrected it to *see*; Malone would read *sweet*. The correction of *stoop*, by Hamner, is certainly conceived in a poetical spirit. It accords with—

“ This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office.”

Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe^a;

^a These lines are ordinarily printed, as in the folio—

"O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a *babe*."

Conjecture has here exhausted itself, and has fallen back upon the authority of the original text. We shall endeavour to explain the whole passage, and to justify our adoption of Hanmer's alteration of *babe* to *bribe*, by referring to the source of the ideas thus briefly expressed, which we think Shakspeare had in his mind. We believe that source to have been Spenser's 'Mother Hubbard's Tale.' Belarius begs his boys to

"revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts, of princes;"

and he then goes on to say that their own life

"Is nobler than attending for a check."

Spenser describes, in one of the finest didactic passages of our language, the condition of the man "whom wicked fate hath brought to court:—"

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!"

Here we have the precise meaning of *attending* furnished us by *tendance*; and, we think, the meaning of *check*, which has been controverted, is supplied us by *to be put back to-morrow*. The whole passage is, indeed, a description of the alternate *progress* and *check*, which the "miserable man" of Spenser receives. Compared with such a life of humiliation, the wild mountain life is *nobler*. We have next the life described in a line, than which the mountain life is *richer*. According to the original text it is, "than doing nothing for a *babe*." If we take it in the common sense of *babe*, (in which sense it occurs again in the same scene—"I stole these *babes*,") it is impossible to extract a meaning from it. Warburton reads, therefore, *bauble*. Steevens *bable*, which he says was the ancient spelling of *bauble*. Capell affirms that *babe* and *bable* are synonymous. Johnson would read *brabe*, from *brabium*, a badge of honour. Looking at the usual course of typographical errors, we should say, it is the easiest thing possible for *babe* to be printed for *bribe*, even if the word were *bribe* in the manuscript. In the printer's cases (the technical name for the boxes from which he takes his letters) the *r* is placed next to the *a*, and if a compositor were, taking the wrong letter, to set up b-a-i-b-e, the probability is, that a half-informed corrector would take out the *i*, leaving *babe*. But, putting aside these considerations, and rejecting altogether the nonsense of George Chalmers, that the word was *babee* (the Scotch *baubee*), what is the meaning of doing nothing for a *babe*, *bable*, or *bauble*? Is it, that the courtier is *idle*, that he may receive some outward mark of honour—a *title*, as Capell says? We think not. Spenser has told us distinctly what it is to do *nothing for a bribe*—to give nothing in return for a bribe; and we believe Shakspeare had this in view. His mountain life is certainly *richer* than riches so corruptly derived:—

"Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple suitor, and wish him to choose

His

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd^a: no life to ours.

GUI. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

ARV. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BEL. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour: which dies i' the search;

His master, being one of great regard
In court, to compass any suit not hard,
In case his pains were recompensed with *reason*,
So would he work the silly man by treason
To buy his master's frivolous good will,
That had not power to do him good or ill."

This old mode of doing nothing, for a bribe, is, we fear, not obsolete, even though influence has succeeded to corruption.

^a As we have had the *nobler* and the *richer* life, we have now the *prouder*. The mountain life is compared with that of

"Rustling in unpaid-for silk."

The illustrative lines which are added, we take it, mean that such a one as does rustle in unpaid-for silk receives the courtesy (*gains the cap*) of him that makes him fine, yet he, the wearer of silk, keeps his, the creditor's, *book uncross'd*. To *cross the book* is, even now, a common expression for obliterating the entry of a debt. It belongs to the rude age of credit. The original reading is,

"Such *gain* the cap of him that makes *him* fine;"

but the second *him* is generally altered to *them*. We have adopted the slighter alteration of *gains*.

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body 's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
 And when a soldier was the theme my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

GUI. Uncertain favour!
 BEL. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language:—He that strikes
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
 I' the cave, wherein they bow^a, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;

^a The old reading is, *whereon the bowe*—clearly a misprint. It was corrected by Warburton, with this explanation: In this very cave, which is so low that they must bend or bow on entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted,” &c.

And thus I set my foot on his neck"—even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

IMO. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus^a? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What 's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news^b,

^a *Posthumus*. "Shakspeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning." So decides Steevens, but he adds, with great candour, "It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded." Ritson blunders upon the truth—"Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of Posthumus is the rather remarkable as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs and in another place—

'To his protection; calls him Posthūmus'—

'Struck the main-top!—O, Posthūmus! alas!'

Both these critics knew perfectly well that all the poets of Shakspeare's age were in the habit of changing the accentuation of proper names, to suit their versification; and that learning or no learning had nothing to do with the matter.

^b *Summer news*. Our poet has the same idea in his 98th Sonnet—

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any *summer's story* tell."

Smile to 't before : if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand !
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

PIS. Please you read ;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMO. [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed : the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven : she hath my letter for the purpose : Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

PIS. What shall I need to draw my sword ? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,—
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world,—kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

IMO. False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake ? that 's false to his bed ?
 Is it ?

PIS. Alas, good lady !

IMO. I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
 Thy favour 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting^a, hath betray'd him :

^a *Some jay of Italy, &c.* The Italian *putta* has a double meaning. The jay of Italy is the "Roman courtesan," as well as the painted bird. This is one of the many proofs of Shakspeare's acquaintance with the Italian. But how shall we explain the original reading, "whose mother was her painting" ? Johnson says, "the creature not of nature but of painting. In this sense painting may be not improperly termed her mother." Steevens, in illustration of this, gives a quotation from an old comedy:—"A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments." Capell and Hanmer would read, "whose feather was her painting." We greatly doubt whether the reading *mother* can be supported ; and we are not much enamoured of *feather*. Mr. Collier, in a communication to the 'Athenæum' of February 7, 1852, states that he has become

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripp'd¹⁴ :—to pieces with me !—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy ; not born where 't grows,
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false : and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
 From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st him
 A little witness my obedience : Look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 't is empty of all things but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart ;
 Something 's afore 't^a ;—Soft, soft ; we 'll no defence ;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ;
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools

possessed of a copy of the second folio with numerous MS. corrections ; and this passage is one amongst the more important :—"What says the manuscript corrector of my folio of 1632 ? His emendation must produce instant conviction,—and shows most strikingly how the pen of the copyist of the play for the use of the printer, must have been misled by his ear :—

'Some jay of Italy,

Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him.'

The Italian courtesan smothered herself with painting, in hopes of increasing her attractions, and betraying Posthumus."

^a *Afore 't*. The original reads *afoot*—evidently an error.

Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
 To think when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, despatch :
 The lamb entreats the butcher : Where 's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first^a.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ; whereunto I never
 Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment : in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
 I have heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :

^a In the original the line stands, "I 'll wake mine eye-balls first." Hanmer and Johnson suggested the insertion of *blind*.

But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
 But that my master is abus'd:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMO. Some Roman courtesan.

PIS. No, on my life.
 I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
 I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

IMO. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband?

PIS. If you 'll back to the court,—

IMO. No court, no father; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
 That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
 As fearful as a siege.

PIS. If not at court,
 Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMO. Where then?
 Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
 Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
 In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee, think
 There 's livers out of Britain.

PIS. I am most glad
 You think of other place. The ambassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
 To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
 Dark as your fortune is—and but disguise
 That which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
 But by self-danger;—you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
 The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
 That, though his actions were not visible, yet
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

IMO. O, for such means!
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
 I would adventure.

PIS. Well then, here 's the point:
 You must forget to be a woman; change

Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage;
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

IMO. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

PIS. First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('T is in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you are happy, (which you 'll make him know,
 If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad^a,
 You have me, rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

IMO. Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
 There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even
 All that good time will give us: This attempt
 I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

PIS. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
 What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,

^a Malone interprets this, "As for your subsistence *abroad*, you may rely on me." Surely *abroad* is not here used in the sense of being in foreign parts. It is the old adverb *on brede*. The means of Imogen are far off—not at hand—all abroad—as we still say. But Pisanio tells her, failing her own means, "you have me, rich."

And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

IMO. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

CYM. Thus far ; and so farewell.

LUC. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

CYM. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

LUC. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over-land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius,

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLO. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

CYM. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness ! [*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

QUEEN. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

CLO. 'T is all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

QUEEN. 'T is not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

CYM. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

QUEEN. Royal sir,
 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
 Hath her life been: the cure whereof, my lord,
 'T is time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her: She 's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

CYM. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

ATTEN. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

CYM. Her door's lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false!

[Exit.

QUEEN. Son, I say, follow the king.

CLO. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN. Go, look after.—

[Exit CLOTEN.]

Pisano, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she 's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

CLO. 'T is certain she is fled :
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit* QUEEN.]

CLO. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman*; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore. But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PIS. O, good my lord!

CLO. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

PIS. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

CLO. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?

PIS. O, my all-worthy lord!

CLO. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

* There is a somewhat similar form of expression in 'All's Well that Ends Well,' Act II., Scene 3.—"To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

[*Presenting a letter.*

CLO. Let's see 't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish ^a.

She 's far enough ; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

[*Aside.*

CLO. Humph!

PRIS. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*

CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true?

PIS. Sir, as I think.

CLO. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

CLO. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

CLO. Give me thy hand, here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PRIS. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLO. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[Exit.

CLO. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

^a Pisanio, in giving Cloten a letter which is to mislead him, means to say, I must either adopt this stratagem or perish by his fury.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

PIS. Ay, my noble lord.

CLO. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven ?

PIS. She can scarce be there yet.

CLO. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee ; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford : 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [Exit.]

PIS. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,

To him that is most true. To Milford go,

And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness : labour be his meed ! [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

IMO. I see a man's life is a tedious one :

I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together

Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,

When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think

Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,

Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way : Will poor folks lie,

That have afflictions on them ; knowing 't is

A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,

When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood

Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord !

Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee

My hunger's gone ; but even before I was

At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?

Here is a path to it : 'T is some savage hold :

I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant.

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever

Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who 's here ?

If any thing that 's civil, speak;—if savage—
 Take, or lend ^a.—Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
 Such a foe, good heavens!

[*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 't is our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what 's homely savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty^b sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house that keep'st thyself!

GUI. I am throughly weary.

ARV. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUI. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browze on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BEL. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*]
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

GUI. What 's the matter, sir?

BEL. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. Good masters, harm me not:

^a It is scarcely necessary to affix a very precise meaning to words which are meant to be spoken under great trepidation. The poor wanderer entering the cave, which she fears is "some savage hold," exhorts the inhabitant to *speak* if civil—if belonging to civilised life. This is clear. But we doubt whether she goes on to ask the savage to *take* a reward for his food or to *lend* it; for, in that case, she would address ideas to the savage which do not belong to his condition. Yet this is the general interpretation of the passage. The *take or lend* more belong to the civilised being that may dwell in the cave, than to the savage one. We have, therefore, ventured to point the passage as if the expression, *if savage*, were merely the parenthetical whisper of her own fears—"If anything that 's civil, speak; take, or lend." The *if savage* is interposed, when no answer is returned to *speak*. Johnson suggested a transposition of the sentence—

"If any thing that 's civil, take or lend,
 If savage speak."

^b *Resty*. So the original (*restie*). Steevens, by one of his dashing corrections, changed the word to *restive*. *Resty, reasty, raisty*, is rancid—a provincial expression, generally applied to bacon spoiled by long keeping; which the Londoners have changed into *rusty*. *Reasty* and *rusty* are most probably the same words, meaning, spoiled for want of use.

Before I enter'd here I call'd; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

GUI. Money, youth?

ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

IMO. I see you are angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died had I not made it.

BEL. Whither bound?

IMO. To Milford-Haven.

BEL. What is your name?

IMO. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am fallen in this offence.

BEL. Prithee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
 'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

GUI. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty,
 I bid for you as I do buy.

ARV. I 'll make 't my comfort,
 He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:—
 And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
 After long absence, such is yours^a:—Most welcome!
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMO. 'Mongst friends!
 If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they
 Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus.

[*Aside.*]

BEL. He wrings at some distress.

GUI. 'Would I could free 't!

^a *Such is yours.* So the folio. All the modern editions read, *such as yours*, thereby spoiling the sense.

ARV. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
BEL. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

IMO. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes)^a,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

BEL. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUI. Pray, draw near.

ARV. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

IMO. Thanks, sir.

ARV. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 SEN. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

TRI. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 SEN. Ay.

TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 SEN. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

^a *Differing multitudes.* In the Second Part of 'Henry IV.' we have—
"The still *discordant*, wavering multitude;"
and the word *differing* is most probably used here in the same sense.

Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

TRI.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

[“ Well, madam, we must take a short farewell.”]



[SCENE II. *The Cave.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

CLO. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant^a thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face^b: and all this done, spurn her home to

^a *Imperseverant*. Mr. Dyce reads *imperceiverant*—without the power of perceiving.

^b Some would read, *before her face*,—Imogen's face; but Cloten, in his brutal way, thinks it a satisfaction that, after he has cut off his rival's head, the face will still be present at the destruction of the garments.

her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

BEL. You are not well [*To IMOGEN*]: remain here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.

ARV. Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

IMO. So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

GUI. Go you to hunting: I 'll abide with him.

IMO. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

GUI. I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

BEL. What? how? how?

ARV. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,

And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,

“ My father, not this youth.”

BEL. O noble strain!

[*Aside.*]

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace

I 'm not their father; yet who this should be

Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'T is the ninth hour of the morn.

ARV. Brother, farewell.

IMO. I wish ye sport.

ARV. You health.—So please you, sir.

IMO. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage, but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

GUL. I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARV. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

BEL. To the field, to the field:—

We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

ARV. We'll not be long away.

BEL. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

IMO. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

BEL. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd he appears, hath had

Good ancestors^a.

ARV. How angel-like he sings!

GUL. But his neat cookery¹⁵! He cut our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick

And he her dieter.

ARV. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

^a This passage stands thus in the original—

“This youth, howe'er distrest, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.”

In all the modern editions we find the following punctuation, without any comment—

“This youth, howe'er distrest, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.”

To us this is unintelligible; and we therefore venture upon the transposition in our text; assuming that the printer, having left out the *he* in his first proof, inserted it as a correction in the wrong place. This is one of the commonest of typographical errors, and the folio edition of ‘*Cymbeline*,’ being printed from a manuscript after the author's death, was open to such mistakes. The wonder is that they are not more frequent.

GUI. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs^a together.

ARV. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine^b!

BEL. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

CLO. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

BEL. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

GUI. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

CLO. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

GUI. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
"A slave," without a knock.

CLO. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

GUI. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not

^a *Spurs*. Pope calls this an old word for the fibres of a tree. We cannot find any authority for his assertion. The support of a post placed in the ground is still technically called a *spur*. The large leading roots of a tree may, in the same way, have been called *spurs*, from their lateral projections, which hold the plant firm and upright. Shakspeare uses the word in this sense in 'The Tempest'—

"The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

^b Instead of *untwine*, it has been proposed to read *entwine*. Monck Mason says, "Though Shakspeare is frequently inaccurate in the use of his prepositions, to *untwine with* would rather exceed his usual licentiousness." This "licentiousness" is a favourite word with the commentators; they having agreed that the only correct standard of the English language was to be found in the formal construction of the eighteenth century. In this case, however, they appear to have mistaken the poet's meaning. The root of the elder is short-lived and perishes, while that of the vine continues to flourish and increase:—let the stinking elder, grief, untwine his root which is perishing with (in company with) the vine which is increasing.

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

CLO. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

GUI. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLO. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

GUI. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

CLO. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

GUI. What's thy name?

CLO. Cloten, thou villain.

GUI. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder, spider,
'T would move me sooner.

CLO. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

GUI. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

CLO. Art not afeard?

GUI. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLO. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. No company's abroad.

ARV. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

BEL. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.

ARV. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors, for defect of judgment,
As oft the cause of fear^a: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

GUI. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,—
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

BEL. What hast thou done?

GUI. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

BEL. We are all undone.

GUI. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For^b we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

BEL. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour^c
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that

^a The word *defect*, of the original, was changed by Theobald to *the effect*; and the passage so corrected is thus given in most of the modern editions—

“He had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for *the effect* of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.”

Hanmer reads—

“For *defect* of judgment
Is oft the *cure* of fear;”

which reading is adopted by Malone. It is evident that the passage as it stands in the original is contradictory. But it appears to us that the corrections, both of Theobald and Hanmer, are somewhat forced; and we rather adopt the very ingenious suggestion of the author of a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh, 1814, entitled, ‘*Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare*,’ &c. In this reading of *as* for *is*, Belarius says that Cloten, before he arrived to man's estate, had not apprehension of terrors *on account of* defect of judgment, which defect is as often the cause of fear. The passage as it thus stands appears to us one of the many examples of condensed truths which this play presents.

^b *For*, in the sense of because.

^c *Humour*. In the original *honour*. Theobald made the emendation, which is certainly called for: and is further justified by the fact that, in the early editions of Shakspeare, *humour* and *honour* are several times misprinted each for the other.

From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
 He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

ARV. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

BEL. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

GVI. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
 That 's all I reckon.

[Exit.

BEL. I fear, 't will be reveng'd:
 'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

ARV. 'Would I had done 't,
 So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly; but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
 And put us to our answer.

BEL. Well, 't is done:—
 We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
 You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently.

ARV. Poor sick Fidele!
 I 'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
 I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood^a,

^a Steevens prints this—

"I 'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood."

But the meaning is, I would let blood a parish of such Clotens.

And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

BEL. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder^a
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

GUI. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*

BEL. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

GUI. Is he at home?

BEL. He went hence even now.

GUI. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead in his arms.

BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

ARV. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

GUI. O sweetest, fairest lily!

^a *Wonder.* So the original. Pope changed it to *wonderful*, which is the received reading.

My brother wears thee not the one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

BEL. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare^a
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy^b!
How found you him?

ARV. Stark^c, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

GUI. Where?

ARV. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues^d from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUI. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

ARV. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would¹⁶,
With charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

GUI. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

^a *Crare*. The original reads *care*: but the image is incomplete unless we adopt the correction. *Crare* is a small vessel; and the word is often used by Holinshed and by Drayton.

^b We print the passage as in the original, the meaning of which is, Jove knows what man thou mightst have made, but I *know* thou diedst, &c. Malone thinks that the pronoun *I* was probably substituted by mistake for the interjection, *Ah!* which is commonly printed *ay* in the old copies; *ay* being also as commonly printed *I*.

^c *Stark*—stiff.

^d *Brogues*—rude shoes.

ARV. Say, where shall 's lay him?

GUI. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARV. Be 't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once to our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUI. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARV. We 'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

GUI. Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

ARV. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS]

GUI. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east:
My father hath a reason for 't.

ARV. 'T is true.

GUI. Come on then, and remove him.

ARV. So,—Begin.

SONG.

GUI. Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

ARV. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

GUI. Fear no more the light'ning flash;
 ARV. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 GUI. Fear not slander, censure rash;
 ARV. Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 BOTH. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

GUI. No exorciser harm thee!
 ARV. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 GUI. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 ARV. Nothing ill come near thee!
 BOTH. Quiet consummation have;
 And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

GUI. We have done our obsequies¹⁷: Come, lay him down.

BEL. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
 You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

IMO. *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: But 't is not so;

'T was but a bolt of nothing. shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still: even when I wake it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;

His foot Mercurial: his Martial thigh;

The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—

Murther in heaven?—How?—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular^a devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where 's that? Ah me! where 's that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'T is he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

CAP. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
 They are here in readiness.

LUC. But what from Rome?

CAP. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

LUC. When expect you them?

CAP. With the next benefit o' the wind.

LUC. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
 Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

SOOTH. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:
 (I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle¹⁸, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west,

^a *Irregular*—irregular—disorderly. The word is only found in this passage of Shakspeare.

There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

LUC. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here
Without his top ? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

CAP. He is alive, my lord.

LUC. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded : Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

IMO. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master.
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !
There are no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

LUC. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding ; Say his name, good friend.

IMO. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir ?

LUC. Thy name ?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

IMO. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep

As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
 And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep, and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

LUC. Ay, good youth;
 And rather father thee than master thee.—
 My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave: Come; arm him^a.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

CYM. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will: But for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

1 LORD. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing he was here:
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally.
 For Cloten,—

^a *Arm him*—take him in your arms.

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

CYM. The time is troublesome :

We 'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
Does yet depend^a.

[To PISANIO.

1 LORD. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYM. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you 're ready ;
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you : Let 's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*

PIS. I heard no letter^b from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'T is strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false I am honest ; not true to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

GUI. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

GUI. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans

^a *Does yet depend*—is yet depending, as we say of an action at law.

^b Hammer reads, *I've had no letter*. Malone suggests that by *letter* is not meant an epistle ; but that the phrase is equivalent to *I heard no syllable*.

Must or for Britons slay us ; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

BEL. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

GUI. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

ARV. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

BEL. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GUI. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

ARV. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GUL. By heavens, I 'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

ARV. So say I ; Amen.

BEL. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long : their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Aside.*
Exeunt.]



[*The Forest.*]



[SCENE II. *Combat of Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
 Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves,
 For wrying^a but a little!—O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands;
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on^b this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck

^a *Wrying*. The use of *wry* as a verb is uncommon. We have a passage in Sydney's 'Arcadia' which is at once an example and an explanation:—"That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

^b *To put on*—to instigate.

Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance: But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ill with ill, each elder worse^a,
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift^b.
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'T is enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace!
 I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose; I 'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion less without, and more within.

[Exit.

^a "The last deed is certainly not the oldest," says Dr. Johnson. That is, perhaps, prosaically true; but as the man who goes on in the commission of ill is older when he commits the last ill than when he committed the first, we do not believe that Shakspeare, as Malone says, "*inadvertently* considered the latter evil deed as the elder." The confusion, if there be any, in the text may be reconciled by Bacon's notion, that what we call the old world is really the young world; and so a man's first sin is his youngest sin.

^b The sentiment here is excessively beautiful; but, from the elliptical form of expression which so strikingly prevails in this play, is obscure. Posthumus, it appears to us, is comparing his own state with what he supposes is that of Imogen. She is snatched "hence, for little faults;" he remains "to second ill with ill." But how is it that such as he "*dread it*?" The commentators believe that there is a misprint. Theobald would read *dreaded*; Johnson *deeded*. Steevens interprets "to make them *dread it* is to make them persevere in the commission of *dreadful* action"—*dread it* being used in the same manner as Pope has "to sinner it or saint it." The author of the pamphlet we have already quoted, 'Explanations and Emendations,' &c., thinks that the *it* refers to *vengeance*, which occurs four lines above. We cannot feel confident of this; nor do we think with Monck Mason that *thrift* means something higher than worldly advantages—the repentance which issues from the *dread*. We cannot help believing that some word ought to stand in the place of *dread it*; and, as the smaller offender is cut off, in love, "to fall no more," so the hardened doer is left to thrive in his offences, as far as this life is concerned. We are inclined to conjecture, although we cannot presume to alter the text, that *dread it* has been misprinted for *do each*.

"To second ill with ill, *each* elder worse,
 And make them *do each* to the doer's thrift."

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter at one door, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army¹⁹; and the British army at another. LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him^a.

IACH. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady.
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeeble me. Or, could this carl^b,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

GUI. ARV. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

IACH. 'T is their fresh supplies.

LUC. It is a day turn'd strangely; Or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

LORD. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

^a It will be observed throughout this Act that the stage-directions are extremely full, and that the action of the drama at the close of the third scene is entirely what was called a dumb show. The drama preceding Shakspeare was full of such examples. But Shakspeare uniformly rejected the practice, except in this instance. We do not believe that these directions for the dumb show were interpolated by the players, as Ritson thinks; and in the 'Studies of Shakspeare,' (p. 372) we have expressed our opinion that this, combined with other circumstances, presents some evidence that 'Cymbeline' was a *rifaccimento* of an early play. We would here observe that we have followed in these stage-directions the original copy, which has been departed from by the modern editors.

^b Carl—churl.

POST.

I did :

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

LORD.

I did.

POST. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought : The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted, ^a
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling,
Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

LORD.

Where was this lane ?

POST. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country,—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base^a, than to commit such slaughter ;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage ; cry'd to those that fled,
“ Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may save,
But to look back in frown : stand, stand.”—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, “ stand, stand,”
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd coward
But by example, (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners !) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
A rout, confusion thick : Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,

^a Country-base—the rustic game of prison bars, or prison base.

The strides they victors made : And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages) became
 The life o' the need, having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts : Heavens, how they wound !
 Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave ; ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs^a o' the field.

LORD. This was strange chance :

A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

POST. Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
 "Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

LORD. Nay, be not angry, sir.

POST. 'Lack, to what end !

Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend :

For if he 'll do, as he is made to do,

I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

LORD. Farewell ; you are angry.

[Exit.]

POST. Still going ?—This is a lord ! O noble misery !

To be i' the field, and ask what news of me !

To-day, how many would have given their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do 't,

And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd^b,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan ;

Nor feel him where he struck : Being an ugly monster,

'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words : or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him :

For being now a favourer to the Briton,

No more a Briton^c, I have resum'd again

^a Bugs—terrors.

^b Warburton remarks that this alludes to the common superstition of charms having power to keep men unhurt in battle. Macbeth says, "I bear a *charmed* life"—Posthumus, "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*."

^c We follow the original. Since the time of Hanmer the passage has been changed to

"For being now a favourer to the *Roman*,
 No more a *Briton*."

We think the change was uncalled for ; because Posthumus, in his heroic conduct, has been really "a favourer to the Briton," but, being about to resume the part he came in, he is *no more a Briton*, and he immediately afterwards surrenders himself as a *Roman*.

The part I came in : Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman : great the answer be
 Britons must take ; For me, my ransom's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;
 Which neither here I 'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 CAP. Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :

'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 CAP. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront^a with them.

1 CAP. So 't is reported :

But none of them can be found.—Stand ! who is there ?

POST. A Roman ;

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 CAP. Lay hands on him ; a dog !

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service

As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

SCENE IV.—*A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.

1 GAOL. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you ;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 GAOL. Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

POST. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way

I think, to liberty : Yet am I better

Than one that 's sick o' the gout : since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death, who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists : You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever ! Is 't enough I am sorry ?

^a *Affront*—encounter.

So children temporal fathers do appease ;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement : that 's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though
 'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I 'll speak to thee in silence.

[He sleeps.]

Solemn Music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the Two young Leonati, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

SICI. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies ;
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report
 Thou orphans' father art)
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

MOTH. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;
 That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

SICI. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

MOTH. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

SICR. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy ?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

SICR. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

SICR. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a
thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing : hush !—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd ;
 No care of yours it is ; you know, 't is ours.
 Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
 And so, away : no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

SICR. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

ALL. Thanks, Jupiter !

SICR. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

POST. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
 A father to me : and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers ; But—O scorn !—
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled^a world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
 find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar

^a *Fangled*. This word is very rarely used without the epithet *new* ; yet *fangle* means an innovation. We have it in Anthony Wood—"A hatred to *fangles* and the French fooleries of his time."

shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

GAOL. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POST. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

GAOL. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that you are well cooked.

POST. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators the dish pays the shot.

GAOL. ²⁰A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

POST. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

GAOL. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POST. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

GAOL. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; for, jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

POST. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

GAOL. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

POST. Thou bring'st good news;—I am called to be made free.

GAOL. I 'll be hanged then.

POST. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

GAOL. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone^a. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

CYM. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

CYM. No tidings of him?

PIS. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.
By whom I grant she lives:—"T is now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

BEL. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

CYM. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

^a *Prone*—forward.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYM. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

COR. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

CYM. Prithee, say.

COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

CYM. She alone knew this:

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

COR. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison,

CYM. O most delicate fiend!

Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

COR. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented

The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

CYM. Heard you all this, her women?

LADY. We did, so please your highness.

CYM. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded;
POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

LUC. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

CYM. I have surely seen him:

His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,

Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

IMO. I humbly thank your highness.

LUC. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;

And yet, I know thou wilt.

IMO. No, no : alack,

There 's other work in hand ; I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

LUC. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 Why stands he so perplex'd ?

CYM. What wouldst thou, boy ?

I love thee more and more ; think more and more
 What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
 Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

IMO. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me
 Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
 Am something nearer.

CYM. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

IMO. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

CYM. Ay, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What 's thy name ?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

CYM. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
 I 'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

BEL. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

ARV. One sand another

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
 Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

GVI. The same dead thing alive.

BEL. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
 Creatures may be alike : were 't he, I am sure
 He would have spoke to us.

GVI. But we saw him dead.

BEL. Be silent ; let 's see further.

PIs. It is my mistress : [Aside.

Since she is living, let the time run on

To good, or bad. [CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

CYM. Come, stand thou by our side ;
 Make thy demand aloud.—Sir [to IACHIMO], step you forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
 Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
 Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
 Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
 Of whom he had this ring.

POST. What 's that to him?

[*Aside.*]

CYM. That diamond upon your finger, say
 How came it yours?

IACH. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
 Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CYM. How! me?

IACH. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
 Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring; 't was Leonatus' jewel:
 Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee
 As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

CYM. All that belongs to this.

IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,—
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

CYM. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
 I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

IACH. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
 The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
 Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
 Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus,
 (What should I say? he was too good, to be
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature²¹; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

CYM. I stand on fire:
 Come to the matter.

IACH. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took this hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

CYM. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACH. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright justicer^a! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy less than 't was!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

IMO. Peace, my lord; hear, hear!—

POST. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her: she falls.*]

PIS. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—

Mine honour'd lady!

CYM. Does the world go round?

POST. How come these staggers on me?

PIS. Wake, my mistress!

CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me

To death with mortal joy.

PIS. How fares my mistress?

IMO. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are!

CYM. The tune of Imogen!

PIS. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by me

A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

CYM. New matter still?

IMO. It poison'd me.

COR. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,

Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio

Have, said she, given his mistress that confection

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd

As I would serve a rat.

^a *Justicer*. This fine old word is used several times in 'Lear.' It is found in our ancient law books.

CYM. What 's this, Cornelius?

COR. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

IMO. Most like I did, for I was dead.

BEL. My boys,

There was our error.

GUL. This is sure, Fidele.

IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock, and now

Throw me again.

[*Embracing him.*]

POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

CYM. How now, my flesh, my child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMO. Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

BEL. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for it.

[*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

CYM. My tears, that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

IMO. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

CYM. O, she was naught; and long of her it was

That we meet here so strangely: But her son

Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

PIS. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death: By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket; which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

GUL. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

CYM. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

GUL. I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYM. He was a prince.

GUL. A most incivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYM. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

IMO. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

BEL. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

[To the Guard.]

CYM. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

ARV. In that he spake too far.

CYM. And thou shalt die for 't.

BEL. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

ARV. Your danger 's ours.

GUL. And our good his.

BEL. Have at it then.—

By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

CYM. What of him? he is a banish'd traitor.

BEL. He it is that hath

Assum'd this age^a: indeed, a banish'd man;

I know not how a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence;

The whole world shall not save him.

BEL. Not too hot:

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I have receiv'd it.

CYM. Nursing of my sons?

BEL. I am too blunt and saucy: Here 's my knee;

Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;

Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,

These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

And blood of your begetting.

CYM. How! my issue?

BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

(For such and so they are) these twenty years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;

Having receiv'd the punishment before,

For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty,

Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,

The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,

Here are your sons again; and I must lose

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:

The benediction of these covering heavens

Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

CYM. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service that you three have done, is more

Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

BEL. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

CYM. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

BEL. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

CYM. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMO. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you, brothers,
When you were so indeed.

CYM. Did you e'er meet ?

ARV. Ay, my good lord.

GWI. And at first meeting lov'd ;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYM. O rare instinct !
When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how liv'd you,
And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

Thou art my brother: So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

IMO. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

CYM. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMO. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUC. Happy be you!

CYM. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

POST. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

IACH. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

[Kneeling.

POST. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

CYM. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

POST. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows

Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
 This label on my bosom ; whose containing
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
 Make no collection^a of it ; let him show
 His skill in the construction.

LUC. Philarmonus !

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTH. [*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much :
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
 Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier* : which *mulier* I divine
 Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
 With this most tender air.

[To CYMBELINE.]

CYM. This hath some seeming.

SOOTH. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYM. Well,

My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
 And to the Roman empire ; promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen :
 Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
 Have laid most heavy hand^b.

^a *Collection*—consequence deduced from premises. So in 'Hamlet'—

" Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to *collection*."

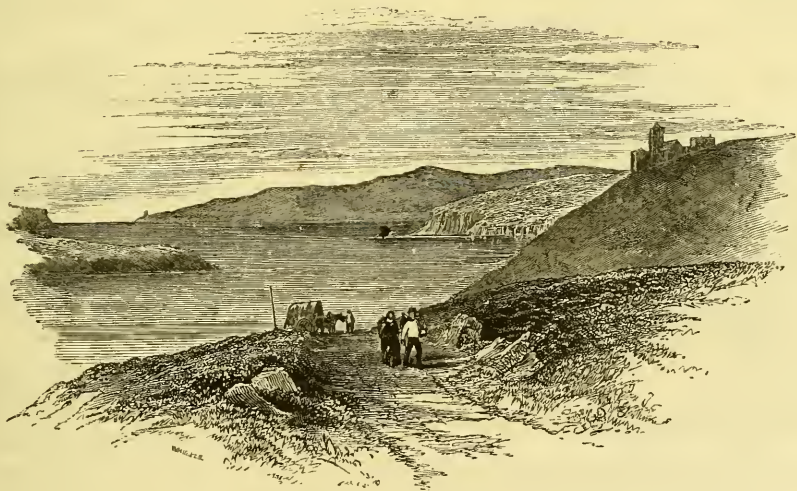
^b The particle *on* is understood. The same form of expression occurs in 'Othello'—

" What conjurations and what mighty magic
 I won his daughter [with]."

SOOTH. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

CYM. Laud we the gods :
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there ;—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*View near Milford.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE IV.

"I would have broke mine eye-strings," &c.

In Arthur Golding's Translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' (1567) there is a description which might have suggested to Shakspeare this beautiful passage :—

"She lifting up her watery eyes beheld her husband stand
Upon the hatches making signs by becking with his hand:
And she made signs to him again. And after that the land
Was far removed from the ship, and that the sight began
To be unable to discern the face of any man,
As long as ere she could she look'd upon the rowing keel.
And when she could no longer time for distance ken it weel
She looked still upon the sails that flashed with the wind
Upon the mast. And when she could the sails no longer
find,

She gat her to her empty bed with sad and sorry heart."

² SCENE VI.—*"Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers."*

The Queen, distilling herbs for wicked purposes, is a striking contrast to the benevolent Friar in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Shakspeare has beautifully indicated the philosophy of the use or abuse by man of Nature's productions, in the Friar's soliloquy :—

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

³ SCENE VI.

"Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart."

Dr. Johnson, in that spirit of kindness which essentially belonged to his nature, remarks upon this passage :—"The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity,

and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings." We are by no means sure, however, that Shakspeare meant to apply a sweeping denunciation to such experiments upon the power of particular medicines. There can be no doubt that the medical art being wholly tentative, it becomes in some cases a positive duty of a scientific experimenter to inflict pain upon an inferior animal for the ultimate purpose of assuaging pain or curing disease. It is the useless repetition of such experiments which makes hard the heart. It is the exhibition of such experiments in the lecture room which is "noisome and infectious." The Queen was unauthorised by her position to

"Try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging."

⁴ SCENE VII.

"Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight."

Every one will remember the noble passage in 'Paradise Regained,' book iii. :—

"He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd.
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight."

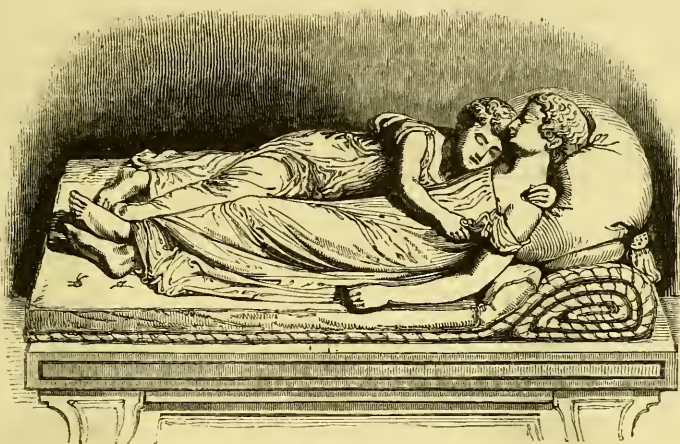
The editors of Milton refer to parallel passages in Virgil and Horace as amongst the images with which our great epic poet was familiar. The commentators of Shakspeare suffer his line to pass without a single observation. In the same scene we have the following most characteristic expression in the mouth of a Roman :—

"As common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol."

Upon this Steevens remarks, "Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial

phrase 'as common as the highway.'" Shakspeare's phrase proves, amidst a thousand similar proofs, his perfect familiarity with all the know-

ledge that was necessary to make his characters speak appropriately with reference to their social position.



[Monument in Lichfield Cathedral.]

ACT II.

⁵ SCENE II.

*"Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes."*

THE whole of this scene in its delicacy and beauty has some resemblance to the night scene in Shakspeare's 'Tarquin and Lucrece.' Indeed Shakspeare, in one or two expressions, seems to have had his own poem distinctly present to his mind. For example:—

"By the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies."

Again; Iachimo says of Imogen—

"O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a *monument*,
Thus in a chapel lying!"

Lucretia is in the same way described as a monumental figure reposing upon a pillow:—

"Where, like a virtuous *monument*, she lies."

The best illustration of this beautiful image is presented by Chantrey's exquisite monument of the Sleeping Children, given above.

⁶ SCENE III.—*"Hark, hark, the lark," &c.*

Steevens asserts, without offering the slightest evidence in support of his assertion, that George Peele was the author of this song. The mode, however, in which Cloten speaks of it, "A wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it," is not exactly in Shakspeare's manner; and yet, if it had been the work of any other poet, the compliment from the mouth of such a character as Cloten would have been rather equivocal. In our poet's 29th Sonnet we have these lines:—

"Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings *hymns at heaven's gate*."

But in Lyly's 'Alexander and Campaspe,' which was first printed in 1584, we have the image even more closely resembling the words of the song. Our readers will not object to see Lyly's poem entire.

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale."

Jug, jug, jug, jug, teureu she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song ! who is't now we hear ?
None but the *tark* so shrill and clear ;
Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note ;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring ;
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring."

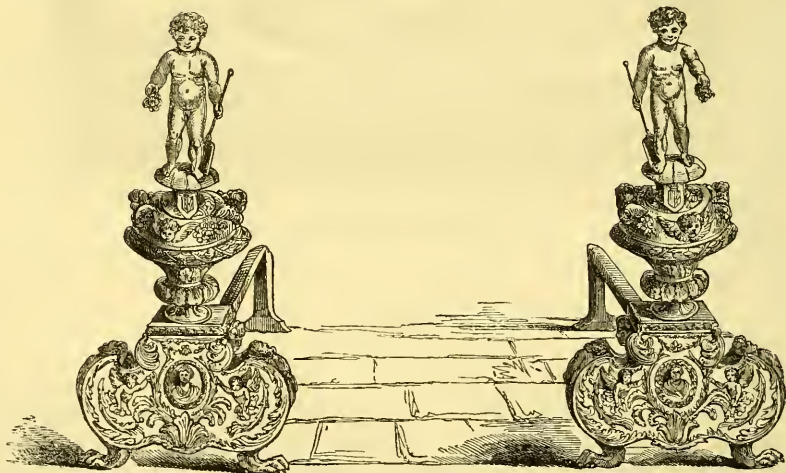
7 SCENE IV. "The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted."

Steevens calls this "a tawdry image." Douce justly says, "The poet has, in this instance, given a faithful description of the mode in which the rooms in great houses were sometimes ornamented."

8 SCENE IV.

"Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids," &c.

We have no doubt that in this description Shakspeare literally describes some work of art which he had seen. At Knowle, one of the most interesting of ancient mansions, there are "andirons," of which the "two winking Cupids of silver" are not, indeed, "each on one foot standing," but in an attitude sufficiently graceful to show us that such furniture was executed not only of costly materials, but with a skill such as the Florentine artists applied to the ornamental appendages of the palaces of the great.



[Andirons at Knotle.]

ACT III.

9 SCENE I.

"The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright."

MALONE has the following observation upon this passage :—"Shakspeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. 'The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight hap-

pened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar struck at him.'" Malone has here fallen into an error, from a too literal acceptance of Shakspeare's words. To be once at point to master Cæsar's sword, is to be once nearly vanquishing Cæsar. We can put our finger upon the passage in Holinshed's 'Chronicle' which Shakspeare had in view : "Our histories far differ from this (Cæsar's account), affirming that Cæsar, coming the second time, was by the Britains with valiancy and martial

prowess beaten and repelled, as he was at the first, and specially by means that Cassibelane had pight in the Thames great piles of trees, piked with iron, through which his ships, being entered the river, were perished and lost. And after his coming a land he was vanquished in battle, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For joy of this second victory (saith Galfrid) Cassibelane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods." The victory and the rejoicing are exactly in the same juxtaposition as in Shakspeare.

The *Lud's town* of the old chroniclers is London. They considered that London was the town of Lud; and, in a similar manner, that Lud-gate was the gate of Lud. The tradition that Lud rebuilt the ancient Troinovant is given in Spenser ('Faery Queen,' canto x. book ii.):—

"He had two sons, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endless monuments of his great good.
The ruin'd walls he did re-edify
Of Troinovant, 'gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight."

But Verstegan, in his very amusing 'Restitution' of Decayed Intelligence concerning Britain, objects to the connection both of Lud's town and Ludgate with King Lud:—

"As touching the name of our most ancient, chief, and famous city, it could never of Lud's-town take the name of London, because it had never anciently the name of Lud's-town, neither could it, for that town is not a British but a Saxon word; but if it took any appellation after King Lud, it must then have been called *Caer-Lud*, and not *Lud's-town*; but considering of how little credit the relations of Geffery of Monmouth are, who from Lud doth derive it, it may rather be thought that he hath imagined this name to have come from King Lud, because of some nearness of sound, for our Saxon ancestors having divers ages before Geffery was born called it by the name of London, he, not knowing from whence it came, might straight imagine it to have come from Lud, and therefore ought to be *Caer-Lud*, or *Lud's-town*, as after him others called it; and some also of the name of London, in British sound made it *L'hundain*, both appellations, as I am persuaded, being of the Britains first taken up and used after the Saxons had given it the name of London.

"But here I cannot a little marvel how Tac-

tus (or any such ancient writers) should call it by the name of *Londinum* (that having been, as it should seem, the Latin name thereof since it hath been called London), which appellation he could never have from the ancient Britains, seeing they never so called it. Julius Cæsar seemed not to know of the name of *Londinum*, but nameth the city of the *Trinobants*; and a marvel it is, that between the time of Cæsar and Tacitus, it should come to get the new name of *Londinum*, no man can tell how. To deliver my conjecture how this may chance to have happened, I am loth, for that it may peradventure be of some disallowed, and so, omitting it, I will leave the reader to note that the reign of King Lud, from whom some will needs derive the name of London, was before Julius Cæsar came into Britain, and not after, for Cæsar first entered Britain in the time of Cassibelan, who was brother unto Lud, and succeeded next after him; and in all likelihood, if Lud had given it after himself the new name of *Caer-Lud*, or, as some more fondly have supposed, of *Lud's-town*, Julius Cæsar, who came thither so soon after his death, could not have been so utterly ignorant of the new naming of that city, but have known it as well as such writers as came after him.

"Evident it is, that our Saxon ancestors called it *Lunden*, (in pronunciation sounded London,) sometimes adding thereunto the ordinary termination which they gave to all well-fenced cities, or rather such as had forts or castles annexed unto them, by calling it *Lundenbirig*, and *Lunden-ceaster*, that is, after our latter pronunciation, *Londonbury* or *Londonchester*. This name of *Lunden*, since varied into *London*, they gave it in regard and memory of the ancient famous metropolitan city of *Lunden*, in *Sceneland* or *Sconia*, sometime of greatest traffic of all the east parts of Germany.

"And I find in *Crautzius* that Eric, the fourth of that name, King of Denmark, went in person to Rome to solicit Pope Paschal the Second that Denmark might be no longer under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishop of *Ham-brough*, but that the Archbishop of *Lunden* should be the chief Prelate of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the which in fine was granted. As for the name of *Ludgate*, which some will needs have so to have been called of King Lud, and accordingly infer the name of the city, I answer, that it could never of Lud be called

Ludgate, because gate is no British word, and, had it taken name of Lud, it must have been Ludporth, and not Ludgate. But how cometh it that all the gates of London, yea, and all the streets and lanes of the city, having English names, Ludgate only must remain British, or the one half of it, to wit, Lud,—gate, as before hath been said, being English? This surely can have proceeded of no other cause than of the lack of heed that men have taken unto our ancient language; and Geffery of Monmouth, or some other as unsure in his reports as he, by hearing only of the name of Ludgate, might easily fall into a dream or imagination that it must needs have had that name of King Lud. There is no doubt but that our Saxon ancestors (as I have said), changing all the names of the other gates about London, did also change this, and called it Ludgate, otherwise also written Leod-geat; Lud and Leod is all one, and, in our ancient language, folk or people, and so is Ludgate as much as to say Porta populi, the gate or passage of the people. And if a man do observe it, he shall find that, of all the gates of the city, the greatest passage of the people is through this gate; and yet must it needs have been much more in time past before Newgate was builded, which, as Mr. John Stow saith, was first builded about the reign of King Henry the Second. And therefore the name of Leod-gate was aptly given in respect of the great concourse of people through it."

¹⁰ SCENE I.—"*Mulmutius made our laws,*" &c.

According to Holinshed, Mulmutius, the first King of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, "made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws, turned out of the British speech into Latin, by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English, by Alfred, King of England, and mingled in his statutes."



[Coin of Augustus.]

¹¹ SCENE I.—"*Thy Caesar knighted me.*"

Shakspeare still follows Holinshed literally:—"This man was brought up at Rome, and there

was made knight by Augustus Caesar." Douce objects to the word *knight* as a downright anachronism; as well as to another similar passage, where Cymbeline addresses Belarius and his sons:—

"Bow your knees,
Arise my knights o' the battle."

Both Holinshed and Shakspeare, in applying a term of the feudal ages to convey the notion of a Roman dignity, did precisely what they were called upon to do. They used a word which conveyed a distinct image much more clearly than any phrase of stricter propriety. They translated ideas as well as words.

¹² SCENE II.—"*A franklin's housewife.*"

The *franklin*, in the days of Shakspeare, had become a less important personage than he was in the days of Chaucer:—

"A Frankelein was in this compaignie;
White was his berd as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was veraily felicitye parfitte.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Saint Julian he was in his contree,
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envuyed man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentuous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men couod of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his sonpere.
Ful many a fat partirch hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered all the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour."

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, 333.

But a century and a half later than Chaucer, he was still a dignified member of the landed aristocracy. "England is so thick spread and filled with rich and landed men, that there is scarce a small village in which you may not find a knight, an esquire, or some substantial householder, commonly called a *frankleyne*; all men of considerable estates." This is the description of Sir John Fortescue, in the reign of Henry VI. The *franklin* in the time of

Shakspeare had, for the most part, gone upward into the squire, or downward into the yeoman; and the name had probably become synonymous with the small freeholder and cultivator. "A franklin's housewife" would wear "no costlier suit" than Imogen desired for concealment. Latimer has described the farmer of the early part of the sixteenth century:—"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine."

¹³ SCENE III.—"*The sharded beetle.*"

There is a controversy about the meaning of the word *shard* as applied to a beetle. In 'Hamlet,' the priest says of Ophelia—

"*Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.*"

A *shard* here is a thing divided; and it is used for something worthless,—fragments. Mr. Tollet says that *shard* signifies dung; and that "the shard-born beetle" in 'Macbeth' is the beetle born in dung. This is certainly only a secondary meaning of *shard*. We cannot doubt that Shakspeare, in the passage before us, uses the epithet *sharded* as applied to the flight of the beetle. The *sharded beetle*,—the beetle whose scaly wing-cases are not formed for a flight far above the earth,—is contrasted with the *full-wing'd eagle*. The shards support the insect when he rises from the ground; but they do not enable him to cleave the air with a bird-

like wing. The *shard-borne beetle* of 'Macbeth' is therefore, the beetle supported on its shards.

¹⁴ SCENE IV.—"*And, for I am richer than to be hang'd by the walls,
I must be ripp'd.*"

Steevens has an interesting note upon this passage:—

"To 'hang by the walls' does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room*, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So in 'Measure for Measure':—

"That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*"

"When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

"Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials; were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and, though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses (viz., mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds), articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations."

ACT IV.

¹⁵ SCENE II.—"*But his neat cookery.*"

MRS. LENNOX has the following remark upon this passage:—"This princess, forgetting that she had put on boy's clothes to be a spy upon the actions of her husband, commences cook to two young foresters and their father, who live in a cave; and we are told how nicely she sauced the broths. Certainly this princess had a most economical education." Douce has properly commented upon this impertinence:—"Now what is this but to expose her own ignorance of ancient manners? If she had missed the advantage of qualifying herself as a commentator

on Shakspeare's plots by a perusal of our old romances, she ought at least to have remembered, what every well-informed woman of the present age is acquainted with, the education of the princesses in Homer's 'Odyssey.' It is idle to attempt to judge of ancient simplicity by a mere knowledge of modern manners; and such fastidious critics had better close the book of Shakspeare for ever." ('Illustrations,' vol. ii. page 104.)

¹⁶ SCENE II.—"*The ruddock would,*" &c.

Percy asks, "Is this an allusion to the babes

of the wood? or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies general before the writing of that ballad?" It has been shown that the notion has been found in an earlier book of natural history; and there can be no doubt that it was an old popular belief. The redbreast has always been a favourite with the poets, and

"Robin the mean, that best of all loves men,"

as Browne sings, was naturally employed in the last offices of love. Drayton says, directly imitating Shakspeare:—

"Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye
The little redbreast teacheth charity."

In the beautiful stanza which Gray has omitted from his 'Elegy' the idea is put with his usual exquisite refinement:—

"There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

17 SCENE II.—"*We have done our obsequies.*"

In the 'Studies of Shakspeare' (p. 372,) we have given an opinion as to the dramatic value of the dirge of Collins as compared with that of Shakspeare. Taken apart from the scene, it will always be read with pleasure.



[Roman Eagle.]

ACT V.

18 SCENE II.—"*Enter at one door Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army.*"

THE engraving opposite, from one of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, offers a striking illustration of the "pomp and circumstance" of Roman war.

A SONG.

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

18 SCENE II.

"*I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle.*"

The annexed beautiful coin of Domitian is the best illustration of this passage.

20 SCENE IV.

"*A heavy reckoning for you, sir,*" &c.

Walter Whiter has remarked upon this passage,—"*M. Voltaire himself has nothing comparable to the humorous discussion of the philosophic jailer in 'Cymbeline.'*" But it is

something more than humorous. It is as profound, under a gay aspect, as some of the highest speculations of Hamlet.

21 SCENE V.

"Postures beyond brief nature," &c.

Warburton remarks, "It appears from a number of such passages as these that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts;" to which Steevens replies, "The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and, as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of Homer, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own

particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting." Steevens has here missed the point, as it was likely he would do. That Shakspeare was familiar with works of art we have abundant proof. Take, for example, his vivid description in the 'Tarquin and Lucrece' of

"A piece

Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy."

But the passage before us indicates something more. In "postures beyond brief nature" is shadowed the highest principle of high art—that it is not essentially imitative—that it works in and through its own power, not in contradiction to nature, but heightening and refining reality. We have the same indication of the poet's profound knowledge of these subjects in 'Antony and Cleopatra':—

"O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature."



[Roman General, Standard Bearers, &c.]



[Conflict between Romans and Barbarians. From the Arch of Trajan.]

COSTUME.

For the dress of our ancient British ancestors of the time of Cymbeline or Cunobelin we have no pictorial authority, and the notices of ancient British costume which we find scattered amongst the classical historians are exceedingly scanty and indefinite. That the chiefs and the superior classes amongst them, however, were clothed *completely* and with barbaric splendour, there exists at present little doubt; and the naked savages with painted skins whose imaginary effigies adorned the 'Pictorial Histories' of our childhood, are now considered to convey a better idea of the more remote and barbarous tribes of the *Mæatæ* than of the inhabitants of Cantium or Kent ("the most civilised of all the Britons" as early as the time of Cæsar), and even to represent those only when, in accordance with a Celtic custom, they had thrown off their garments of skin or dyed cloths to rush upon an invading enemy.

That all the Britons stained themselves with woad, which gave a blueish cast to the skin and made them look dreadful in battle, is distinctly stated by Cæsar: but he also assures

us expressly that the inhabitants of the southern coasts differed but little in their manners from the Gauls, an assertion which is confirmed by the testimony of Strabo, Tacitus, and Pomponius Mela, the latter of whom says "the Britons fought armed after the Gaulish manner."

The following description therefore of the Gauls by Diodorus Siculus becomes an authority for the arms and dress of the Britons, particularly as in many parts it corresponds with such evidence as exists in other cotemporaneous writers respecting the dress of the Britons themselves.

"The Gauls wear bracelets about their wrists and arms, and massy chains of pure and beaten gold about their necks, and weighty rings upon their fingers^a, and corslets of gold upon their breasts^b. For stature they are tall, of a pale complexion, and red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavour all they can to make it

^a Pliny says the Britons and Gauls wore a ring on the middle finger.

^b A British corslet of gold, found at Mold, in Flintshire, is now in the British Museum.

redder by art^a. They often wash their hair in a water boiled with lime, and turn it backwards from the forehead to the crown of the head, and thence to their very necks, that their faces may be fully seen. . . . Some of them shave their beards, others let them grow a little. Persons of quality shave their chins close, but their moustaches they let fall so low that they even cover their mouths^b. . . . Their garments are very strange, for they wear party-coloured tunics (flowered with various colours in divisions) and hose which they call *Bracæ*^c.

They likewise wear chequered sagas (cloaks). Those they wear in winter are thick, those in summer more slender. Upon their heads they wear helmets of brass with large appendages made for ostentation's sake to be admired by the beholders. . . . They have trumpets after the barbarian manner, which in sounding make a horrid noise. . . . For swords they use a broad weapon called *Spatha*, which they hang across their right thigh by iron or brazen chains. Some gird themselves with belts of gold or silver."



[Gaulish Captive wearing the Torque.]

In elucidation of the particular expression made use of by Diodorus in describing the variegated tissues of the Gauls, and which has been translated "flowered with various colours in divisions," we have the account of Pliny, who after telling us that both the Gauls and Britons excelled in the art of making and dyeing cloth, and enumerating several herbs used for dyeing purple, scarlet, and other colours, says that they spun their fine wool, so dyed, into yarn, which was woven chequer-wise so as to form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Sometimes it was woven in stripes instead of chequers; and we cannot hesitate in believing that the tartan of the Highlanders (to this day

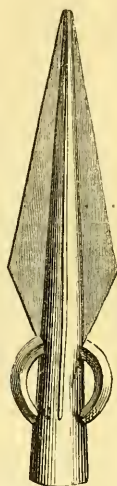
called "the garb of old Gaul") and the checked petticoats and aprons of the modern Welsh peasantry are the *lineal* descendants of this ancient and picturesque manufacture. With respect to their ornaments of gold, we may add, in addition to the classical authorities, the testimony of the Welsh bards. In the Welsh Triads, Cadwaladyr, son of Cadwallon ab Cadwan, the last who bore the title of King of Britain, is styled one of the three princes who wore the golden bands, being emblems of supreme authority, and which, according to Turner, were worn round the neck, arms, and knees.

Of the golden neck-chains, or torques (torch or dorch in Welsh), there are several existing specimens. One has been found in silver, and several of brass. The bronze sword and small battle-axe, or celt, as it is called, of the ancient Britons, are to be found in many collections; and at Goodrich Court are two very large round bronze shields of the earlier period, and an oblong one of the Roman-British era. A smaller round shield, more recently found, is in the British Museum.

^a Strabo says the Britons are taller than the Gauls: their hair not so yellow, and their bodies looser built.

^b Cæsar tells us the Britons were long-haired, and shaved all the body except the head and the upper lip.

^c Martial has a line "Like the old *bracæ* of a needy Briton."—*Epig.* ix. 21. They appear on the legs of the Gaulish figures in many Roman sculptures to have been a sort of loose pantaloons, terminating at the ankle, where they were met by a high shoe or brogue. There can be little doubt that the Highland *truis* is a modification of this ancient trouser, if not the identical weed itself.



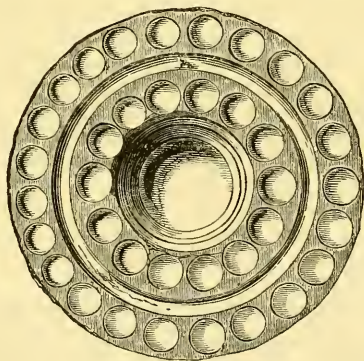
[Celt and Spear-Head.]

The Druids were divided into three classes. The sacerdotal order wore white, the bards blue, and the third order, the Ovates or Obydds, who professed letters, medicine, and astronomy, wore green.

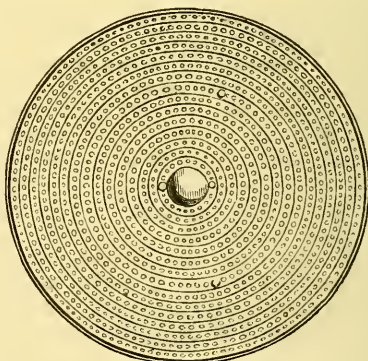
Dion Cassius describes the dress of a British queen in the person of the famous Bonduca or

Boadicea. He tells us that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colours all in folds, and over it a robe of coarse stuff. Her light hair fell down her shoulders far below the waist.

The costume and arms of the Romans will be noticed in the Roman Plays.



In the British Museum.



[British Shields.]

In the Meyrick Collection.

SCENERY.

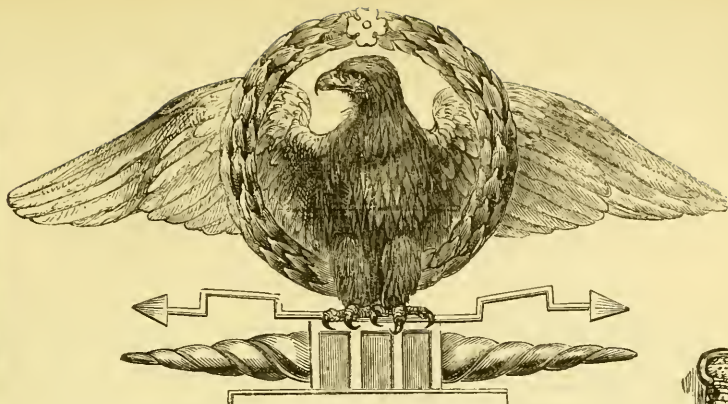
"THE people of Britain," says Strabo, "are generally ignorant of the art of cultivating gardens." By "the garden behind Cymbeline's palace" we should perhaps, therefore, in the spirit of minute antiquarianism, understand "a grove." But it is by no means clear that the Romans had not introduced their arts to an extent that might have made Cymbeline's palace bear some of the characteristics of a Roman villa. A highly-civilised people very quickly impart the external forms of their civilisation to those whom they have colonised. We do not therefore object, even in a prosaic view of the matter, that the garden, as our artist has represented it, has more of ornament than belongs to the Druidical grove. The houses of the inhabitants in general might retain in a great degree their primitive rudeness. When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, the people of the southern coasts had already learned to build houses a little more substantial and convenient than those of the inland inhabitants. "The country," he remarks, "abounds in houses, which very much resemble those of Gaul." Now those of Gaul are thus described by Strabo:—"They build their houses of wood, in the form of a circle, with lofty tapering roofs." Lib. v. The foundations of some of the most substantial of these circular houses were of stone, of which there are still some remains in Cornwall, Anglesey, and other places. Strabo says, "The forests of the Britons are their cities; for, when they have enclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle." Lib. iv. But Cymbeline

was one of the most wealthy and powerful of the ancient British kings. His capital was Camulodunum, supposed to be Maldon or Colchester. It was the first Roman colony in this island, and a place of great magnificence. We have not therefore to assume that ornament would be misplaced in it. Though the walls of Imogen's chamber, still subjecting the poetical to the exact, might by some be considered as proper to be of rude stone or wood, it may very fairly be supposed that it was decorated with the rich hangings and the other tasteful appendages described by Iachimo^a—the presents of the Roman emperors, with whom Cymbeline and his ancestors had been in amity, or procured from the Greek and Phœnician merchants, who were constantly in commercial intercourse with Britain. (See, for fuller information on this subject, 'The Costume of the Original Inhabitants of the British Isles,' by S. R. Meyrick, LL.D., and Chas. Hamilton Smith, Esq.; fol. Lond. 1821.) But after all, a play such as 'Cymbeline,' is not to be viewed through the medium only of the literal and the probable. In its poetical aspect it essentially disregards the few facts respecting the condition of the Britons delivered down by the classic historians. Shakspeare in this followed the practice of every writer of the romantic school. The costume (including scenery) had better want conformity with Strabo, than be out of harmony with Shakspeare.

^a The "*andirons*" and "*chimney-piece*" belong to the age of Elizabeth. But Shakspeare, when he commits what we call anachronisms, uses what is familiar to render intelligible what would otherwise be obscure and remote.

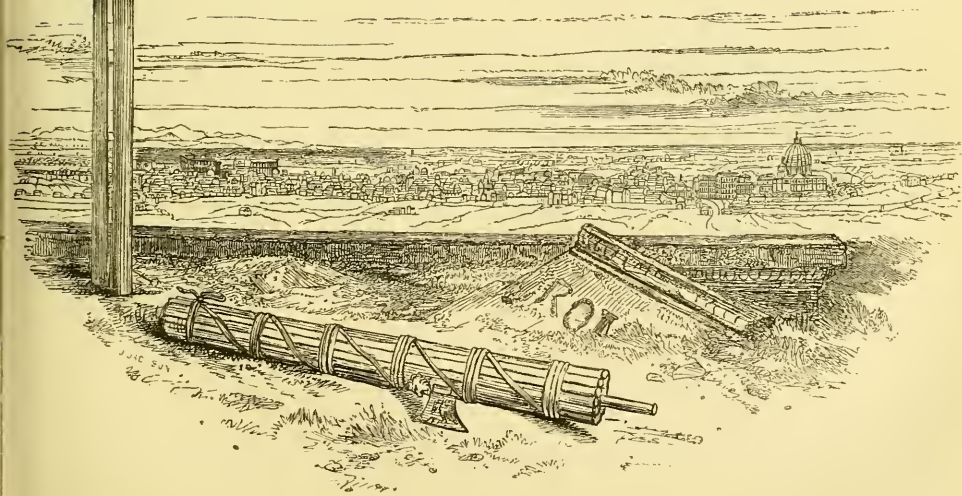
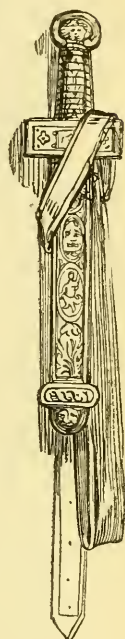


[Coin of Cymbeline.]



[Roman Eagle.]

CORIOLANUS.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedy of Coriolanus' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate.

'The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North,' is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of Coriolanus told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity.

The leading idea of Shakspeare's 'Coriolanus'—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very

slightest changes of accessaries, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in 'Coriolanus,' are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of Coriolanus, was probably dealing only with a legend; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch: further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. The tribute to Shakspeare's political impartiality is complete.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9.

Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

TITUS LARTIUS, *a general, against the Volces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9.

Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

COMINIUS, *a general, against the Volces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, *a tribune of the people.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, *a tribune of the people.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1.

Young Marcius, *son to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Roman Herald.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Appear, Act V. sc. 5.

A Citizen of Antium.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

Two Volcian Guards.

Appear, Act V. sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act V. sc. 3.

VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*

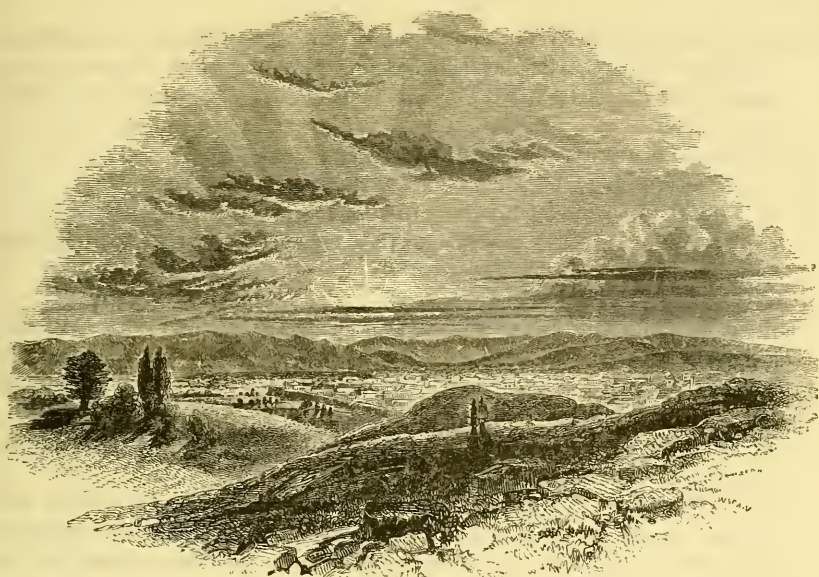
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

Gentlewoman attending Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

*Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians,
Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messen-
gers, Servants to Aufidius, and other At-
tendants.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ROME; AND PARTLY IN THE TERRITORIES OF THE VOLCIANS
AND ANTIATES.



[Site of Rome. Tiburtine Chain in the distance.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 CIT. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

CIT. Speak, speak.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

1 CIT. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

CIT. Resolved, resolved.

1 CIT. First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

CIT. We know 't, we know 't.

1 CIT. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

CIT. No more talking on 't: let it be done: away, away!

2 CIT. One word, good citizens.

1 CIT. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good^a: What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our

^a *Good*—used in the sense in which Shylock, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' says, "Antonio is a good man."

misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes^a: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 CIT. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

CIT. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 CIT. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 CIT. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

ALL. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 CIT. I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 CIT. What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 CIT. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

ALL. Come, come.

1 CIT. Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 CIT. He's one honest enough: 'Would all the rest were so!

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 CIT.^b Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had an inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds.

^a *Rake.* Spenser, in his 'Faery Queen,' has—

“His body lean and meagre as a rake.”

The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old; we find in Chaucer—

“As lean was his horse as is a rake.”

This is the sense, we apprehend, in which the citizens are to “become rakes.”

^b All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the modern editors to the *first* citizen. Malone thus explains the change:—“This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given by the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus.” We adhere to the original copy, for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it. The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*,—the second, of public *measures*; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the “kingly-crowned head,” &c. This speaker is of a higher cast than he who says, “Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price.”

They say poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know we have strong arms too.

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves ?

2 CIT. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state ; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment : For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you ; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 CIT. Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to
famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain¹ ; make edicts for usury,
to support usurers² ; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the
rich ; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the
poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will ; and there's all the love they
bear us.

MEN. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale ; it may be you have heard it ;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't^a a little more.

^a *To stale 't*. The original has "*to scale 't*," which is the general reading. We adopted it in previous editions, in the sense of *weight*. Menenius will venture to *weigh*, to try the value, of the "pretty tale," a little more ; though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it. But Steevens says, "*to scale* is to *disperse* : though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it still wider, and diffuse it among the rest." Horne Tooke's explanation appears to us somewhat fanciful. To *scale*, he says, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *scylan*, to divide. The tale of Menenius is scaled by being *divided* into particulars. But Mr. Dyce has referred to a note by Gifford, on a passage in Massinger,

" I 'll not *stale* the jest
By my relation."

Gifford gives this explanation of *stale* : " render it flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation ;" and then notices the passage of the text : " This is one of a thousand instances which might be brought to prove that the true reading in *Coriolanus*, Act I., Scene 1, is

" To *stale 't* a little more."

The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects, petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh* ; so, indeed, it does, and many other things ; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens,

2 CIT. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

MEN. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And mutually participate; did minister^a

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 CIT. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MEN. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly

As you malign our senators, for that

They are not such as you.

2 CIT. Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,

With other muniments and petty helps

In this our fabric, if that they—

MEN. What then?

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 CIT. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

MEN. Well, what then?

2 CIT. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

MEN. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have a little)

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

too, prefers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of authorities, to mean "scatter, disperse, spread." Mr. Dyce adds, "There is indeed no end of passages in our early dramatists where *stale* occurs in the sense of 'make stale, familiar,'" &c. Upon these authorities we adopt *stale* 't.

^a This is usually pointed thus:—

"And, mutually participate, did minister," &c.

Malone tells us that *participate* is participant (the participle). The modern mode of pointing the line, which is not that of the original, appears to us to destroy the freedom and euphony of the whole passage.

2 CIT. You are long about it.

MEN.

Note me this, good friend ;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
" True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
" That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body : But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man :
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live ^a : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," (this says the belly,) mark me,—

2 CIT. Ay, sir ; well, well.

MEN.

" Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each :
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour^b of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't ?

2 CIT. It was an answer : How apply you this ?

MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members : For, examine
Their counsels and their cares ; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common ; you shall find,

^a The usual punctuation of this passage is,—

" I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves," &c.

This arrangement of the passage involves a difficulty. The "heart" is metaphorically "the court," the centre to which all tends: but the punctuation also makes it "the seat of the brain." This, Malone and Douce tell us, is right: the "brain" is here put for the understanding, and according to the old philosophy the "heart" was the seat of the understanding. Now, we do not believe that Shakspeare's judgment would have permitted him to use "heart" in a physical sense, and "brain" in a metaphysical; nor do we see why the belly should not claim the merit of supplying the head as well as the heart. The obvious meaning of the passage without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma) appears to us to be,—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

" The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

^b *Flour*. This is certainly the flour of corn opposed to "the bran." The word in the text is usually spelt *flower*, which, though correct in the original sense of flour, may give an erroneous impression to the reader.

No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 CIT. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MEN. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale^a.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

MAR. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissensious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 CIT. We have ever your good word.

MAR. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to^b you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?

^a *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses the substantive *bale*; though we have frequently *baleful*. Malone tells us the word was obsolete in Shakspeare's time; but it is one of Shakspeare's merits to cling to our fine old language, not ostentatiously, but with a full knowledge of its powers.

^b *To* is omitted in all modern editions.

MEN. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

MAR. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol: who 's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth^a,
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick^b my lance.

MEN. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

MAR. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

MEN. What is granted them?

MAR. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

MEN. This is strange.

MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

MESS. Where 's Caius Marcius?

MAR. Here: What 's the matter?

MESS. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

^a *Ruth*—pity—another old word.

^b *Pick*—pitch.

MAR. I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and
SIGINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 SEN. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.

MAR. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

COM. You have fought together.

MAR. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 SEN. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

MAR. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

MEN. O, true bred!

1 SEN. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority^a.

COM. Noble Marcius!

1 SEN. Hence! To your homes, be gone. *[To the Citizens.]*

MAR. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray follow. *[Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR.,
TITUS, and MENENIUS. Citizens steal away.]*

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

^a We must here understand, worthy of priority.

BRU. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird^a the gods.

SIC. Be-mock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him: he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant^b.

SIC. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,

In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by

A place below the first: for what miscarries

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he

Had borne the business!"

SIC. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall

Of his demerits^c rob Cominius.

BRU. Come:

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,

Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,

In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear

How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,

More than in singularity, he goes

Upon this present action.

BRU. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 SEN. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,

That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,

^a *Gird*. This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man has a *gird* at me."

^b There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. "The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think; the wars absorb, eat up the whole man: and then comes the explanation; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

^c *Demerits*. The word is used in a similar sense in 'Othello,'—that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

And know how we proceed.

AUF.

Is it not yours?

Whatever have^a been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you:
Consider of it."

[Reads.]

1 SEN.

Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

AUF.

Nor did you think it folly

To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was.
To take in^b many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 SEN.

Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

AUF.

O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us we shall ever^c strike
Till one can do no more.

ALL.

The gods assist you!

^a *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever *things* have.

^b *Take in*—subdue.

^c *Ever*. The modern editors have strangely changed this to *never*. By "*ever strike*" we understand, we shall continue to strike: if we adopt the modern reading of *never*, we must accept *strike* in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

AUF. And keep your honours safe!

1 SEN. Farewell.

2 SEN. Farewell.

ALL. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing³; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak⁴. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIR. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

VOL. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

GENT. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIR. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

VOL. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

VIR. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

VOL. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

VIR. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOL. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam.

VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VAL. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

VIR. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

VAL. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it!

VOL. One of his father's moods.

VAL. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

VIR. A crack, madam.

VAL. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

VIR. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VAL. Not out of doors?

VOL. She shall, she shall.

VIR. Indeed, no, by your patience: I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

VAL. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIR. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

VOL. Why, I pray you?

VIR. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

VAL. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIR. No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed I will not forth.

VAL. In truth, la, go with me ; and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIR. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VAL. Verily, I do not jest with you : there came news from him last night.

VIR. Indeed, madam ?

VAL. In earnest, it 's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

VIR. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

VOL. Let her alone, lady ; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

VAL. In troth, I think she would :—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

VIR. No : at a word, madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

VAL. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli* 5.

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

MAR. Yonder comes news :—A wager they have met.

LART. My horse to yours, no.

MAR. 'T is done.

LART. Agreed.

MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy ?

MESS. They lie in view ; but have not spoke as yet.

LART. So, the good horse is mine.

MAR. I 'll buy him of you.

LART. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him : lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

MAR. How far off lie these armies ?

MESS. Within this mile and half.

MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work ;

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

1 SEN. No, nor a man that fears you less than he :

That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth : We 'll break our walls,
 Rather than they shall pound us up : Our gates,
 Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
 They 'll open of themselves, Hark you, afar off ; [Other alarums.
 There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
 Amongst your cloven army.

MAR. O, they are at it !

LART. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

MAR. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
 Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
 With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus :
 They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
 Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows :
 He that retires I 'll take him for a Volce,
 And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on you,
 You shames of Rome !—you herd of—Boils and plagues
 Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd
 Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you ! look to 't : Come on ;
 If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :
 'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.

1 SOL. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 SOL. Nor I.

3 SOL. See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.

ALL. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

LART. What is become of Marcius?

ALL. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 SOL. Following the fiers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

LART. O, noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish^a, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 SOL. Look, sir.

LART. O! 't is Marcius:

Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 ROM. This will I carry to Rome.

2 ROM. And I this.

3 ROM. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver. *[Alarum continues still afar off.]*

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, *with a trumpet.*

MAR. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

^a The original has "*Calves wish*." This is evidently a typographical error; but Mr. Monck Mason would have us read *Calvus' wish*: who *Calvus* is he does not explain. We quite agree with Malone that the manuscript was *Catoes*; easily mistaken and rendered by the printer *Calves*. But we do not agree with him that Shakspeare committed the anachronism in ignorance. Plutarch, describing the valiant deeds of Coriolanus, says (North's translation), "He was even such another as *Cato* would have a soldier and a captain to be." Shakspeare puts nearly the same words in the mouth of Lartius; feeling that Lartius, in thus conveying the sentiment of Plutarch, was to the audience as a sort of chorus. He had no vision of a critic before him, book in hand, calling out that Cato was not born till two hundred and fifty-three years after the death of Coriolanus. Now Mr. Malone, with his exact chronology of the death of Coriolanus, commits in the eyes of modern learning as great a blunder as Shakspeare commits in his eyes. We hold to the reading of "*Cato's wish*," which Theobald very sensibly gave us.

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them!—
 And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!—
 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
 Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

LART. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent
 For a second course of fight.

MAR. Sir, praise me not:
 My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

LART. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page!

MAR. Thy friend no less
 Than those she placeth highest!—So, farewell.

LART. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
 Call thither all the officers of the town,
 Where they shall know our mind: Away!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

COM. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
 The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods
 Lead their successes as we wish our own;
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

MESS. The citizens of Corioli have issued,

And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

COM. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since ?

MESS. Above an hour, my lord.

COM. 'T is not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late ?

MESS. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

COM. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

MAR. Come I too late ?

COM. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

MAR. Come I too late ?

COM. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

MAR. O ! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

COM. Flower of warriors, how is 't with Titus Lartius ?

MAR. As with a man busied about decrees :
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other ;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
Where is he ? Call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth ; But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague !—Tribunes for them !)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

COM. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

MAR. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

MAR. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

COM. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

MAR. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself:
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [*They all shout and wave their swords; take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

LART. So, let the ports be guarded ; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding : If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

LIEU. Fear not our care, sir.

LART. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—

Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

MAR. I 'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUF. We hate alike ;

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame, and envy : Fix thy foot.

MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

AUF. If I fly, Marcius,

Halloo me like a hare.

MAR. Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd ; 'T is not my blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd : for thy revenge

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF. Wert thou the Hector

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me

In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

COM. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!”—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

LART. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

MAR. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that 's what I can: induc'd
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

COM. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward,
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

MAR. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

COM. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

MAR. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius ! Marcius ! cast up their
caps and lances : COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

MAR. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers ! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk !
Let them be made an overture for the wars ^a !

^a We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage. It is invariably printed thus:—

“ May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars ! ”

The commentators have long notes of explanation ; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The stage-direction of the original which precedes this speech is, “ *A long flourish.* ” The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus ; but, displeased as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may “ never sound more. ” We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:—

“ May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers ! ”

The difficulty increases with the received reading ; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-fac'd soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus *contrasts* courts and cities with the field ; he separates them:—

“ Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ; ”

and he adds, as we believe,

“ *Where* steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk ! ”

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. *When* steel grows soft as the parasite's silk the commentators say that *him* (the steel), used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars ; but what overture means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. The whole speech has now a leading idea:—

“ Let *them* be made an overture for the wars. ”

Let *them*, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him* ; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies. We believe that the sense of these lines has been mistaken, in some measure, through the deviations from the metrical arrangement in the original. Our reading follows this arrangement much more closely than that of the modern editors.

No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
 My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
 Which without note here 's many else have done,
 You shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

COM. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever! [*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

COR. I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.

COM. So, to our tent:
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord general.

COM. Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

COR. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
 He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

COM. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

LART. Marcius, his name?

COR. By Jupiter, forgot!—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

COM. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries: 't is time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volces.*

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.

AUF. The town is ta'en!

1 SOL. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUF. Condition?—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I 'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 SOL. He 's the devil.

AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour 's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements^a all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;

^a *Embarquements*—embargoes.

Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

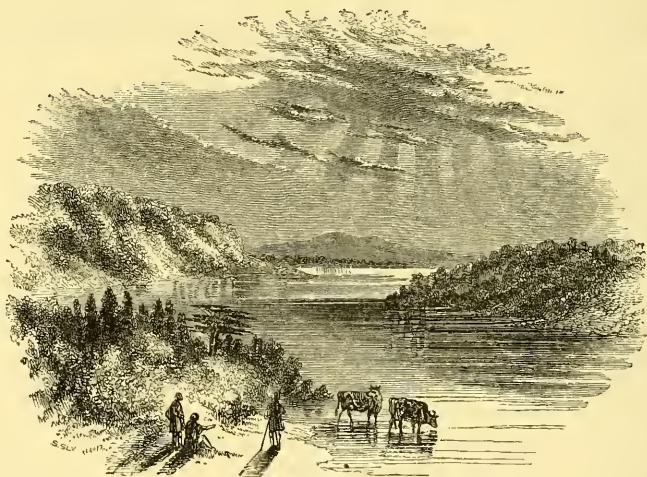
1 SOL. Will not you go?

AUF. I am attended at the cypress grove:

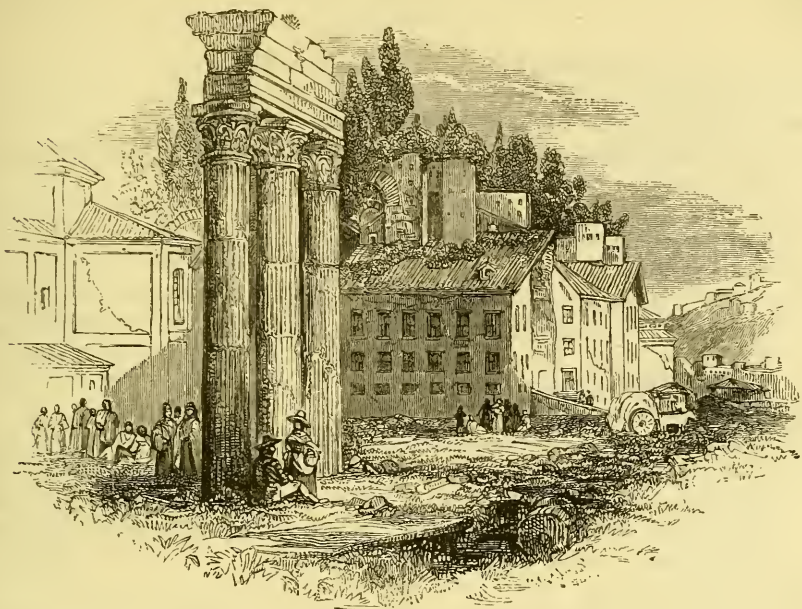
I pray you, ('t is south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 SOL. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*The Tiber. Mount Aventine in the distance.*]



[Site of the Roman Forum.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

MEN. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

BRU. Good or bad?

MEN. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

SIC. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MEN. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

SIC. The lamb.

MEN. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

BRU. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

MEN. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH TRIB. Well, sir.

MEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor in^a, that you two have not in abundance?

^a The repetition of the preposition, as in this sentence, is found in other passages of Shakspeare. In 'Romeo and Juliet'—

“That fair, *for* which love groan'd *for* :”

in 'As You Like It'—“the scene *wherein* we play *in*.”

BRU. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

SIC. Especially in pride.

BRU. And topping all others in boasting.

MEN. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

BOTH TRIB. Why, how are we censured?

MEN. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

BOTH TRIB. Well, well, sir, well!

MEN. Why, 't is no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRU. We do it not alone, sir.

MEN. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks^a, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

BRU. What then, sir?

MEN. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lyeurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson^b conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

BRU. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourne the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When

^a Johnson explains, "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own."

^b *Bisson*—blind.

you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsman of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

MEN. Ha! Marcius coming home?

VOL. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

TWO LADIES. Nay, 't is true.

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

MEN. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

MEN. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric^a tick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no.

VOL. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

^a *Empiric^{tick}*. This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "*emperick-quique*."

VOL. On 's brows^a: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MEN. And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

VOL. Good ladies, let 's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VAL. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True? pow, wow!

MEN. True? I 'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

VOL. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

MEN. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

VOL. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MEN. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*a shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

VOL. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

HER. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius;

These in honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

ALL. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

COR. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

COM. Look, sir, your mother!

COR. O! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods

^a Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius, "Brings a (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the "wounds."

For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

VOL. Nay, my good soldier, up!

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?

But, O thy wife!

COR. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

MEN. Now the gods crown thee!

COR. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA*

VOL. I know not where to turn;—O welcome home;
And welcome, general:—And you are welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;
We call a nettle but a nettle;
And the faults of fools but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius, ever, ever.

HER. Give way there, and go on.

COR. Your hand, and yours:

[*To his wife and mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

VOL. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

COR. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

COM. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*

BRU. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture^a lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him; the kitchen malkin^b pins
 Her richest lockram^c 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd,
 With variable complexions: all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks^d, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him
 Were slily crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,
 But they, upon their ancient malice, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
 Which that he 'll give them, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

^a *Rapture*—fit.

^b *Malkin*. A scarecrow—a figure of rags—is called a *malkin*. Is the kitchen-wench called a malkin from her supposed resemblance to such a figure? On the other hand, *Malkin* is the diminutive of Mall, Moll; and thus the lady of the May had degenerated into *Malkin* in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher. Is the scarecrow then called after the kitchen-wench? Our readers must decide the question for themselves.

^c *Lockram* was no doubt a coarse linen. In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Spanish Curate' we have—

"To poor maidens' marriages
 I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram*."

^d Shakspeare has the same image in the 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' of white and red contending for the empire of a lady's cheek:—

"The silent wars of lilies and of roses
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

But we are inclined to think that in the passage before us the word "damask" conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland:—

"Her cheeks
 Where roses mix: no civil war
 Between her York and Lancaster."

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless^a vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC. 'T is right.

BRU. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

SIC. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

BRU. 'T is most like, he will.

SIC. It shall be to him then, as our good wills^b:
A sure destruction.

BRU. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

SIC. This^c, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,—(which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't, and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

BRU. What 's the matter?

MESS. You are sent for to the Capitol.

^a *Napless*—threadbare.

^b The passage may be either taken to mean that the purpose of Coriolanus will be to him a sure destruction, in the same way as the good *wills* (ironically) of the tribunes; or as our good, our advantage, *wills* (a verb).

^c *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to “will be his fire.” The double parenthesis makes the sentence involved; and it is not very certain that *teach* is the right word. Theobald would read *reach*. We do not alter the text, but we incline to think that *touch* is the word; as in ‘Othello,’—

“*Touch* me not so near.”

'T is thought that Marcius shall be consul :
 I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
 And the blind to hear him speak : Matrons flung gloves^a,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
 A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts ;
 I never saw the like.

BRU. Let 's to the Capitol ;
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.

SIC. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 OFF. Come, come, they are almost here :

How many stand for consulships ?

2 OFF. Three, they say : but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 OFF. That 's a brave fellow ; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 OFF. 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 OFF. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 OFF. He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the

^a We give the metrical arrangement as well as the words of the original. The versification indicates the freedom which marks all Shakspeare's later plays. Steevens says, "The words *the* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse." And so we have Hanmer, and not Shakspeare, in the received text:—

"You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought,
 That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak : *The matrons flung their gloves.*"

people, bonneted^a, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 OFF. No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

MEN. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 SEN. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

SIC. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

^a *Bonneted.* The commentators say that to *bonnet* is to take off the bonnet; as to *cap* in the academic phrase is to take off the cap. In illustration we may remark that in the quarto edition of 'Othello' we find "oft capp'd;" in the folio "off-capp'd;" and we believe from the collateral circumstances that the latter is the true reading. (See note on 'Othello,' Act I., Scene 1.) In a subsequent scene Othello says—

"My demerits
May speak, *unbonneted*."

This is clearly *without* the bonnet, in whatever sense we receive it. (See note on 'Othello,' Act I., Scene 2.) But here in the text before us we are told that *bonneted also* means *without* the bonnet. Malone says, "They humbly took off their bonnets without any farther deed." The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people," *put on* their bonnets "without any further deed."

BRU. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

MEN. That 's off, that 's off^a;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

BRU. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

MEN. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 SEN. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

COR. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

BRU. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.

COR. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

MEN. Pray now, sit down.

COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit CORIOLANUS.]

MEN. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That 's thousand to one good one,) when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

COM. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue,
And most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove

^a That is nothing to the matter.

The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
 An o'erpress'd Roman^a, and in the consul's view
 Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee^b : in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd^c all swords o' the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say
 I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport : as weeds^d before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp),
 Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet : Now all 's his :
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quick'en'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battlè came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd

^a A touch of Malone's minute criticism will amuse our readers:—"This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies: but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject."

^b *On his knee*—down on his knee.

^c *Lurch'd*. We have a similar expression in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman': "You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland." The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called a *lurch*; and the word, as we find in Florio's 'Italian Dictionary,' was in use in Shakspeare's time,—"*gioco marzo*—a lurch at any game;" and "*gioco marcio*—a lurch-game."

^d *Weeds*. The second folio changed this word to *waves*; and Steevens adopting it, this reading is the common one. Malone supports the original; of the correctness of which we think there can be no doubt. *Waves* falling before the stem of a vessel under sail is an image which conveys no adequate notion of a triumph over petty obstacles: a ship cuts the waves as a bird the air; there is opposition to the progress, but each moves in its element. But take the image of weeds encumbering the progress of a vessel under sail, but with a favouring wind dashing them aside, and we have a distinct and beautiful illustration of the prowess of Coriolanus. Steevens says, "*Weeds*, instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it." But Shakspeare was not thinking of the weed floating on the billow: the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom.

Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

MEN. Worthy man!

1 SEN. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

COM. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

MEN. He 's right noble:

Let him be call'd for.

1 SEN. Call Coriolanus.

OFF. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

MEN. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

COR. I do owe them still
My life and services.

MEN. It then remainus
That you do speak to the people^e.

COR. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

SIC. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

MEN. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom;
And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

COR. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

BRU. Mark you that?

COR. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

MEN. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

SEN. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

BRU. You see how he intends to use the people.

SIC. May they perceive his intent ! He will require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested

Should be in them to give.

BRU. Come, we 'll inform them

Of our proceedings here ; on the market-place

I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 CIT. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 CIT. We may, sir, if we will.

3 CIT. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do : for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous : and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 CIT. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 CIT. We have been called so of many ; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn^a, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured : and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south ; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 CIT. Think you so ? Which way do you judge my wit would fly ?

3 CIT. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head ; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 CIT. Why that way ?

3 CIT. To lose itself in a fog ; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 CIT. You are never without your tricks :—You may, you may.

3 CIT. Are you all resolved to give your voices ? But that 's no matter, the

^a *Auburn.* The word of the original is *abram*, and it so continued until the publication of the fourth folio, when it became *auburn*.

greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

MEN. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

COR. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

MEN. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

COR. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

MEN. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

COR. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 CIT. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't^a.

COR. Mine own desert.

2 CIT. Your own desert?

COR. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 CIT. How! not your own desire?

COR. No, sir: 'T was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 CIT. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

COR. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 CIT. The price is, to ask it kindly.

COR. Kindly, sir; I pray, let me ha' 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

^a All this dialogue is printed in the original as we print it,—as prose. The modern editors have turned it into limping blank-verse.

2 CIT. You shall have it, worthy sir.

COR. A match, sir:—There is in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 CIT. But this is something odd.

2 CIT. An 't were to give again,—But 't is no matter. [*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

COR. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 CIT. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

COR. Your enigma?

3 CIT. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

COR. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 CIT. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 CIT. You have received many wounds for your country.

COR. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

BOTH CIT. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

COR. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this wolfish gown^a should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't?

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heap'd

For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go

^a *Wolfish gown.* The reading of the first folio is *woolvisk tongue*; of the second, *woolvisk gowne*. We believe the correction of *tongue* to *gown* is right. Some of the commentators think that the original word was *toge*. It is difficult to say whether *woolvisk* means a gown made of wool, or a gown resembling a wolf or *wolfish*. We adopt the latter opinion; for it is no proper description of the napless gown of humility to call it *woollen*. By *wolfish* Coriolanus probably meant to express something hateful. The notion of Steevens that the allusion was to the wolf in sheep's clothing seems merely fanciful.

To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 CIT. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 CIT. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good
friend to the people!

ALL. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

COR. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

MEN. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice:
Remains, that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

COR. Is this done?

SIC. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

COR. Where? at the senate-house?

SIC. There, Coriolanus.

COR. May I change these garments?

SIC. You may, sir.

COR. That I 'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

MEN. I 'll keep you company.—Will you along?

BRU. We stay here for the people.

SIC. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at his heart.

BRU. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds:
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

SIC. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 CIT. He has our voices, sir.

BRU. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 C^{IT}. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 C^{IT}. Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 C^{IT}. No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 C^{IT}. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

S^{IC}. Why, so he did, I am sure.

C^{IT}. No, no; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3 C^{IT}. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices, therefore:" When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:"—Was not this mockery?

S^{IC}. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

B^{RU}. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curs'd to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,
And translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

S^{IC}. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

BRU.

Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

SIC.

Have you,

Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 CIT. He 's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 CIT. And will deny him:

I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 CIT. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

BRU. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

SIC.

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed:
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

SIC.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

BRU. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of⁷,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,

Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,^a
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

SIC. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling^b his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

BRU. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

CIT. We will so : almost all repent in their election.
[Several speak. Exeunt Citizens.]

BRU. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

SIC. To the Capitol !
Come ; we 'll be there before the stream o' the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

[Exeunt.]

^a The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nobly named:"—"Censorinus also come of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."

^b *Scaling*—weighing.



[*Old Walls of Rome.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

COR. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

LART. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

COR. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

COM. They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

COR. Saw you Aufidius?

LART. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

COR. Spoke he of me?

LART. He did, my lord.

COR. How? what?

LART. How often he had met you, sword to sword:

That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority,

Against all noble sufferance.

SIC. Pass no further.

COR. Ha! what is that?

BRU. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

COR. What makes this change?

MEN. The matter?

COM. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common^a?

BRU. Cominius, no.

COR. Have I had children's voices?

I SEN. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

BRU. The people are incens'd against him.

SIC. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

COR. Are these your herd^s?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

MEN. Be calm, be calm.

COR. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

BRU. Call 't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them

^a *The noble and the common.* Steevens has changed this reading of the original to the *nobles* and the *commons*.

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

COR. Why, this was known before.

BRU. Not to them all.

COR. Have you inform'd them sithence^a?

BRU. How! I inform them!

COM. You are like to do such business^b.

BRU. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

COR. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

SIC. You show too much of that

For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MEN. Let's be calm.

COM. The people are abus'd,—set on^c.—This palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely

I' the plain way of his merit.

COR. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—

MEN. Not now, not now.

1 SEN. Not in this heat, sir, now.

COR. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many^d,

Let them regard me as I do not flatter,

And therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle^e of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

MEN. Well, no more.

^a *Sithence*—since.

^b This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy. The modern editors give the words to Coriolanus, as a continuation of his dialogue with Brutus. The words are not characteristic of Coriolanus; whilst the interruption of Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene.

^c *Set on*—stirred up. These words are ordinarily printed as a complete sentence, having the meaning of go forward.

^d *Many*. This is *meiny* in the original. Shakspeare, in 'Lear,' uses *meiny* as a body of attendants, whence menials; but this is not the sense of the passage before us.

^e *Cockle*—a weed amongst the corn.

I SEN. No more words, we beseech you.

COR. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

BRU. You speak o' the people as if you were a god
To punish; not a man of their infirmity.

SIC. 'T were well we let the people know 't.

MEN. What, what? his choler?

COR. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!

SIC. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

COR. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

COM. 'T was from the canon.

COR. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless, senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail^a your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon 'confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

^a *Vail*—bow down.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state

More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump^a a body with a dangerous physic
 That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

BRU. He has said enough.

SIC. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

COR. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
 When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
 Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' the dust.

BRU. Manifest treason!

SIC. This a consul? no.

BRU. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

SIC. Go, call the people [*exit BRUTUS*]; in whose name, myself
 Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

COR. Hence, old goat!

SEN. and PAT. We 'll surety him.

COM. Aged sir, hands off.

COR. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy garments!

SIC. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

MEN. On both sides more respect.

SIC. Here 's he that would take from you all your power.

BRU. Seize him, Ædiles!

CIT. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 SEN. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

^a *Jump*—in the sense of risk.

CIT. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

MEN. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
 Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes,
 To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—
 Speak, good Sicinius.

SIC. Hear me, people;—Peace!

CIT. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak!

SIC. You are at point to lose your liberties:
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 SEN. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

SIC. What is the city but the people?

CIT. True,

The people are the city.

BRU. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.

CIT. You so remain.

MEN. And so are like to do.

COM. That is the way to lay the city flat;
 To bring the roof to the foundation;
 And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
 In heaps and piles of ruin^a.

SIC. This deserves death.

BRU. Or let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.

SIC. Therefore lay hold of him;
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

BRU. Ædiles, seize him!

CIT. Yield, Marcius, yield.

MEN. Hear me one word.

^a We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage; and yet the modern editors put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. The editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are "No, I'll die here." He again continues silent; but the modern editors must have him talking: and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—"I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

ÆDI. Peace, peace!

MEN. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

BRU. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

COR. No; I'll die here. *[Drawing his sword.]*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

MEN. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

BRU. Lay hands upon him.

MEN. Help Marcius; help,
You that be noble: help him, young and old!

CIT. Down with him, down with him!

[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people are beat in.]

MEN. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.

2 SEN. Get you gone.

COM. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

MEN. Shall it be put to that?

1 SEN. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

MEN. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

COM. Come, sir, along with us.

MEN. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

COR. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

MEN. I could myself take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

COM. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
 With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
 With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 PAT. This man has marr'd his fortune.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
 What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death.
 Here's goodly work!

[*A noise within.*]

2 PAT. I would they were a-bed!

MEN. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
 Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

SIC. Where is this viper,
 That would depopulate the city,
 And be every man himself?

MEN. You worthy tribunes,—

SIC. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 Than the severity of the public power,
 Which he so sets at nought.

1 CIT. He shall well know
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands.

CIT. He shall, sure on 't. [*Several speak together.*]

MEN. Sir, sir,—

SIC. Peace!

MEN. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
 With modest warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes 't, that you have help
 To make this rescue?

MEN. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness
 So can I name his faults:—

SIC. Consul!—what consul?

MEN. The consul Coriolanus.

BRU. He consul!

CIT. No, no, no, no!

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

SIC. Speak briefly then
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence
Were but one danger ; and to keep him here
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

MEN. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

SIC. He 's a disease, that must be cut away.

MEN. O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country,
And what is left, to lose it by his country :
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

SIC. This is clean kam^a.

BRU. Merely awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

MEN. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was^b—

BRU. We 'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

MEN. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRU. If it were so,—

SIC. What do ye talk ?

^a We take this to mean, nothing to the purpose.

^b The speech of Menenius is interrupted. He would ask whether it were just not to respect the "service" of the "gangrened foot."

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our Ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—Come:—

MEN. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace^a,
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 SEN. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

SIC. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

BRU. Go not home.

SIC. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

MEN. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. He must come, [To the Senators.
Or what is worse will follow.

1 SEN. Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 PAT. You do the nobler.

COR. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up

^a *In peace.* So the original. Pope and all the subsequent editors have omitted the words.

To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
 False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

[To VOLUMNIA.

VOL. O, sir, sir, sir,
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

COR. Let go.

VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,
 With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
 The thwartings^a of your dispositions, if
 You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

COR. Let them hang.

VOL. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
 You must return, and mend it.

1 SEN. There's no remedy;
 Unless, by not so doing, our good city
 Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOL. Pray be counsell'd:
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,
 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
 To better vantage.

MEN. Well said, noble woman!
 Before he should thus stoop to the herd^b, but that
 The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
 For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
 Which I can scarcely bear.

COR. What must I do?

MEN. Return to the tribunes.

COR. Well,
 What then? what then?

MEN. Repent what you have spoke.

COR. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
 Must I then do 't to them?

VOL. You are too absolute;
 Though therein you can never be too noble,
 But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

^a *Thwartings*. This is an ingenious correction by Theobald. The original has *things*.

^b *Herd*. The original has *heart*. The words might be easily mistaken in the old spelling of *heard*; and we adopt the correction, which is also Theobald's.

I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

COR. Tush, tush!

MEN. A good demand.

VOL. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

COR. Why force you this?

VOL. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

MEN. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

VOL. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them.)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart^a,

^a This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volumnia has just uttered, "Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action:—waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, "cor-

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

MEN. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

VOL. Prithee now
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all 's in anger.

MEN. Only fair speech.

COM. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL. He must, and will:—
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

COR. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

COM. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

VOL. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

COR. Well, I must do 't:
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,

recting thy stout heart," be "humble as the ripest mulberry." We owe this interpretation to a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh in 1814—'Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakespeare.'

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
 To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
 But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
 Mother, I am going to the market-place;
 Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

[Exit.]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
 To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd,
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Br. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,

Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

ÆD. He 's coming.

BRU. How accompanied ?

ÆD. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

SIC. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll ?

ÆD. I have ; 't is ready.

SIC. Have you collected them by tribes ?

ÆD. I have.

SIC. Assemble presently the people hither :
And when they hear me say, " It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry " fine ;" if death, cry " death ;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

ÆD. I shall inform them.

BRU. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd,
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

ÆD. Very well.

SIC. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

BRU. Go about it.—

[Exit Ædile.]

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance : then he speaks
What 's in his heart : and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

SIC. Well, here he comes.

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
 And not our streets with war!

I SEN.

Amen, amen!

MEN. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

SIC. Draw near, ye people.

ÆD. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say!

COR. First, hear me speak⁹.

BOTH TRI. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

COR. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

SIC. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

COR. I am content.

MEN. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which show

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

COR. Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

MEN. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: Do not take

His rougher accents^a for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

COM. Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour

You take it off again?

SIC. Answer to us.

COR. Say then: 't is true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

COR. How! Traitor?

^a *Accents*. This is a correction by Theobald; the old copy has *actions*.

MEN. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

COR. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

SIC. Mark you this, people?

CIT. To the rock; to the rock with him!

SIC. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves the extremest death.

BRU. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

COR. What! do you prate of service?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

COR. You?

MEN. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

COM. Know, I pray you,—

COR. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

SIC. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city;

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,

I say it shall be so.

CIT. It shall be so: It shall be so; let him away:

• He 's banish'd, and it shall be so^a.

COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

SIC. He 's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

COM. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show, from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

SIC. We know your drift: Speak what?

BRU. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

CIT. It shall be so, it shall be so.

COR. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not^b reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

ÆD. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

CIT. Our enemy is banish'd¹⁰! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

^a If we turn to the beginning of the scene, we shall find the direction of the tribunes very precise as to the echo which the people were to raise of their words. When, therefore, Sicinius here pronounces the sentence of banishment, he terminates, as he said he should, with "It shall be so;" and the people, true to the instruction, vociferate, "It shall be so." They afterwards repeat the cry in the exact words. Perhaps upon the whole the common text here presents one of Steevens's most atrocious alterations. It can scarcely be conceived that he has had the folly to say, "old copy unmetrically, *and it shall be so*,"—and to print the passage thus:—

"It shall be so,

It shall be so; let him away: he 's banish'd,

And so it shall be."

^b Not. The original has *but*, which Capel corrected.

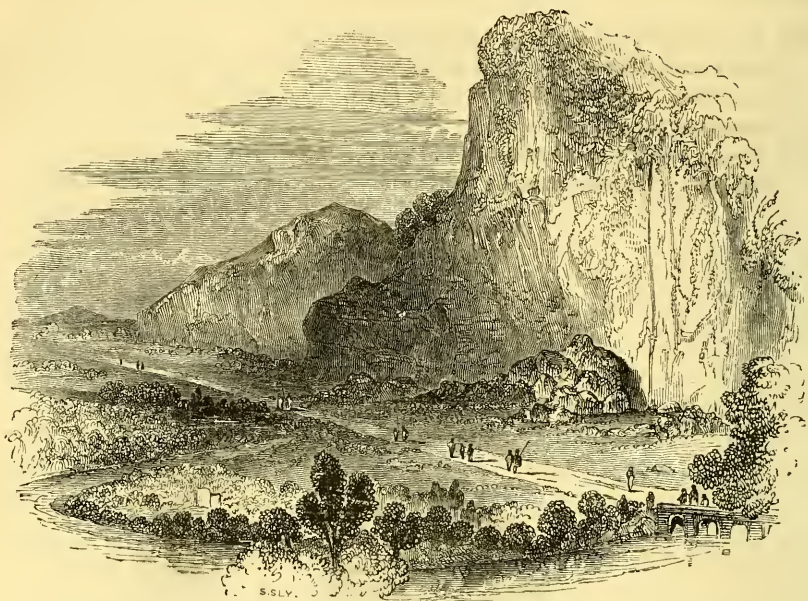
SIC. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

CIT. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates ; come :—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come,

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Tarpeian Rock.*]



[Roman Highway on the Banks of the Tiber.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

COR. Come, leave your tears¹¹; a brief farewell:—the beast
 With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient courage? you were used
 To say, extremity^a was the trier of spirits;
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
 A noble cunning: you were used to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

^a *Extremity.* So the second folio; the first *extremities*. This correction of what we call the false grammar, in an edition published so soon after the original, ought perhaps to be adopted in a modern text.

VIR. O heavens! O heavens!

COR. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

VOL. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

COR. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen^a
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

VOL. My first^b son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure^c to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

COR. O the gods!

COM. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

COR. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one

^a The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon," which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

^b *First*—in the sense of noblest.

^c *Exposure*. The original has *exposure*; but we think with Steevens that this is a typographical error, and correct it accordingly.

That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

MEN. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot!

COR. Give me thy hand. Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
 The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
 In his behalf.

BRU. Now we have shown our power,
 Let us seem humbler after it is done,
 Than when it was a doing.

SIC. Bid them home:
 Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

BRU. Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

SIC. Let's not meet her.

BRU. Why?

SIC. They say she's mad.

BRU. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

VOL. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the gods
 Requite your love!

MEN. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

VOL. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

VIR. You shall stay too [*To SICINIUS*]: I would I had the power
 To say so to my husband.

SIC. Are you mankind^a?

VOL. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

SIC. O blessed heavens!

VOL. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I 'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

SIC. What then?

VIR. What then!

He 'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOL. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

MEN. Come, come, peace!

SIC. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

BRU. I would he had.

VOL. I would he had! 'T was you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

BRU. Pray, let us go.

VOL. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

BRU. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

SIC. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

VOL. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do, *[Exeunt Tribunes.]*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

MEN. You have told them home,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?

VOL. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,

^a *Mankind*. Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man? Shakspeare, in 'A Winter's Tale,' uses the term "*mankind* witch."

And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go :

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

ROM. I know you well, sir, and you know me : your name, I think, is Adrian.

VOLC. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

ROM. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as you are, against them : Know you me yet ?

VOLC. Nicanor ? No.

ROM. The same, sir.

VOLC. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appeared^a by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there : You have well saved me a day's journey.

ROM. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

VOLC. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

ROM. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOLC. Coriolanus banished ?

ROM. Banished, sir.

VOLC. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

ROM. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

VOLC. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you : You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROM. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

^a *Well appeared*—rendered apparent.

VOLC. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment^a, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

ROM. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOLC. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

ROM. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

COR. A goodly city is this Antium¹²: City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

CIT. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

COR. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

CIT. This, here, before you.

COR. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birthplace hate^b I, and my love 's upon

^a *In the entertainment*—under engagement for pay.

^b *Hate.* The original has *have*; and we owe the judicious correction to Steevens.

This enemy town.—I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.**Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 SERV. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep.

[Exit.

Enter another Servant.

2 SERV. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus!

[Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

COR. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 SERV. What would you have, friend? Whence are you?
Here 's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.
COR. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 SERV. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he
gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.
COR. Away!
2 SERV. Away? Get you away.
COR. Now thou art troublesome.
2 SERV. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 SERV. What fellow 's this?

1 SERV. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house:
Prithee, call my master to him.

3 SERV. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

COR. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 SERV. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

3 SERV. A marvellous poor one.

COR. True, so I am.

3 SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

COR. Follow your function, go! and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 SERV. What, will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 SERV. And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3 SERV. Where dwellest thou?

COR. Under the canopy.

3 SERV. Under the canopy?

COR. Ay.

3 SERV. Where 's that?

COR. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 SERV. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

COR. No, I serve not thy master.

3 SERV. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

COR. Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

AUF. Where is this fellow?

2 SERV. Here, sir; I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

AUF. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What 's thy name?

COR. If, Tullus [*unmuffling*], not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

AUF. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

COR. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF. Say, what 's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What 's thy name?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

AUF. I know thee not:—Thy name?

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are required
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,
 Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
 I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak^a in thee, that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends^b. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

AUF.

O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
 And say, " 'T is true," I 'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart

^a *Wreak*—revenge.

^b *Under fiends*—fiends below.

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for 't: Thou hast beat me out^a
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

COR. You bless me, gods!

AUF. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 SERV. [*Advancing.*] Here 's a strange alteration!

2 SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 SERV. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 SERV. He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 SERV. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 SERV. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

^a Out—complete.

2 SERV. Who? my master?

1 SERV. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

2 SERV. Worth six of him.

1 SERV. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 SERV. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 SERV. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 SERV. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

1 & 2 SERV. What, what, what? let 's partake.

3 SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 SERV. Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 SERV. Why do you say thwack our general?

3 SERV. I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 SERV. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 SERV. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 SERV. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 SERV. But, more of thy news?

3 SERV. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowle^a the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled^b.

2 SERV. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 SERV. Do 't? he will do 't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he 's in directitude^c.

1 SERV. Directitude! what 's that?

3 SERV. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

^a Sowle—a provincial word for pull out.

^b Polled—cleared.

^c Directitude. Malone would read *discredit*. He thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning of the fine word?

1 SERV. But when goes this forward?

3 SERV. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 SERV. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 SERV. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 SERV. 'T is so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 SERV. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 SERV. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

ALL. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld^a
Dissensious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

BRU. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

SIC. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, sir!

MEN. Hail to you both!

SIC. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

MEN. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temperised.

^a *Beheld.* The original has *behold*, which is retained in all the modern editions; but we should certainly read *would behold*, or *had beheld*.

SIC. Where is he, hear you?

MEN. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him^a.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

CIT. The gods preserve you both!

SIC. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

BRU. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 CIT. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

SIC. Live, and thrive!

BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

CIT. Now the gods keep you!

BOTH TRI. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

SIC. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

BRU. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

SIC. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

MEN. I think not so.

SIC. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

ÆD. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

MEN. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

^a We print this dialogue in prose, as in the original. Steevens, with some botching, has manufactured us ten lines of his peculiar blank-verse.

SIC. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volces dare break with us.

MEN. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

SIC. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

BRU. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is coming^a
That turns their countenances.

SIC. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

MESS. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful?

MESS. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

SIC. This is most likely!

BRU. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

SIC. The very trick on 't.

MEN. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone^b,
Than violentest contrariety.

^a *Coming*. Steevens says that the original is *come in*. He prints *come*. But the assertion is a deviation from this editor's usual accuracy. The original has *coming*; and we retain it. The reader will remember Mr. Campbell's fine image—

“Coming events throw their shadows before.”

^b *Atone*—be reconciled—at one.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. You are sent for to the senate ;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. O, you have made good work !

MEN. What news ? what news ?

COM. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

MEN. What 's the news ? what 's the news ?

COM. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

MEN. Pray now, your news ?

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your news ?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

COM. If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better : and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

MEN. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

COM. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit :
You have made fair work !

BRU. But is this true, sir ?

COM. Ay ; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

MEN. We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

COM. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

MEN. 'T is true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

COM. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

TRI. Say not we brought it.

MEN. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

COM. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

MEN. Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

CITIZENS. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 CIT. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 't was pity.

2 CIT. And so did I.

3 CIT. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did

we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

COM. You are goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made

Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

COM. O, ay; what else? [Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.]

SIC. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.

These are a side that would be glad to have

This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,

And show no sign of fear.

1 CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

2 CIT. So did we all. But come, let's home. [Exeunt Citizens.]

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would half my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

SIC. Pray, let us go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman?

LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

AUF. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

LIEU. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

AUF. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows not
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
 That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEU. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

AUF. All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too:

The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature^a. First he was

A noble servant to them; but he could not

Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war; but one of these

(As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time:

And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

^a The force and propriety of this image will be seen from the following extract from Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' describing the osprey, according to the popular notion:—

“The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
 Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
 But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
 Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
 They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

Rights by rights fouler^a, strength by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Fouler*. So the original. Malone substitutes *founder*; and the emendation has provoked three pages of controversy amongst the commentators. We may understand the meaning of the original expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fail through the *fouler*. In the same manner, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' *fouler* is not used in the sense of more polluted; we have,

"The *fouler* fortune mine, and there an end."



[Ancient Arch on Road leading into Rome.]



[Public Place in Rome.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

MEN. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee^a
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not seem to know me¹³.

MEN. Do you hear?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus

^a *Knee*. So the original. The second folio, which has been followed in all other editions, has the less expressive verb *kneel*. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in 'Lear':—

—“To *knee* his throne.”

He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

MEN. Why, so; you have made good work:

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

COM. I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

MEN. Very well;

Could he say less?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard

For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

MEN. For one poor grain or two?

I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

SIC. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

MEN. No; I'll not meddle.

SIC. Pray you, go to him.

MEN. What should I do?

BRU. Only make trial what your love can do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

MEN. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?

SIC. Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

MEN. I'll undertake it:

I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well : he had not din'd :
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
 These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I 'll watch him
 Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then I 'll set upon him.

BRU. You know the very road into his kindness,
 And cannot lose your way.

MEN. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
 Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
 Of my success.

[*Exit.*]

COM. He 'll never hear him.

SIC. Not ?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 Red as 't would burn Rome ; and his injury
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
 'T was very faintly he said, " Rise ; " dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,
 He sent in writing after me,—what he would not ;
 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions^a :
 So that all hope is vain,
 Unless^b his noble mother, and his wife ;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

MEN. You guard like men ; 't is well : But, by your leave,
 I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

^a The commentators suspect some omission here ; but it appears to us that they have mistaken the passage. They conceive that " what he would not " is the matter especially " bound with an oath." Coriolanus sends " in writing " both " what he would do " and " what he would not ; " and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is " bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the " conditions " in which he had become placed—his duty to the Volcians ;—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of those " conditions."

^b Unless is here used in the sense of *except* : We have no hope except his noble mother, &c.

MEN.

From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return : our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN.

Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots^a to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

MEN.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and, in his praise,
Have almost stamp'd the leasing ; therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered
words in your own, you should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous
to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on
the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that,
telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after
dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you ?

MEN. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed
out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance
given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy
groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the
palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you
think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such
weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived : therefore, back to Rome, and
prepare for your execution : you are condemned ; our general has sworn you
out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estima-
tion.

^a *Lots* are the whole number of tickets in a lottery ; *blanks* a proportion of the whole number.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having;—back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

COR. What 's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

COR. Away!

MEN. How! away?

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

[Gives a letter.]

AUF. You keep a constant temper. *[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]*

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 G. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent^a for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For

^a *Shent*—rebuked.

you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[*Exit.*]

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

AUF. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

COR. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

[*Shout within.*]

Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost¹⁴; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Voices
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

VIR. My lord and husband!

COR. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

VIR. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
 Makes you think so.

COR. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate^a,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
 Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons.

[*Kneels.*

VOL. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee; and unproperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

COR. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

VOL. Thou art my warrior;

I holp^b to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

COR. The noble sister of Publicola,

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
 That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

VOL. This is a poor epitome of yours,
 Which by the interpretation of full time
 May show like all yourself.

^a *Prate*. The original has *pray*. We owe the correction to Theobald.

^b *Holp*. In the original, *hope*. Pope made the correction.

An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine^a : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

VIR. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me ;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

COR. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt

[*Rising.*

^a *Determine*—come to an end.

That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request 's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
 Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
 Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
 This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I 'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*]

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor.

I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
 I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

AUF. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
 At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

COR. Ay, by and by; [To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you: all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public Place*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

MEN. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is
 some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
 But I say there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon
 execution.

SIC. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

MEN. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was
 a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's
 more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He lov'd his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight
 year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
 walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading.
 He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum
 is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What
 he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god
 but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

SIC. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MEN. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring
 from him: There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male
 tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

SIC. The gods be good unto us!

MEN. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we

banished him we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks,
they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

SIC. What 's the news?

MESS. Good news, good news:—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SIC. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

MESS. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

MEN. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! *[Shouting and music.]*

SIC. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

MESS. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

SIC. They are near the city?

MESS. Almost at point to enter.

SIC. We will meet them,
And help the joy. *[Going.]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People.
They pass over the Stage.*

1 SEN. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
 Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

ALL. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

AUF. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 CON. How is it with our general?

AUF. Even so
 As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 CON. Most noble sir,
 If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

AUF. Sir, I cannot tell;
 We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 CON. The people will remain uncertain whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUF. I know it;
 And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 CON. Sir, his stoutness
 When he did stand for consul, which he lost

By lack of stooping,—

AUF. That I would have spoke of :

Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 CON. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

AUF. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 CON. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 CON. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 CON. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

AUF. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

LORDS. You are most welcome home.

AUF. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

LORDS.

We have.

1 LORD.

And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

AUF. He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*COR. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier¹⁵:

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

AUF.

Read it not, noble lords;

But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

COR. Traitor!—How now?—

AUF.

Ay, traitor, Marcius.

COR.

Marcius!

AUF. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at others.

COR.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

COR. Ha!

AUF. No more.

COR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that must bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 LORD. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

COR. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

AUF. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

COR. Let him die for 't. [Several speak at once.]

CITIZENS. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He
killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed
my father.—

2 LORD. Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious^a hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

COR. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

AUF. Insolent villain!

COR. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who
falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.]

LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 LORD. O Tullus,—

2 LORD. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 LORD. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

^a *Judicious*—judicial.

AUF. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 LORD. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

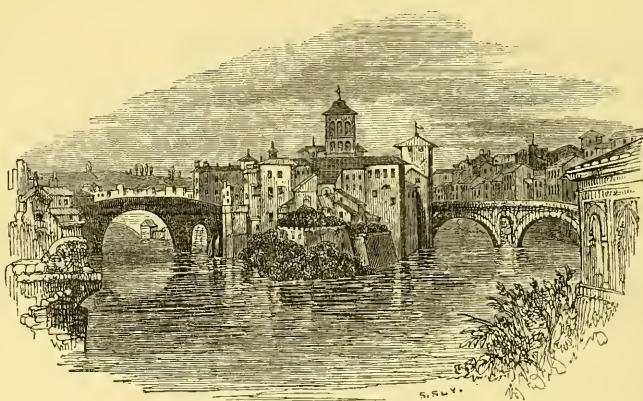
2 LORD. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

AUF. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS. A dead march sounded.*]



[*Roman Tomb and Fragments.*]



[Isola Tiberiana.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain.*”

PLUTARCH describes two insurrections of the Roman plebeians against the patricians. The second was on account of the scarcity of corn.

² SCENE I.

“*Make edicts for usury, to support usurers.*”

This was the principal cause of the first insurrection; and it was upon this occasion that Menenius told the “pretty tale” which Shakspeare has so dramatically treated:—

“Now, he being grown to great credit and authority in Rome for his valiantness, it fortuneed there grew sedition in the city, because the senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money. * * * Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they should somewhat yield to the poor people’s request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law; other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one; for he alleged that the creditors losing their money

they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion; therefore he said, if the senate were wise they should sometimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse-meant beginning. The senate met many days in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. * * * Of those, Menenius Agrippa was he who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalf of the senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner:—That, on a time, all the members of man’s body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said, It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man’s body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourish-

ment of other parts of the same. Even so, (quoth he), O you, my masters and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the senate and you; for, matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition."

Shakspeare found the apologue also in Camden's 'Remains,' and he has availed himself of one or two peculiarities of the story, as there related:—

"All the members of the body conspired against the stomach, as against the swallowing gulf of all their labours: for whereas the eyes beheld, the ears heard, the hands laboured, the feet travelled, the tongue spake, and all parts performed their functions; only the stomach lay idle and consumed all. Hereupon they jointly agreed all to forbear their labours, and to pine away their lazy and public enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them all that they called a common council. The eyes waxed dim, the feet could not support the body, the arms waxed lazy, the tongue faltered and could not lay open the matter; therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart. There reason laid open before them," &c.

³ SCENE III.—"*I pray you, daughter, sing.*"

According to Plutarch, Coriolanus, when he

married, "never left his mother's house;" and Shakspeare has beautifully exhibited Volumnia and Virgilia following their domestic occupations together.

⁴ SCENE III.—"*To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.*"

Plutarch thus describes the prowess of Coriolanus,

"When yet he was but tender-bodied:"

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud (that had been King of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome), did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

⁵ SCENE IV.—"*Before Corioli.*"

Shakspeare has followed Plutarch very closely in his narrative of the war against the Volces.

ACT II.

⁶ SCENE II. "*It then remains
That you do speak to the people.*"

THE circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakspeare has painted

with such wonderful dramatic power, is told very briefly in Plutarch:—

"Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them

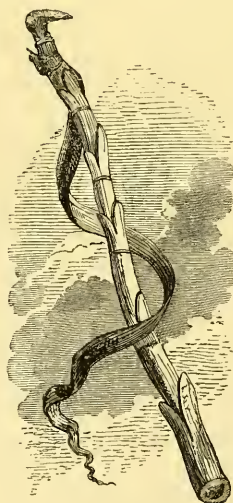
to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and specially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. * * * * Now, Martius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there

was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy."

7 SCENE III.—*"What stock he springs of."*

The 'Life of Coriolanus,' in Plutarch, opens with the following sentence:—

"The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice, through whose persuasion they made a law that no man from thenceforth might require or enjoy the censorship twice."



[Augur's Staff]



[Rome—a Fragment after Piranesi.]

ACT III.

* SCENE I.—“*Are these your herd?*”

WE continue our quotations from North’s ‘Plutarch’ :—

“But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the senate and the whole nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could or ever attempted for any man or matter, then the love and good will of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors consuls. The senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius: but Martius took it in far worse part than the senate, and was out of all patience; for he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will

and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of state; and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness.”

* SCENE III.—“*First, hear me speak.*”

“So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking, (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency), but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery

and careless boldness. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruelest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the tribunes to die. Then, presently, he commanded the ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed."

¹⁰ SCENE III.—"*Our enemy is banish'd!*"

"When they came to tell the voices of the

tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocundly from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority."



[Old Roman Willow Wood.]

ACT IV.

¹¹ SCENE I.—"*Come, leave your tears.*"

THE departure of Coriolanus from Rome is thus described by Plutarch:—

"When he was come home to his house again,

and had taken his leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and striking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded them to be content with his chance, he went immediately to the gate of the city, accom-

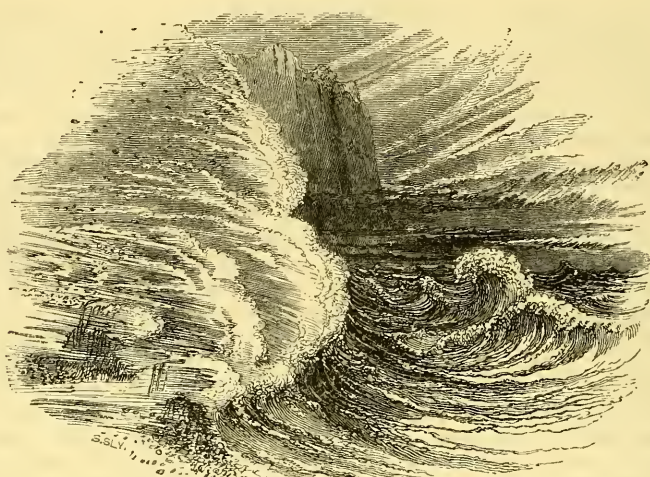
panied with a great number of patricians that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or four of his friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up."

¹² SCENE IV.—*"A goodly city is this Antium."*

The entry of Coriolanus into the "enemy city," and the interview between the two rival captains, is most graphically told by Plutarch. Shakspeare has put forth all his strength in working up the scene, and yet has kept to the original with wonderful exactness:—

"It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house, spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him—If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity betray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear: for I never had other benefit nor

recompense of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname, a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby,—for if I had feared death I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard,—but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then I am also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said unto him—Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayst hope also of greater things at all the Volces' hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could."



[“Pebbles on the hungry beach.”]

ACT V.

¹³ SCENE I.—“*He would not seem to know me.*”

WE continue our extracts from North's ‘Plutarch’:

“So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius's familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for, at their coming, they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him he answered them very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volces, he willed them to restore unto the Volces all their lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars; and, moreover, that they should give them the like honour

and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise, they had no other means to end this war if they did not grant these honest and just conditions of peace.”

¹⁴ SCENE III.—“*My wife comes foremost.*”

“She took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children, with her, and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volces' camp; whom, when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but

yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:—‘If we held our peace (my son), and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful Fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas!) together pray both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two—either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother’s womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them and of his natural country. For if it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volces, I must confess thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a gaol-

delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shalt carry the shameful reproach and burden of either party; so, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.’ Martius gave good ear unto his mother’s words without interrupting her speech at all, and, after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said—‘My son, why dost thou not answer me? dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother’s request in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not, in like case, think it an honest noble man’s part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally shovest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that, without compulsion, I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?’ And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no

longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, 'Oh, mother, what have you done to me?' And, holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volces' country again."

15 SCENE V.

"Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier."

"Now, when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away, thinking that, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again, under Tullus, being general (whose authority was greater, otherwise, than any other among all the Volces), answered—he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volces if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and, moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly

there were certain orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him: and when they had told their tales, Martius rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet, when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness, they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, showed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that if he did let him speak he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue; besides that, the first good service he had done to the people of the Volces, did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure; and furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the good will they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction;—for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him."

JULIUS CAESAR.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedy of Julius Cæsar' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The text is divided into acts; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspeare's that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition.

Years, perhaps centuries, have rolled on since the æra of 'Coriolanus.' Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand: the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes, but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis: and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Of all Shakspeare's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as

drawn by Shakspeare, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus therefore deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspeare, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly depend.

Nothing can be more interesting than to follow Shakspeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move: we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Yet the art of the poet is so subtle that many have fancied that they could detect a want of art; and the character of Cæsar, as drawn by Shakspeare, has been held not only to be tame, and below the historical conception of the great dictator, but as representing him in a false light. We believe that Shakspeare was wholly right. At the *exact period of the action of this drama*, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspeare's tragedy turns. There

might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? “The fault of the character is the fault of the plot,” says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the

truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of “the covetous desire he had to be called king;” and most admirably, according to our notions of characterisation, has he shown them. Altogether we profess to receive Shakspeare's characterisation of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play; and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, *a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

CICERO, *a senator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *a senator.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

POPILIUS LENA, *a senator.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

MARCUS BRUTUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

CASSIUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CASCA, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

TREBONIUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

LIGARIUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DECIUS BRUTUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

METELLUS CIMBER, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

FLAVIUS, *a tribune.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

MARULLUS, *a tribune.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Chidos.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

A Soothsayer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a poet.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

A Poet.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

LUCILIUS, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

TITINIUS, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MESSALA, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Young CATO, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VOLUMNIUS, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

VARRO, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

CLITUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

CLAUDIUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

STRATO, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

LUCIUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

DARDANIUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

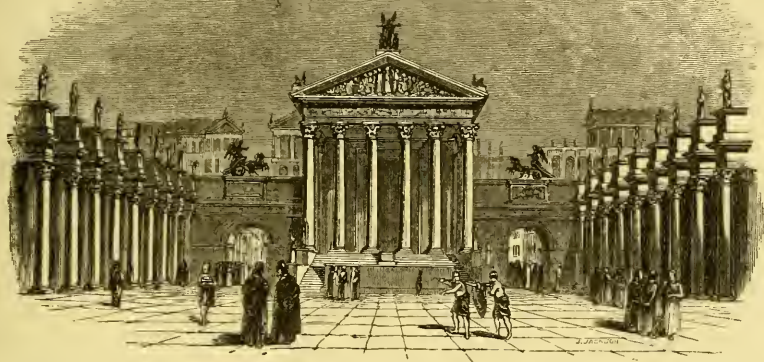
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—DURING A GREAT PART OF THE PLAY AT ROME; AFTERWARDS AT SARDIS;
AND NEAR PHILIPPI.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

FLAV. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being mechanical, you ought not walk,

Upon a labouring day, without the sign

Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 CIT. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MAR. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, sir; what trade are you?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 CIT. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

FLAV. ^aWhat trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

^a The modern editors give this speech to Marullus; and they propose other changes in the allotment of the speeches to the tribunes. They assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

MAR. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 CIT. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all^a. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 CIT. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MAR. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

^a *With all*. The original has *withal*. The modern editors write *with awl*, offering an equivoque to the eye which is somewhat too palpable.

This way will I : Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MAR. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAV. It is no matter ; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following ; among them a Soothsayer.

CÆS. Calphurnia,—

CASCA. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

CÆS.

Calphurnia,—

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

ANT. Cæsar, my lord.

CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse¹.

ANT. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says " Do this," it is perform'd.

CÆS. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

SOOTH. Cæsar.

CÆS. Ha ! Who calls ?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

CÆS. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. What man is that ?

BRU. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CÆS. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon Cæsar.

CÆS. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March².

CÆS. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

CAS. Will you go see the order of the course³?

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CAS. 'T is just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me^a, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

BRU. What means this shouting ? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CAS. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently :

For, let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :

We both have fed as well ; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he :

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, “ Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ? ”—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it

^a On me. So the original. We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakspeare's time into the *of me* of the modern.

With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd^a,
 Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 't is true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

BRU. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*

^a The use of *arrive* without the preposition has an example in the later writings of Milton :—

" Who shall spread his airy flight
 Upborne with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
 The happy isle."

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

BRU. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

BRU. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CAS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CÆS. Antonius.

ANT. Cæsar.

CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous⁴.

ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

CÆS. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

BRU. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day⁵,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRU. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it
by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

BRU. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CAS. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRU. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other;
and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

CAS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRU. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery.
I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a
crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by

once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRU. 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

CAS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CAS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so: farewell both.

[Exit CASCA.

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CAS. So he is now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

BRU. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CAS. I will do so;—till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: Therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

CIC. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home^a?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,

^a To bring one on his way was to accompany him.

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 * Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

CASCA. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd^a upon me, and went surly by

Without annoying me : and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking⁶. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

" These are their reasons,—They are natural ;"

For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

CIC. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :

But men may construe things, after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

CASCA. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CIC. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit CICERO.]

^a *Glar'd*. The original has *glaz'd*. This is a meaningless word ; and we have therefore to choose between one of two corrections. Knowing the mode in which typographical errors arise, we should say that *glar'd* in the manuscript might very readily become *glaz'd* in the printed copy, by the substitution of a *z* for an *r*. *Glar'd* is the reading of Steevens. On the contrary, if the manuscript had been *gaz'd*, which Malone adopts, the compositor must have inserted an *l*, to change a common word into an unfamiliar one ; and this is not the usual process of typographical blundering. Malone quotes a passage from Stow, describing a lion-fight in the Tower :—" Then was the great lion put forth, who *gazed* awhile ;" and he thinks the term to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion. Surely this is nonsense. A well-known quotation from ' Macbeth,' given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us :—

" Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 That thou dost *glare* with."

Enter CASSIUS.

CAS. Who 's there?

CASCA. A Roman.

CAS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

CAS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens meauace so?

CAS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :

And when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CAS. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate;

Why all these things change from their ordinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,

In personal action; yet prodigious grown,

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'T is Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is: for Romans now

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

CASCA. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O, grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious^a for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CAS. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,

^a *Factious*. Johnson considers that the expression here means *active*. To be factious, in its original sense, is to be doing ; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 In favour 's^a like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CAS. 'T is Cinna, I do know him by his gait;

He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

CIN. To find out you: Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

CAS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate

To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

CIN. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!

There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CAS. Am I not staid for^b? Tell me.

CIN. Yes, you are.

O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus
 To our party——

CAS. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,

And, look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window: set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue⁷: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

CIN. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he 's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already; and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

^a The original has *is favors*. Some would read *is favour'd*; but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, is probably clearer.

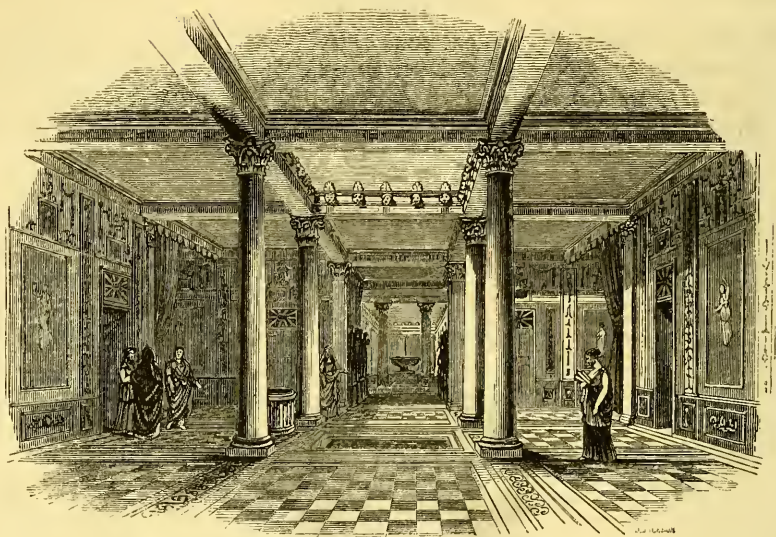
^b Modern editors have introduced *Cinna* here without authority.

CAS. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*



[*Julius Cæsar.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRU. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when^a! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Call'd you, my lord?

BRU. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUC. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

BRU. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—

^a So in 'Richard II.':—

"When, Harry, when!"

A common expression of impatience.

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse^a from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRU. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March^b?

LUC. I know not, sir.

BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUC. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

BRU. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light that I may read by them. [*Opens the letter, and reads.*]
 "Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
 Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"—
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up.
 "Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

^a *Remorse*—pity—tenderness. A sense in which it is commonly used by Shakspeare.

^b *Ides of March.* In the original *the first of March.* Shakspeare found it so in North's 'Plutarch;' and he adopted the date without consideration. Presently Lucius says, in the original, "March is wasted *fifteen* days." Theobald made the necessary correction in both instances.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated^a
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

BRU. 'T is good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of a man^b,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius^c at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

BRU. Is he alone?

LUC. No, sir. there are more with him.

BRU. Do you know them?

LUC. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour^d.

BRU. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;

Hide it in^e smiles and affability:

^a Steevens introduces *then* after *entreated*. He will in no case comprehend that a pause, such as must be made after *redress*, stands in the place of a syllable.

^b *A man*. So the original; but Steevens and other modern editors omit the article. *A man* individualises the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

"I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

Mr. Dyce holds that the article, *a*, is a barbarous addition.

^c Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

^d *Favour*—countenance.

^e *It in*. By the perpetuation of an error in some edition, all the modern readings have *in it*.

For if thou path^a, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIOUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

CAS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

BRU. I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

CAS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here

But honours you: and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

BRU. He is welcome hither.

CAS. This Decius Brutus.

BRU. He is welcome too.

CAS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRU. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

CAS. Shall I entreat a word?

[They whisper.]

DEC. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

CASCA. No.

CIN. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRU. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CAS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRU. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,

^a *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observation.

What need we any spur but our own cause
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous^a,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor th' insuppressive metal of our spirits,
 To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CAS. But what of Cicero^s? Shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CIN. No, by no means.

MET. O let us have him; for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

BRU. O, name him not; let us not break with him;

For he will never follow anything

That other men begin.

CAS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed, he is not fit.

DEC. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

CAS. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together^s.

BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

^a *Cautelous*—wary—circumspect.

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

CAS. Yet I fear him^a:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

BRU. Alas, good Cassius! do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREB. There is no fear in him; let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

BRU. Peace! count the clock.

CAS. The clock hath stricken three.

TREB. 'T is time to part.

CAS. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DEC. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd

I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear

^a The pause which naturally occurs before Cassius offers an answer to the impassioned argument of Brutus would be most decidedly marked by a proper reader or actor; yet all the editors read *do fear*, to make out the metre.

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does; being then most flattered.
 Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRU. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

CIN. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

MET. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by him^a;

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CAS. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:

And so, good-morrow to you every one¹⁰.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men:

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

POR.

Brutus, my lord!

BRU. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

POR. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing and sighing, with your arms across:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:

^a *By him*—by his house.

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRU. I am not well in health, and that is all.

POR. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health

He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRU. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

POR. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRU. You are my true and honourable wife ;

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

BRU. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife !
Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :—
Leave me with haste.

[Knocking within.]

[Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks ?

LUC. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRU. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRU. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

LIG. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour¹¹.

BRU. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIG. By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do ?

BRU. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIG. But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

BRU. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

LIG. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

BRU. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his nightgown.

CÆS. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho! They murther Cæsar!” Who’s within¹²?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord?

CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERV. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CAL. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆS. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten’d me
Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled^a in the air,
Horses do neigh^b, and dying men did groan;

^a *Hurtled.* This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as hurled; and Shakspeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound. Gray uses it more strictly in its original sense:—

“Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken’d air.”

^b *Do neigh.* Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh*; but the tenses, we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker. Horses “*do neigh*” continues the image of

“Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds.”

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CÆS. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆS. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

SERV. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆS. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were^a two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CAL. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆS. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DEC. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CÆS. And you are come in very happy time,

^a *Were.* The original has *heare*; the correction is by Theobald.

To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

CAL. Say he is sick.

CÆS. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DEC. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆS. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know ;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue^a,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.

DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now ; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“ Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“ Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?”
Pardon me, Cæsar : for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

^a Statue. Mr. Dyce would read *statua*.

And reason to my love is liable.

CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUB. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆS. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock ?

BRU. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

CÆS. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up : Good morrow, Antony.

ANT. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆS. Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREB. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆS. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRU. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

ART. " Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee !
Thy lover,
" ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live :
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

POR. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
 Why dost thou stay ?

LUC. To know my errand, madam.

POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
 O constancy, be strong upon my side !
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
 Art thou here yet ?

LUC. Madam, what should I do ?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
 And so return to you, and nothing else ?

POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth : And take good note
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

LUC. I hear none, madam.

POR. Prithee, listen well.
 I hear a bustling rumour, like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

POR. Come hither, fellow :
 Which way hast thou been ?

SOOTH. At mine own house, good lady.

POR. What is 't o'clock ?

SOOTH. About the ninth hour, lady.

POR. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

SOOTH. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

POR. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

SOOTH. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

POR. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him ?

SOOTH. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I 'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.]

POR. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !

Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit

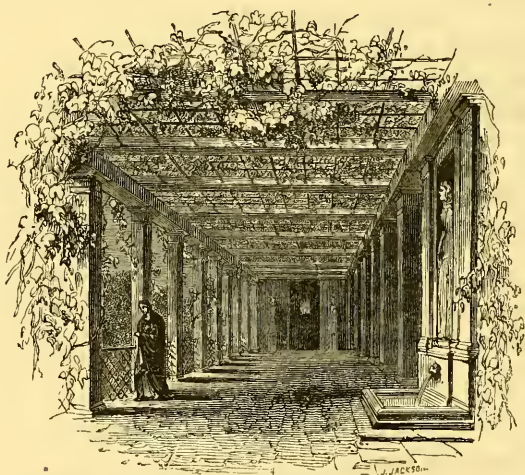
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—

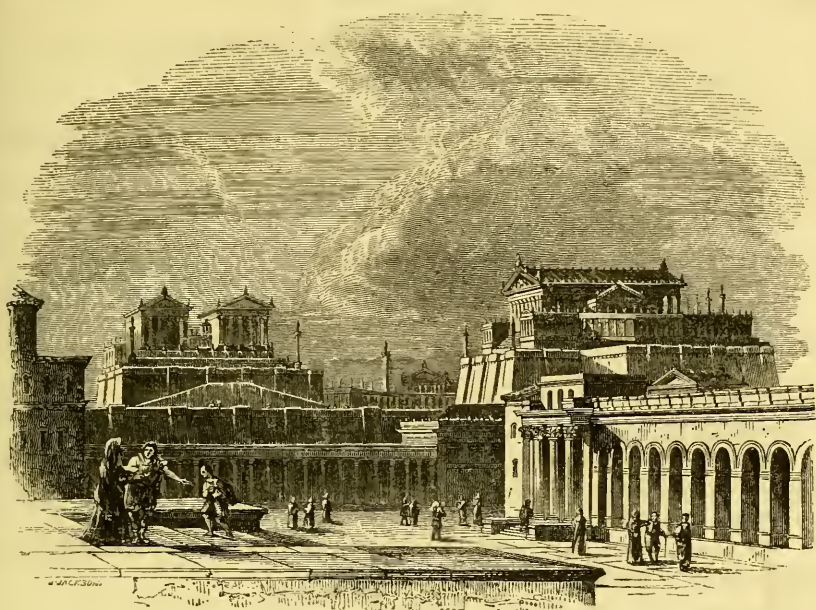
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.]





ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

CÆS. The ides of March are come.

SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ART. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ART. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

CÆS. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆS. What, is the fellow mad?

PUB. Sirrah, give place.

CAS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise¹³.

POP. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?

POP. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

BRU. What said Popilius Lena?

CAS. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRU. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

CAS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

BRU. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CAS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.]

DEC. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

BRU. He is address'd^a: press near, and second him.

CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CÆS. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,

That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:—

[Kneeling.]

CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law^b of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,

I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause

Will he be satisfied^c.

^a Address'd—ready.

^b Law. The original has *lane*,—an easy misprint for *lawe*.

^c In Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries' there is the following passage, referring to Shakspeare: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar,

MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRU. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆS. What, Brutus!

CAS. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆS. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it,—even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O Cæsar,—

CÆS. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DEC. Great Cæsar,—

CÆS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.]

CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Jonson wrote this, we have no doubt, before the publication of the folio of 1623; for he was incapable of falsely quoting his friend's lines. Tyrwhitt supposes that the players altered the line; and maintains that Shakspeare did not use *wrong* in the sense of impropriety, but with reference to his exercise of power which sometimes required him to punish. We believe Jonson was as good a judge of the sense in which words were intended to be used; and that, although the expression was somewhat forced, Shakspeare meant Cæsar to say that even the wrongs he did should not be questioned, for his motives had a justice in them which authorised the commission even of wrong.

CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRU. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DEC. And Cassius too.

BRU. Where's Publius?

CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

MET. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

BRU. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRU. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CAS. Where is Antony?

TRE. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

BRU. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death^a.

BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!

CAS. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

BRU. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

CAS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

^a The modern editors give this speech to Cassius.

The men that gave their^a country liberty.

DEC. What, shall we forth?

CAS.

Ay, every man away :

Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRU. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

SERV. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest :

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :

Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him ;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living ; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

SERV. I 'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

BRU. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CAS. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind

That fears him much ; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

BRU. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANT. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

^a *Their* in the original—the modern reading is *our*.

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRU. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CAS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRU. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANT. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, 'O, 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CAS. Mark Antony,—

ANT. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.

CAS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANT. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRU. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

ANT. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRU. You shall, Mark Antony.

CAS. Brutus, a word with you.—

You know not what you do: Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

[*Aside.*

BRU. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CAS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRU. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;

And say you do 't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: And you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

ANT. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

BRU. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

ANT. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth^a,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Até by his side, come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

Cry "Havock,"^b and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERV. I do, Mark Antony.

^a We give the line as in the first and second editions. The text is invariably corrupted in all modern editions into—

"O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

^b *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

ANT. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERV. He did receive his letters, and is coming :

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar !

[*Seeing the body.*]

ANT. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

SERV. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANT. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place : there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men ;

According to the which thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens*¹⁴.

CIT. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

BRU. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1 CIT. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 CIT. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 CIT. The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

BRU. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar,

this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

CIT. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

BRU. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

CIT. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 CIT. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 CIT. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 CIT. Let him be Cæsar.

4 CIT. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 CIT. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRU. My countrymen,—

2 CIT. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 CIT. Peace, ho!

BRU. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

1 CIT. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 CIT. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

ANT. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 CIT. What does he say of Brutus?

3 CIT. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 CIT. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 CIT. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 CIT. Nay, that 's certain :

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 CIT. Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

ANT. You gentle Romans—

CIT. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

ANT. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 CIT. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 CIT. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 CIT. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 CIT. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 CIT. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 CIT. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 CIT. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 CIT. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANT. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 CIT. We 'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

CIT. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANT. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 CIT. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

ANT. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 CIT. They were traitors: Honourable men!

CIT. The will! the testament!

2 CIT. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

ANT. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

CIT. Come down.

2 CIT. Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit.]

3 CIT. You shall have leave.

4 CIT. A ring; stand round.

1 CIT. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 CIT. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

ANT. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

CIT. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue^a,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint^b of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold

^a *Statue*. In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we may gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression, by this alteration.

^b *Dint*—impression.

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 CIT. O piteous spectacle!

2 CIT. O noble Cæsar!

3 CIT. O woful day!

4 CIT. O traitors, villains!

1 CIT. O most bloody sight!

2 CIT. We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

ANT. Stay, countrymen.

1 CIT. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 CIT. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit^a, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CIT. We 'll mutiny!

1 CIT. We 'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 CIT. Away then: come, seek the conspirators!

ANT. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CIT. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

ANT. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

^a *Wit*. The folio of 1623 has *writ*—that of 1632 *wit*. *Writ* may be explained as a prepared writing; but we retain the reading of the second folio, receiving *wit* in the sense of understanding.

CIT. Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.

ANT. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 CIT. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 CIT. O royal Cæsar!

ANT. Hear me with patience.

CIT. Peace, ho!

ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 CIT. Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 CIT. Go, fetch fire.

3 CIT. Pluck down benches.

4 CIT. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

ANT. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANT. Where is he?

SERV. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANT. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us anything.

SERV. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANT. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet*¹⁵.

CIN. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:

I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 CIT. What is your name?

2 CIT. Whither are you going?

3 CIT. Where do you dwell?

4 CIT. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 CIT. Answer every man directly.

1 CIT. Ay, and briefly.

4 CIT. Ay, and wisely.

3 CIT. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CIN. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 CIT. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CIN. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 CIT. As a friend, or an enemy?

CIN. As a friend.

2 CIT. That matter is answered directly.

4 CIT. For your dwelling,—briefly.

CIN. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 CIT. Your name, sir, truly.

CIN. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 CIT. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

CIN. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 CIT. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CIN. I am not Cinna the conspirator^a.

2 CIT. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 CIT. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go!

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Through a most extraordinary licence, or indolence in the collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in modern editions before 'The Pictorial.'



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House*^a.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

ANT. These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd ¹⁶.

OCT. Your brother too must die : Consent you, Lepidus ?

LEP. I do consent—

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition, Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANT. He shall not live : look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What, shall I find you here ?

OCT. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it ?

OCT. So you thought him ;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

^a The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription. (See Illustration.)—But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
 And though we lay these honours on this man,
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.

OCT. You may do your will ;
 But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
 I do appoint him store of provender.
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
 A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations^a,
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd^b ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answer'd.

^a In the original there is a full point at the end of this line ; and in modern editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows. This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts ; and he proposes to read *object orts*. This is something too violent ; and therefore Steevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon ? It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

“ On objects, arts, and imitations,
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion.”

^b We print this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect ; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly :—

“ Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd out.”

This is the common reading. Malone reads,

“ Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.”

OCT. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers : TITINIUS and
PINDARUS meeting them.

BRU. Stand, ho^a !

LUC. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

BRU. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

LUC. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master. [PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.

BRU. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone : but if he be at hand

I shall be satisfied.

PIN. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear

Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRU. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

LUC. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;

But not with such familiar instances,

Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath used of old.

BRU. Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :

But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

LUC. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,

Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

BRU. Hark, he is arriv'd :—

March gently on to meet him.

^a *Stand, ho !* This is the pass-word, which Steevens absurdly changes to *stand here.*

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

CAS. Stand, ho!

BRU. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

WITHIN. Stand.

WITHIN. Stand.

WITHIN. Stand.

CAS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong¹⁷.

BRU. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CAS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

BRU. Cassius, be content:

Speak your griefs^a softly,—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CAS. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

BRU. Lucilius, do you^b the like; and let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus*^c.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRU. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold

^a *Griefs*—grievances.

^b Steevens omits *you*.

^c This is not given as a separate scene in the original; but, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shakspearean theatre Brutus and Cassius evidently retired to the secondary stage. (See 'Othello.' Illustration of Act V.)

To undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CAS. Chastisement!

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bait^a not me;

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRU. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRU. Away, slight man!

CAS. Is 't possible?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CAS. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRU. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

^a *Bait*. So the original. Steevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. However this may be, *bay* is not so expressive as *bait*. Shakspeare uses the word here as in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream':—

"Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To *bait* me with this foul derision?"

Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this?

BRU. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say a better?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

BRU. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

CAS. I durst not?

BRU. No.

CAS. What? durst not tempt him?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection! I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

CAS. I denied you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not:—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRU. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

BRU. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O, Brutus!—

BRU. What's the matter?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

POET. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 't is not meet
They be alone.

LUC. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

[*Noise within.*]

POET. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

CAS. How now! What 's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals: What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

CAS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CAS. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

BRU. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

Companion, hence!

CAS. Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

BRU. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CAS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

BRU. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

CAS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRU. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

CAS. Ha! Portia?

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

BRU. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CAS. And died so?

BRU. Even so.

CAS. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

BRU. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[*Drinks.*]

CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

BRU. Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

CAS. Portia, art thou gone ?

BRU. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MES. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

BRU. With what addition ?

MES. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRU. Therein our letters do not well agree ;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CAS. Cicero one ?

MES. ^a Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

BRU. No, Messala.

MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

BRU. Nothing, Messala.

MES. That, methinks, is strange.

BRU. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

MES. No, my lord.

BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MES. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRU. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

MES. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CAS. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

CAS. I do not think it good.

BRU. Your reason ?

^a Steevens here thrusts in *ay*, "to complete the verse" by destroying the pause which makes it so emphatic.

CAS.

This it is :

'T is better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CAS.

Hear me, good brother.

BRU. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CAS.

Then, with your will, go on :

We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRU. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

CAS.

No more. Good night ;

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRU. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good Messala ;—

Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CAS.

O my dear brother !

This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

BRU.

Everything is well.

CAS. Good night, my lord.

BRU. Good night, good brother.

TIT., MES. Good night, lord Brutus.

BRU. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUC. Here in the tent.

BRU. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men:

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUC. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

VAR. Calls my lord?

BRU. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

VAR. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

BRU. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

LUC. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUC. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

BRU. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUC. It is my duty, sir.

BRU. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUC. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRU. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here ¹⁸?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRU. Why com'st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well: Then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

LUC. My lord.

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRU. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see anything?

LUC. Nothing, my lord.

BRU. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake!

VAR. My lord.

CLAU. My lord.

BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VAR., CLAU. Did we, my lord?

BRU. Ay; saw you anything?

VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAU. Nor I, my lord.

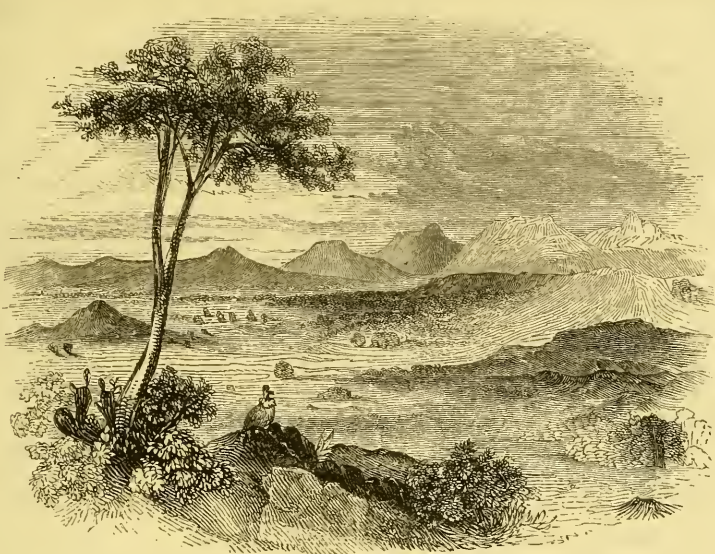
BRU. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

VAR., CLAU. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

OCT. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn^a us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANT. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

^a *To warn—to summon.*

ANT. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCT. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

ANT. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCT. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

BRU. They stand, and would have parley.

CAS. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

OCT. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANT. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCT. Stir not until the signal.

BRU. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

OCT. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRU. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANT. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, "Long live! hail Cæsar!"

CAS. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown^a;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees

And leave them honeyless.

ANT. Not stingless too.

BRU. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

ANT. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CAS. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

OCT. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

^a Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, but to a licence warranted by the best examples. Our language in becoming more correct has lost something of its spirit.

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty^a wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRU. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCT. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRU. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CAS. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

ANT. Old Cassius still!

OCT. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

CAS. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRU. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

LUC. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

CAS. Messala,—

MES. What says my general?

CAS. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will¹⁹,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign^b
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

^a *Three-and-thirty.* The ordinary reading is *three-and-twenty*; which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

^b *Former ensign*—the ensign in the van.

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MES. Believe not so.

CAS. I but believe it partly ;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRU. Even so, Lucilius.

CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do ?

BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself :—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life :—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

BRU. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

BRU. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side :

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

CAS. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TIT. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*PIN. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off²⁰ ;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !

Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CAS. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

TIT. They are, my lord.

CAS. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again ; that I may rest assur'd

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

TIT. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

CAS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;

My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,

And where I did begin there shall I end ;

My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

PIN. [*Above.*] O my lord !

CAS. What news ?

PIN. Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
 Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
 Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light: O, he 'lights too:—
 He 's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy^a.

[Shout.]

CAS. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
 Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
 Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
 Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.]

PIN. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

MES. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TIT. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MES. Where did you leave him?

TIT. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TIT. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original, than which nothing can be more perfect. Boswell, the last editor of a *variorum* edition, has, for the first time that has come under our notice, reprehended this species of mischievous dabbling with the text. He says, "The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:—

" ' Titinius is
 Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
 Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
 Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
 Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he 's ta'en;—and hark!
 They shout for joy.' "

MES. Is not that he?

TIT. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

TIT. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MES. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TIT. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Exit MESSALA.]

[Dies.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS,
and LUCILIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MES. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

BRU. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRU. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

[Low alarums.]

CATO. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

LUC. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 SOLD. Yield, or thou diest.

LUC. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death²¹.

1 SOLD. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 SOLD. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 SOLD. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANT. Where is he?

LUC. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANT. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness ; I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
 How everything is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.**Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock ²².

CLI. Statilius show'd the torchlight : but, my lord,
 He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

BRU. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

CLI. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

BRU. Peace then, no words.

CLI. I 'll rather kill myself.

BRU. Hark thee, Dardanius.—

[*Whispers him.*]

DAR. Shall ^a I do such a deed ?

CLI. O, Dardanius !

DAR. O, Clitus !

CLI. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

DAR. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLI. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRU. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

VOL. What says my lord ?

BRU. Why, this, Volumnius :
 The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
 Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
 And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
 I know my hour is come.

VOL. Not so, my lord.

BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

^a Steevens omits *shall*.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
 Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
 Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
 Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
 Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOL. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

CLI. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRU. Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes: my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!*]

CLI. Fly, my lord, fly!

BRU. Hence; I will follow^a.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRA. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

BRU. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.

OCT. What man is that?

MES. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUC. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

OCT. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

^a Steevens here adds *thee*.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCT. Do so, good^a Messala.

MES. How died my master, Strato ?

STRA. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle ; and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

OCT. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest : and let 's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

^a He here omits *good*. These three examples are very sufficient specimens of the mode in which the received text of Shakspeare is made up.



[*Medal of Brutus.*]



[Roman Augur.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE II. *"Our elders say,
The barren," &c.*

"AT that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycaeiens in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern there), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that being with child they shall have good delivery; and so being

barren, that it will make them to conceive with child."

² SCENE II.—*"Beware the ides of March."*

"Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Caesar warning long time afore to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger."

³ SCENE II.

"Will you go see the order of the course?"

"Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Caesar's friends should move the council that day that Caesar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius), how then?

For myself then (said Brutus), I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word,—Why (quoth he), what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such-like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime: but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."

4 SCENE II.

"Let me have men about me that are fat," &c.

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men, and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

5 SCENE II.

"Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day."

"Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chain of gold, appeared in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there was a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when

Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol."

"When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing on their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness."

6 SCENE III.—*"A common slave," &c.*

"Touching the fires in the elements, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."

7 SCENE III.—*"Good Cinna, take this paper," &c.*

"But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly

call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus (that drove the kings out of Rome), they wrote—O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! And again, That thou wert here

among us now! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills. Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed."



[Roman Matron.]

ACT II.

⁶ SCENE I.—“*But what of Cicero?*”

“THEY durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that, he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution, seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril.”

⁹ SCENE I.

“*Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.*”

“After that they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar; but Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying, that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the

maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villainy.”

¹⁰ SCENE I.—“*Let not our looks,*” &c.

“Furthermore the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that, for his sake, all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of

the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady, being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I, being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these

things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

11 SCENE I.—"*Here is a sick man,*" &c.

"Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, being sick in his bed, and said unto him, Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick! Ligarius, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, Brutus (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

12 SCENE II.

"*Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,*" &c.

"Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calphurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calphurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she deemed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calphurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; insomuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day; and if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen

him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition; and that when he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayer, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate, but in the mean time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus. He, fearing that, if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them,

considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land; and, furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? and who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house."



[Roman Consul.]

ACT III.

¹³ SCENE I.—“*All the Senators rise.*”

“A SENATOR called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than

he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand;

but, withal, despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out. * * *

* * When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him: wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. Now all the senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him; and some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it as if it had been alive. Trebonius, on the other side, drew Antonius aside as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the Senate rose to honour him at his coming in; so, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius (Metellus) Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar, at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but after-

wards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber, with both his hands, plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them; for it was set down and agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators, but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny. Besides, also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises; he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present

time disguised himself and stole away; but Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again."

" SCENE II.

"Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens."

"A great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place, the rest following in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for Orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rake-hells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak they gave him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murder. * * * * Then Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault; for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators that Antonius should be slain, and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where

now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it; therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people, for some of them cried out, Kill the murderers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy place. And, furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled."

" SCENE III.—*"Enter Cinna, the Poet."*

"There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends. He dreamed the night before that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place."

ACT IV.

16 SCENE I.—*“These many then shall die.”*

“ALL three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius’ will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it.”

17 SCENE II.

“Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.”

“About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon

him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: * * * This Phaonius at that time, in spite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

‘My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three.’

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The selfsame night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. * * * The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, * * * for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: * * * and therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meet to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilld nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority.”

18 SCENE III.—*“How ill this taper burns!”*

“But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. * * * After he had slumbered a little after supper he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he

heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again

unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night."

ACT V.

10 SCENE I.

"Be thou my witness that, against my will," &c.

"WHEN they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. * * *

And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcases. * * * The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear: thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length. * * * But Brutus, in contrary manner, did alway before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible.

* * * Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was), told him in Greek,—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was), to 'jeopard' the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle.

And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said,—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for

my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle."

²⁰ SCENE III.—"*Fly further off, my lord.*"

"So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saying that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all: for Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words:—Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he, notwithstanding, escaped from that overthrow. But then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more: whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived by the cries and tears of

his friends which tormented themselves the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field. Brutus, in the mean time, came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder."

²¹ SCENE IV.

"*Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.*"

"So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life. Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life; and, being left behind, told them that he was Brutus, and, because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. The barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him; some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed awhile bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said—Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself:—

I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here, bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I do assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for instead of an enemy you have brought me a friend: and, for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

22 SCENE V.

"Come, poor remains of friends," &c.

"Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses, of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:—

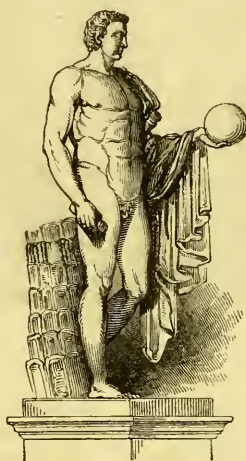
'Let not the wight from whom this mischief went
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;—

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the selfsame time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt.

Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and, amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, We must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down

upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said—Cæsar, behold, here is

he that did the last service to my Brutus. Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium."



[Pompey's Statue.]

COSTUME.



[Roman Soldiers.]

FROM the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of many learned men.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (*fascies*), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The *toga*, *pura*, *prætexta*, and *picta*, the *trabea*, the *paludamentum*, the *tunica palmata*, and the *curule chairs*, were all derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed also their arms, both offensive and defensive. Polybius extols the readiness of the Romans in adopting such foreign customs as were preferable to their own.

It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B.C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B.C. 44. During 400 years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The *toga* was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was

laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point; Dionysius Halicarnassus says it was semicircular; and an ingenious foreigner^a, who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The subucula of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alex-

^a The late Mons. Combre, costumier to the Théâtre Français, Paris. This intelligent person, at the recommendation of Talma and Mr. Charles Young, was engaged by Mr. Charles Kemble, during his management of Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of 'Julius Cæsar,' and made the beautiful togas which have since been worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

ander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family *not* to wear linen garments.

The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it (*cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free^b.

^b Vide Persius, Sat. 5, thus translated by Dryden :—

"What further can we from our caps receive,
But as we please without control to live?"

Suetonius (in Nero, cap. lvii.) says, "Mors Neronis tantum gaudium publicæ præbuit ut plebs pileata totâ urbe discurreret."



[Plebeians.]

Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus* which are found under their own names, as *pero*, *mulleus*, *phæcasium*, *caliga*, *solea*, *crepida*, *sandalium*, *baxea*, &c. The *caliga* was the sandal of the Roman soldiery*, such as had nails or spikes at the bottom. The *pero* is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the *phæcasium* was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons. Petronius, who wore it and called himself a soldier, was asked by a legionary if in his army soldiers marched with the *phæcasium*:

“Age vero, in exercitu vestro phæcasii milites ambulant?”

The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal: it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings. The *cothurnus*, which Dion says it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described by Sidonius Apollinaris as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins^b.

The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic consisted, according to Livy, of the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocrea* or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirass*, was so called from having been originally made of leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces

made to slip over each other. The *galea* and *cassis* were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the *lorica*, being of leather, and the latter of metal; but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently^c.

Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are in truth of a considerably later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

He tells us then that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies: the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati*; the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes*; and the oldest of all were called *triarii*^d. The *velites* were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The *hastati* wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad, and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered first with linen and then with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two pikes or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the *pectorale* of brass; but such as were rated at more than ten thousand drachmæ wore a ringed *lorica*. The *principes* and *triarii* were armed in the same manner as the *hastati*, except only that the *triarii* carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same

^c Vide Sir S. Meyrick's 'Crit. Inquiry,' Introduction.

^d Our business here is only with the dress of the soldiery: but those who wish for further particulars respecting the Roman legions will do well to consult Mons le Beau's luminous account in the 'Académie des Inscriptions,' tome xxxv. p. 262.

* Hence Juvenal (Sat. 16) and Suetonius (in Augustus, 25) use the term *caligati* for the common soldiers, without the addition of a substantive.

^b “Virginius Tyrius mos est gestare pharetram, Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.”—Æn. 2. See many varieties of the *mulleus* and *cothurnus* in the paintings discovered at Herculaneum. Diana is generally represented wearing the *cothurnus*.

author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that, anciently, it was very different, for they then wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements. The spears, also, that were in use amongst them in former times, were in a double respect unfit for service: first, as they were of slender make, and always trembled in the hand, it was extremely difficult to direct them with any certainty, and they were sometimes shaken to pieces by the mere motion of the horse; and, secondly, the lower end not being armed with iron, they were formed only to strike with the point, and, when broken with this stroke, became useless. Their bucklers were made of the hide of an ox, and in form not unlike to the globular dishes which were used in sacrifices; but these were also of too infirm a texture for defence, and, when relaxed by weather, were utterly spoiled. Observing these defects, therefore, they changed their weapons for those of the Greeks.

The signiferi, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion, which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The lictors, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the *saga*, or *paludamentum*, and sometimes a small kind of toga:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The fasces were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by Publicola; but T. Lartius, the first dictator, restored them. The augurs wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word "*dibaphus*," twice dyed, for the augural robe ('*Epist. Fam.*' lib. ii. 16); and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid *trabea* is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the toga in the quality of its stuff; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

"Parvaque sedebat
Succinctus trabea."—*Æn.* 7.

that it was short, and resembled the *paludamentum*, for which reason he says the *sali* (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed "*trabæti*," are called "*paludati*" by Festus.

The Roman women originally wore the toga as well as the men, but they soon abandoned it for the Greek *pallium*, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the *stola*^a.

Another exterior habit was called the *peplum*, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *crocota*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by women, but by effeminate men, revellers, and buffoons^b.

The fashions of ladies' head-dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vittæ* and *fasciæ*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins^c.

The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the *calantica*, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks a ribbon, a fillet, a zone^d. Another coverchief called *flammeum*, or *flammeolum*, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the *flammeum*, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The *calendrum*, mentioned by Horace (*i. Sat. viii. 48*), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armille*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says "they seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of

^a "Ad talos stola et demissa circumdata Palla."—Horace, lib. i., Sat. 2, 99.

^b Yellow was always considered effeminate amongst the Romans, and the votaries of pleasure are generally described in it. See also a painting of vocal and instrumental performers found at Portici, A.D. 1761.

^c "Este procul vittæ tenues insigne pudoris."

Metam., lib. i. fab. 9.

And describing the chaste Daphne, he says,

"Vitta coercerat positos sine lege capillos."—Met., lib. i.

^d "Unde mitram solvere, quod metaphorice significabat cum virgine concumbere."—Montfaucon, '*Ant. Expliq.*' tome iii. p. 44.

the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears." These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that "a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;" and again, that "the folly of them (the women) was such that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears." Green and vermillion were favourite colours both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called "*vestes herbidae*," from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermillion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women; and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, "*Floridam discolorumque vestem herbida palla contexuerat*." At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of^a. Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons "*albentes rosas*" ('*De Art.*' iii. v. 189); and at v. 191, he says—

"Alba decent fuscas: albis, es Cephei placebas."

In Tibullus we meet with the following passage:

"Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla;
Urit seu nivea candida veste venit."—*Eleg.* iv. 2.

Having thus given a sketch of the general costume of the Romans, we will proceed to notice such peculiarities as are requisite to distinguish the dramatis personæ of the Roman plays of Shakspeare.

The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called from its ornament *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (i. e., bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mullei*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy is, the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

The *latus clavus* is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the *angustus clavus* that of the equites or knights.

That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny^b and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or

by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquaries contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order; and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran^c.

The learned Père Montfaucon, in his '*Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures*,' observes that Lampridius, in his '*Life of Alexander Severus*,' says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, "*clavata cocco mantilia*." These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

Upon this Montfaucon ingeniously remarks, that, presuming the *clavus* to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult by laying them one over the other to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the *habit of a prince*, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says, he blames the luxury of women "who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;" and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of "*clavatum purpura*."

Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the *clavus* to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have *bordered* the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards^d, it would have been called *prætexta* (as the toga was when so ornamented). On the line in Horace—

^c Those of our readers who would like to plunge into the depths of unfathomable controversy are recommended to a perusal of the essays of Rubenius and Ferrarius.

^d Livy, speaking of the tunics of the Spaniards, says

^a Stuekius, '*Ant. Con.*,' ii. 26.

^b Lib. 9, cap. xxxix.

"*Latam demisit pectore clavum.*"—Sat. 1, 6, 28.

a commentator (Torrentius) says, "*recto ordine descendebat insuti clavi vel intexti*"—the clavi sewn on, or woven into, the garment, descended in a right line; but if he founded this conjecture simply on the word "*demisit*," he did not recollect that the ornament gave its name to the garment, and that the tunic itself is repeatedly called the *latus clavus* by the ancient writers. Horace might, therefore, merely allude to the tunic of the wearer hanging loosely and negligently down upon the breast, an affectation of wearing it which is imputed to Julius Caesar. Nothing, in short, appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

Noble Roman youths wore the *prætexta*, and the *bullæ*, a golden ornament, which, from the rare specimen in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch^a. It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, &c. On arriving at the age of puberty, which was fourteen, youths abandoned the *bullæ*, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the "*toga virilis*," and "*libera*:"—"virilis," in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and "*libera*," because at the same time, if they were *pupilli*, they attained full power over their property, and were released from *tutela*. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of *Coriolanus*; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the *toga* and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel

they were of a dazzling whiteness, and bordered with purple—*id est prætextæ.*"

^a An exactly similar one is engraved in Montfaucon.

crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the laticlavian tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, "Beware of the loose-coated boy," or "of the man who is so ill girt." Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies^b; that he wore a red sash and the *calcei mullei* even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings^c. A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's '*Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne*,' folio, Rome, 1704, pl. 15; also one of Octavianus, or Augustus Cæsar:—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His *lorica*, or *cuirass*, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The thorax is partly hidden by the *paludamentum*, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the *cinctura*, or belt, he holds in his right hand the *paragonium*, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose,—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his *toga* neither too scanty nor too full, and the *clavus* of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick *toga*, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

^b "Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the rostra, in a purple toga, on a golden seat, crowned: "*Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus.*"—Phil., 2, 34.

^c Rubenius thinks he wore the sleeved tunic for the same reason, to show his descent, through those monarchs, from the Trojans, to whom Numanus objects, in Virgil, as a proof of their effeminacy—

"*Et tunice manicas et habent redimicula mitræ.*"

Æn. ix. 616.

From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg^a, with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather the figure of a half-moon^b or crescent^c. There is one engraved in Montfaucon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ancle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the purple of the ancients. Gibbon says "it was of a dark cast, as deep as bulls' blood."—See also President Goguet's '*Origine des Loix et des Arts*,' part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215. But there were several sorts of

^a "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediti erus Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."

Horace, i., Sat. 6, v. 27.

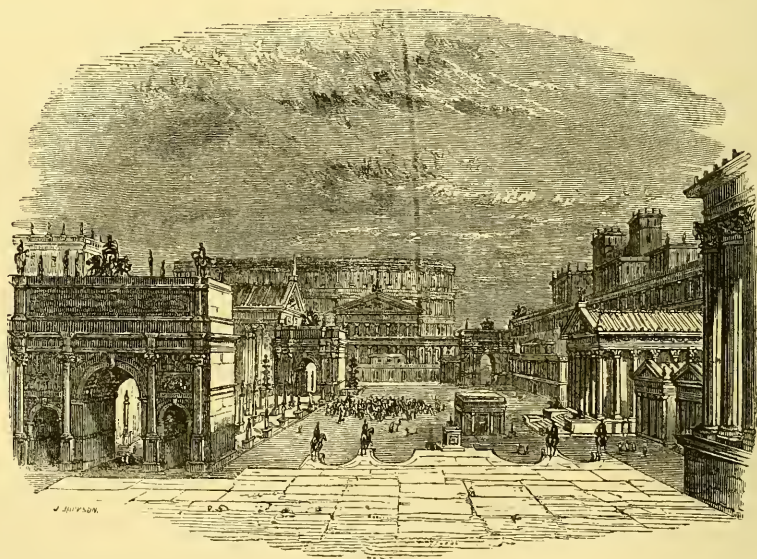
Hence also "*calceos mutari*," to become a senator, as they then exchanged one sort of chaussure for another.—Cicero, '*Phil.*,' xiii. 13.

^b Therefore called "*Calcei lunati*."—Rubenius apud Philostratus.

^c The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100.

purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn. "In my youth," says Cornelius Nepos (who died during the reign of Augustus; Pliny, ix. 39), "the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii." Here, then, we have three sorts of purple, worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius: he says the redness of the purple border of the toga prætexta was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a term applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the mixture of red and blue, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves.

J. R. P.



ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective.

The Life of Antonius, in North's 'Plutarch,' has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare's genius.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "'Antony and Cleopatra' is by far the most wonderful." He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the 'Antony and Cleopatra' is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Othello.'" The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder.

The ANTONY of this play is of course the

Antony of 'Julius Cæsar';—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes. Cæsar thus apostrophises him:—

"When thou once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer."

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

"Our courteous Antony,

Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart."

This is the Antony that Shakspeare, in the play before us, brings upon the scene.

Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspeare to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak "the language of the people." Upton says—"Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. . . . This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony's speeches."^a Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than

^a 'Critical Observations,' p. 100.

that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover, that knew no limits to his devotions because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his men-

tion of Octavia's weeping at the parting with her brother?—

“The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.”

And, higher still:—

“Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's-down fea-
ther,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.”

This, we think, is not the “Asiatic manner of speaking.”

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9; sc. 11.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 12; sc. 13.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 10.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Act III. sc. 2.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 11.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 9.

VENTIDIUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

EROS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 9.

Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 12.

SCARUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

DERCETAS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PHILO, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

MECÆNAS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6.

Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

AGRIPPA, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.

DOLABELLA, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PROCULEIUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

THYREUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

GALLUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MENAS, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

MENECRATES, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

VARRIUS, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 7; sc. 8.

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

ALEXAS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.

MARDIAN, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5.

Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 12.

SELEUCUS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DIOMEDES, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12; sc. 13.

A Soothsayer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.

A Clown.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 9; sc. 11.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 11; sc. 13.

Act V. sc. 2.

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

CHARMIAN, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

IRAS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—DISPERSED; IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



[Room in Cleopatra's Palace.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

PHI. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, *reneagues*^a all temper;
 And is become the bellows, and the fan,
 To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come!

^a *Reneagues*—renounces. This is usually spelt *reneges*; but Coleridge suggested the orthography we have adopted, which gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *league*. Stevens proposes to read *reneyes*, a word used by Chaucer in the same sense.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple^a pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

CLEO. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANT. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEO. I 'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANT. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

ATT. News, my good lord, from Rome—

ANT. Grates me^b:—The sum.

CLEO. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

ANT. How, my love!

CLEO. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process^c? Cæsar's, I would say.—Both.—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

ANT. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire^d fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet^e
We stand up peerless.

^a *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in 'All's Well that Ends Well' we have a *triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

^b *Grates me*—offends me;—is grating to me.

^c *Process*—summons.

^d *Rang'd empire*. Capell, the most neglected of the commentators, properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-built edifices." He refers to a passage in 'Coriolanus,'—

"Bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin."

^e *To weet*—to know.

CLEO. Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself—

ANT. But stirr'd by Cleopatra^a.—
 Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
 Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
 There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

CLEO. Hear the ambassadors.

ANT. Fie, wrangling queen!
 Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
 No messenger; but thine and all alone,
 To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and note
 The qualities of people¹. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Train.*]

DEM. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHI. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

DEM. I 'm full sorry
 That he approves the common liar, who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute
 Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that
 I knew this husband, which, you say, must change^b his horns with garlands!

ALEX. Soothsayer.

SOOTH. Your will?

CHAR. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

^a Johnson explains this as if *but* had the meaning of *except*—Antony will be himself, unless Cleopatra keeps him in commotion. Monck Mason objects to this; and interprets the passage,—*if* but stirred by Cleopatra. Surely the meaning is more obvious. Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of what he will be. He will be himself; but still under the influence of Cleopatra; and to show what that influence is, he continues, "Now, for the love of Love," &c.

^b *Change*—vary—give a different appearance to. *Change* is the word of the original. Warburton and others propose to read *charge*.

A little I can read.

ALEX. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHAR. Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foresee.

CHAR. Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTH. You shall be yet fairer than you are.

CHAR. He means in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid.

ALEX. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

CHAR. Hush !

SOOTH. You shall be more loving than belov'd.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEX. Nay, hear him.

CHAR. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married to three kings in
a forenoon, and widow them all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod
of Jewry may do homage : find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and
companion me with my mistress.

SOOTH. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHAR. O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTH. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

CHAR. Then, belike my children shall have no names : Prithee, how many boys
and wenches must I have ?

SOOTH. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile^a every wish, a million.

CHAR. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEX. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHAR. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEX. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

IRAS. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHAR. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHAR. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch
mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how ? give me particulars.

SOOTH. I have said.

^a *Fertile*. The original has *foretel*. The emendation, which is very ingenious, was made by Warburton.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHAR. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHAR. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHAR. Amen.

ALEX. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they 'd do 't.

ENO. Hush! here comes Antony.

CHAR. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEO. Saw you my lord?

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, madam.

CLEO. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

ENO. Madam.

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

ALEX. Here^a, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

CLEO. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

*[Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN,
Soothsayer, and Attendants.]*

MESS. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field².

ANT. Against my brother Lucius?

MESS. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

ANT. Well, what worst?

MESS. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

^a Steevens here introduces *madam*, "as a proper cure for the present defect in metre."

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
 Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus:
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESS. Labienus
 (This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
 Extended^a Asia from Euphrates;
 His conquering banner shook from Syria
 To Lydia and to Ionia;
 Whilst—

ANT. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESS. O, my lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
 Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
 With such full licence as both truth and malice
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
 When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
 Is as our earring^b. Fare thee well a while.

MESS. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

ANT. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 ATT. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 ATT. He stays upon your will.

ANT. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 MESS. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANT. Where died she?

2 MESS. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.

^a *Extended*—seized upon. In North's 'Plutarch' we find that Labienus had "overrun Asia from Euphrates." Nearly all Shakspeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short. Drayton, for example,—

"That gliding go in state, like swelling *Euphrates*."

^b Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds*; and the commentators have taken different sides in this matter. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but "the winds of March," rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The quick winds then are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earring."

ANT. Forbear me. [Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself^a: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. What's your pleasure, sir?

ANT. I must with haste from hence.

ENO. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

ANT. I must be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought.

ENO. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

ANT. 'Would I had never seen her!

ENO. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Sir?

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Fulvia?

ANT. Dead.

ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned

^a Warburton says, "The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which, rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting, in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. But, taking revolution simply as a change of circumstances, the passage may mean (and this is the interpretation of Steevens) that the pleasure of to-day becomes subsequently a pain—the opposite of itself.

with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANT. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

ENO. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part^a. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

ENO. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is he?

CHAR. I did not see him since.

CLEO. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEO. What should I do I do not?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

^a Some of the commentators would read "leave to part." To get her *love*, here, is to prevail upon her love that we may part.

CHAR. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

CLEO. I am sick and sullen.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEO. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANT. What 's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;

'Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know,—

CLEO. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,

I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

ANT. Most sweet queen,—

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now, lady!

CLEO. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change : My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safe^a my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

ANT. She 's dead, my queen :
 Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
 The garboils^b she awak'd ; at the last, best ;
 See when and where she died.

CLEO. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice : By the fire
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
 Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war
 As thou affect'st.

CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
 But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
 So Antony loves^c.

ANT. My precious queen, forbear ;
 And give true evidence to his love, which stands
 An honourable trial.

CLEO. So Fulvia told me.
 I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
 Belong to Egypt^d : Good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

^a *Safe*—render safe.

^b *Garboils*—disorders, commotions ; probably derived from the same source as *turmoil*.

^c This passage is usually pointed with a colon after "well ;" and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, "such is Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like my health." We follow the punctuation of the original, which is more consonant with the rapid and capricious demeanour of Cleopatra—I am quickly ill, and I am well again, so that Antony loves.

^d *Egypt*—the queen of Egypt.

ANT. You 'll heat my blood : no more.

CLEO. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

ANT. Now, by my sword,—

CLEO. And target.—Still he mends ;

But this is not the best : Look, prithee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.

ANT. I 'll leave you, lady.

CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it :

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it ;

That you know well : Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

ANT. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

CLEO. 'T is sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword

Sit laurel^a victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet !

ANT. Let us go. Come :

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

CÆS. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate

One great competitor : from Alexandria

This is the news : He fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy^b

More womanly than he : hardly gave audience,

^a *Laurel.* The use of the substantive adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspeare's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day.

^b All the modern editions omit *of*, reading "the queen Ptolemy."

Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEP. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

CÆS. You are too indulgent : Let 's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat ; say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils^a, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't : but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

LEP. Here 's more news.

MESS. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

CÆS. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd, until he were :
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd^b by being lack'd. This common body,

^a *Soils*—defilements, taints. The original has *foils*, which Malone amended.

^b *Fear'd* in the original ; the general reading is *dear'd*. But it must be remembered that Cæsar is speaking ; and that, in the notions of one who aims at supreme authority, to be feared and to be loved are pretty synonymous.

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying^a the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

MESS. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

CÆS. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious vassals^b. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow^c; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

LEP. 'T is pity of him.

CÆS. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me^c immediate council: Pompey

^a *Lackeying*—the original has *lacking* (not *lashing*, as the commentators state); but the reading is evidently corrupt, and we may properly adopt Theobald's emendation of *lackeying*.

^b *Vassals*. The spelling of the original is *vassails*. The modern reading is *wassals*. Now, in three other passages of the original, where the old English word *wassal* is used, it is spelt *wassels*. *Wassal* is employed by Shakspeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries.

^c *Assemble me*. So the original. The modern reading is *assemble we*; and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself:—

"What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker."

Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

CÆS. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEP. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

CÆS. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

CLEO. Charmian,—

CHAR. Madam.

CLEO. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

CHAR. Why, madam?

CLEO. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

CHAR. You think of him too much.

CLEO. O, 't is treason!

CHAR. Madam, I trust not so.

CLEO. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

MAR. What 's your highness' pleasure?

CLEO. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'T is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MAR. Yes, gracious madam.

CLEO. Indeed?

MAR. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

CLEO. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet^a of men.—He 's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, "Where 's my serpent of old Nile?"
 For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEO. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
 This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEO. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEX. Good friend, quoth he,

Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,"
 Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt^b steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLEO. What, was he sad, or merry?

ALEX. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot^c and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEO. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:
 He was not sad; for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
 Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
 O heavenly mingle!—Beest thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes;

^a *Burgonet*—helmet. In 'Henry VI.' we have, "I wear aloft my *burgonet*."

^b *Arm-gaunt*. So the original. Some propose to read *termagant*; but *arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other example, conveys the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour; and the epithet therefore is not to be lightly replaced by any other.

^c *Hot*. So the original. Steevens reads *heat*.

So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

ALEX. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?

CLEO. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—

Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Cæsar so?

CHAR. O that brave Cæsar!

CLEO. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

CHAR. The valiant Cæsar!

CLEO. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men!

CHAR. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

CLEO. My salad days;

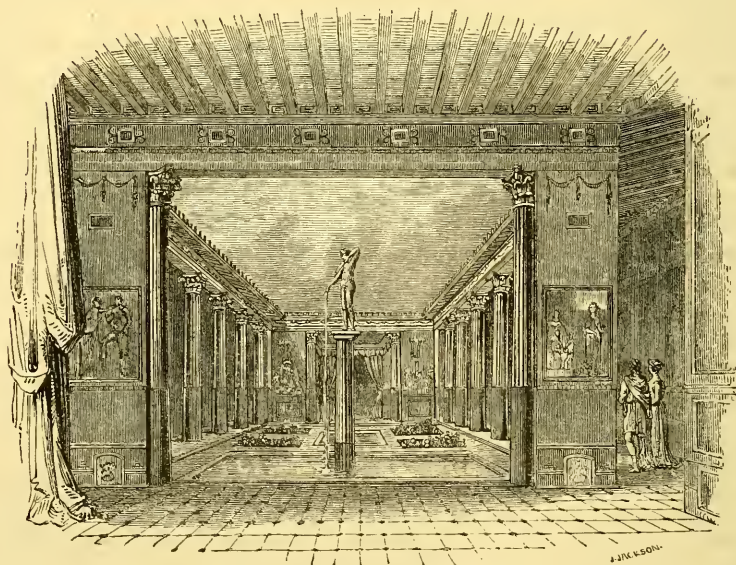
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,

To say as I said then!—But come, away:

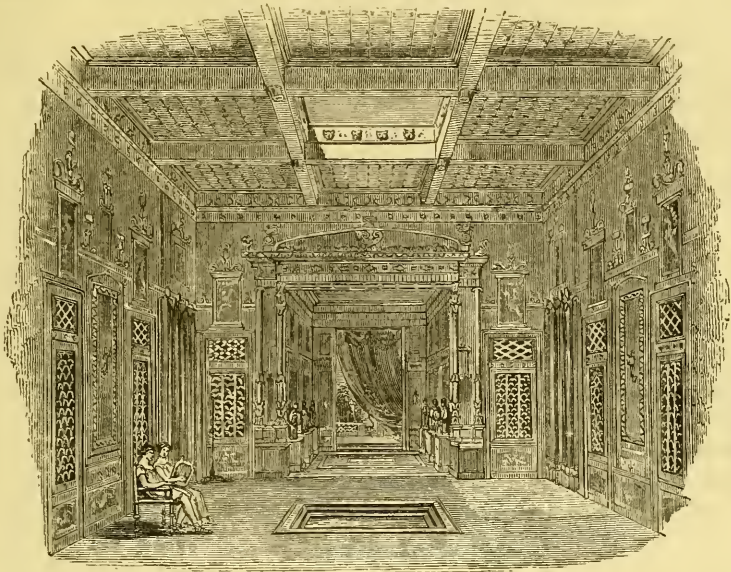
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day

A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt.*]



[SCENE IV. *Atrium in Cæsar's House.*]



[Room in Pompey's House.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

POM. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENE. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

POM. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

MENE. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

POM. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent^a, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

^a The original has "My powers are crescent." The use of *it* in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive. The correction, which we give in the text, was made by Theobald.

No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

MEN. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

POM. Where have you this? 't is false.

MEN. From Silvius, sir.

POM. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

VAR. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is

A space for farther travel.

POM. I could have given less matter

A better ear.—Menas, I did not think

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership

Is twice the other twain: But let us rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

MEN. I cannot hope^a

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife that 's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;

His brother warr'd^b upon him; although, I think,

Not mov'd by Antony.

POM. I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were 't not that we stand up against them all,

'T were pregnant they should square between themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough

^a *Hope* is here used in the sense of *expect*. Chaucer employs the word in this sense; but the inaccuracy of this use was exemplified in Shakspeare's time by Puttenham, who quotes the speech of the Tanner of Tamworth to Edward IV.:—"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow."

^b *Warr'd*. The original, by a typographical error, has *wan'd*.

To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day!

LEP. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

ENO. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

LEP. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

ENO. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

ANT. If we compose^a well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

CÆS. I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

LEP. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)

^a *Compose*—agree—come to agreement.

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

ANT. 'T is spoken well ;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

CÆS. Welcome to Rome.

ANT. Thank you.

CÆS. Sit.

ANT. Sit, sir^a.

CÆS. Nay, then.

ANT. I learn, you take things ill which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

CÆS. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

ANT. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you ?

CÆS. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANT. How intend you, practis'd ?

CÆS. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

ANT. You do mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with^b,

^a In the modern editions a note of admiration is here put, it being explained by Steevens that Antony means to resent the invitation of Cæsar that he should be seated. That invitation implied superiority. We agree with Malone that they each desire the other to be seated ; and that Cæsar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.

^b This is the reading of the original ; but the ordinary reading, from the time of Rowe, has been

“ As matter whole you have *not* to make it with.”

We doubt the propriety of departing from the text, and the meaning appears to us,—if you 'll

It must not be with this.

CÆS. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patched up your excuses.

ANT. Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENO. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

ANT. So much uncurbable^a, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

CÆS. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANT. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

CÆS. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Cæsar.

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

CÆS. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

ANT. Neglected, rather;

patch a quarrel so as to seem the *whole* matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

^a *Uncurable*. The modern octavo editions have all, without the slightest authority, *uncurable*.

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
 I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
 Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

LEP. "T is noble spoken.

MEC. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks to atone you.

LEP. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you
 hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
 wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

ANT. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

ENO. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

ANT. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

ENO. Go to then; your considerate stone^a.

CÆS. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech: for it cannot be
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
 O' the world I would pursue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side¹,
 Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

CÆS. Say not so, Agrippa;
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
 Were well deserv'd of rashness^b.

ANT. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
 Agrippa further speak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
 With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims

^a This is most probably an allusion to the old saying "as silent as a stone," which is a frequent comparison amongst our ancient writers.

^b *Of rashness*—on account of rashness.

No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANT. Will Cæsar speak ?

CÆS. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

ANT. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good ?

CÆS. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.

ANT. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

CÆS. There 's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

LEP. Happily, amen !

ANT. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

LEP. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

ANT. Where lies he ?

CÆS. About the Mount Misenum.

ANT. What is his strength by land ?

CÆS. Great and increasing :

But by sea he is an absolute master.

ANT. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

CÆS. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I 'll lead you.

ANT. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

LEP. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

MEC. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENO. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend,
Agrippa!—

AGR. Good Enobarbus!

MEC. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed
well by it in Egypt.

ENO. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light
with drinking.

MEC. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons
there: Is this true⁵?

ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter
of feasts, which worthily deserved noting.

MEC. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENO. When she first met Mark Antony⁶, she pursed up his heart upon the
river of Cydnus.

AGR. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

ENO. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were silver^a;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

^a The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause at *love-sick*. The ordinary reading is "the winds were love-sick with them." The reading which the old punctuation gives is surely more poetical.

And what they undid, did.

AGR. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings^a: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

ENO. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MEC. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

MEC. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is

^a Warburton proposed to read *adorings*; and the controversy upon the matter is so full that Boswell prints it as a sort of supplement at the end of the play. We hold to the *adornings* of the original.

A blessed lottery to him.

AGR. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

ENO. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

ANT. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTA. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

ANT. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

OCTA. Good night, sir.

CÆS. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

ANT. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTH. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

ANT. If you can, your reason?

SOOTH. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue:
But yet hie you to Egypt again.

ANT. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

SOOTH. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 't is noble.

ANT. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him:
 And in our sports my better cunning fains
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia; your commission's ready;
 Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

LEP. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
 Your generals after.

AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEP. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

MEC. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount^a
 Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter,
 My purposes do draw me much about;
 You'll win two days upon me.

MEC., AGR. Sir, good success!

LEP. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me some music; music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

ATTENDANT. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
 Come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

^a *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Misenum. The original has not the article.

CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd

As with a woman :—Come, you 'll play with me, sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam.

CLEO. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now :—

Give me mine angle,—we 'll to the river : there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd^a fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,

I 'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha ! you 're caught.

CHAR.

'T was merry when

You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up⁸.

CLEO.

That time !—O times !—

I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience ; and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

MESS.

Madam, madam,—

CLEO. Antony's dead ?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :

But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MESS.

First, madam, he 's well.

CLEO. Why, there 's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ; we use

'To say the dead are well : bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESS. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO.

Well, go to, I will ;

But there 's no goodness in thy face, if Antony

Be free and healthful :—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings^b ! If not well,

^a *Tawny-finn'd*. The original has *tawny fine*.

^b How full of characteristic spirit is this passage, in which we exactly follow the punctuation of the original ! But the editors are not satisfied with it. According to them, something is wanting both to the sense and to the metre, and so they render it as follows :—

“ Well

Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

MESS. Will 't please you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS. Madam, he 's well.

CLEO. Well said.

MESS. And friends with Cæsar.

CLEO. Thou 'rt an honest man.

MESS. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MESS. But yet, madam,—

CLEO. I do not like "but yet," it does allay

The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He 's friends with Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

MESS. Free, madam! no; I made no such report;

He 's bound unto Octavia.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MESS. For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MESS. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! [Strikes him down.]

MESS. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you?—Hence, [Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head: [She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MESS. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEO. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

"Well, go to, I will;

But there 's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings?"

Thy modesty can beg.

MESS. He 's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*

MESS. Nay, then I 'll run :

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;

The man is innocent.

CLEO. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again ;

Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

CHAR. He is afraid to come.

CLEO. I will not hurt him :

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself ; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

MESS. I have done my duty.

CLEO. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do

If thou again say, Yes.

MESS. He is married, madam.

CLEO. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESS. Should I lie, madam?

CLEO. O, I would thou didst ;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence :

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESS. I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEO. He is married?

MESS. Take no offence that I would not offend you :

To punish me for what you make me do

Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

CLEO. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art not what thou 'rt sure of^a!—Get thee hence :

^a Such is the reading of the original. The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained:—Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee. Several emendations have been proposed; and one suggested by Monck Mason has been adopted by Steevens:—

"O,

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

CHAR. Good your highness, patience.

CLEO. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

CHAR. Many times, madam.

CLEO. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars: Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

POM. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight⁹.

CÆS. Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

POM. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was it

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what

Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,

"O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of 't?"

To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

CÆS. Take your time.

ANT. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

POM. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

LEP. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

CÆS. There's the point.

ANT. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

CÆS. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

POM. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

CÆS., ANT., LEP. That's our offer.

POM. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANT. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

POM. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANT. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

CÆS. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

POM. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

LEP. Well met here.

POM. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

CÆS. That 's the next to do.

POM. We 'll feast each other ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANT. That will I, Pompey.

POM. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POM. I have fair meanings, sir.

ANT. And fair words to them.

POM. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

ENO. No more of that:—He did so.

POM. What, I pray you?

ENO. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

POM. I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?

ENO. Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

POM. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well-deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POM. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

CÆS., ANT., LEP. Show us the way, sir.

POM. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

MEN. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known, sir.

ENO. At sea, I think.

MEN. We have, sir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MEN. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

ENO. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MEN. No slander; they steal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

MEN. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENO. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

MEN. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENO. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MEN. Pray you, sir?

ENO. 'T is true.

MEN. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

ENO. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MEN. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENO. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MEN. Who would not have his wife so?

ENO. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

MEN. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENO. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

MEN. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.**Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet.*

1 SERV. Here they 'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 SERV. Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 SERV. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 SERV. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more:" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 SERV. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 SERV. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 SERV. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

ANT. Thus do they, sir [*To CÆSAR*] : They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid¹⁰; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow : The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEP. You have strange serpents there.

ANT. Ay, Lepidus.

LEP. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

ANT. They are so.

POM. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

LEP. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

ENO. Not till you have slept ; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MEN. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

POM. Say in mine ear : what is 't?

MEN. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

POM. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

LEP. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANT. It is shaped, sir, like itself ; and it is as broad as it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it : and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of?

ANT. Of its own colour too.

LEP. 'T is a strange serpent.

ANT. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

CÆS. Will this description satisfy him?

ANT. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

POM. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

MEN. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

[*Aside.*

POM. I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*

MEN. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POM. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

ANT. These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POM. What say'st thou?

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

POM. How should that be?

MEN. But entertain it,

And though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

POM. Hast thou drunk well?

MEN. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

POM. Show me which way.

MEN. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable:

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there^a is thine.

POM. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on 't! In me, 't is villainy;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know

'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

MEN. For this,

[*Aside.*

I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,

^a *There.* So in all old copies. It might be *then*, or *theirs*.

Shall never find it more.

POM. This health to Lepidus.

ANT. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENO. Here 's to thee, Menas.

MEN. Enobarbus, welcome.

POM. Fill till the cup be hid.

ENO. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

MEN. Why?

ENO. A bears the third part of the world, man: Seest not?

MEN. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, that it might go on wheels!

ENO. Drink thou; increase the reels.

MEN. Come.

POM. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANT. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

CÆS. I could well forbear it.

It 's monstrous labour when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' the time.

CÆS. Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days,

Than drink so much in one.

ENO. Ha, my brave emperor!

[*To* ANTONY.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,

And celebrate our drink?

POM. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

ANT. Come, let us all take hands;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENO. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—

The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;

The holding^a every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:

In thy vats our cares be drown'd;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us, till the world go round;

Cup us, till the world go round!

^a *Holding*—the burden of the song.

CÆS. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
 Let me request you off: our graver business
 Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let 's part;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
 Good Antony, your hand.

POM. I 'll try you o' the shore.

ANT. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

POM. O, Antony, you have my father-house,—

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

ENO. Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I 'll not on shore.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*]

MEN. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

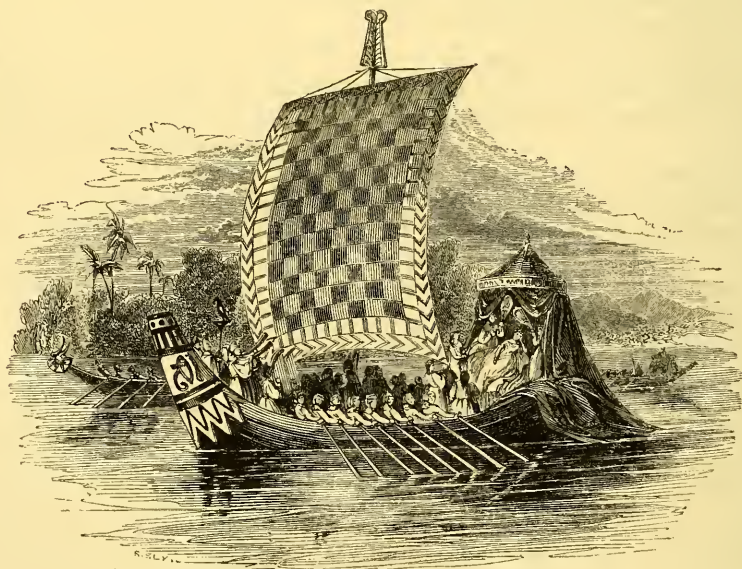
To these great fellows: Sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets with drums.*]

ENO. Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap.

MEN. Ho!—noble captain! Come.

[*Exeunt.*]



[“The barge she sat in,” &c.]



[The Promontory of Actium.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

VEN. Now, darting Parthia¹¹, art thou struck; and now
 Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
 Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SIL. Noble Ventidius,
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
 Put garlands on thy head.

VEN. O Silius, Silius,
 I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius,
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve 's away^a.
 Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
 More in their officer than person: Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 't would offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

SIL. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

VEN. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected;
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

SIL. Where is he now?
 VEN. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
 The weight we must convey with us will permit,
 We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

AGR. What, are the brothers parted?
 ENO. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
 The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
 To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
 Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
 With the green sickness.

AGR. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

ENO. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENO. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

AGR. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENO. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

^a We print these lines as in the original. Steevens omits *to*, and regulates the passage thus:—

“Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.”

AGR. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

ENO. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

AGR. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENO. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGR. Both he loves.

ENO. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—

[*Trumpets.*

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGR. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

ANT. No further, sir.

CÆS. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

The fortress of it: for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.

ANT. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

CÆS. I have said.

ANT. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

CÆS. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort^a! fare thee well.

OCT. My noble brother!—

ANT. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

OCT. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

CÆS. What,

Octavia?

^a Johnson explains this after a somewhat mystical fashion:—"May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful." It is more probable that the poet only intended that Cæsar should wish his sister a propitious voyage.

OCT. I 'll tell you in your ear.

ANT. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the^a full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ENO. Will Cæsar weep?

[*Aside to AGRIPPA.*]

AGR. He has a cloud in 's face.

ENO. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man^b.

AGR. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENO. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound^c he wail'd:
Believe 't, till I weep too.

CÆS. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANT. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

CÆS. Adieu; be happy!

LEP. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

CÆS. Farewell, farewell!

[*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

ANT. Farewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is the fellow?

ALEX. Half afeard to come.

CLEO. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

ALEX. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

^a *The* is omitted in all modern editions; and thus the freedom of the rhythm is destroyed, whilst the image is weakened.

^b Steevens says, without offering any authority, that "a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes."

^c *Confound*—destroy.

- CLEO. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
- MESS. Most gracious majesty,—
- CLEO. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
- MESS. Ay, dread queen.
- CLEO. Where?
- MESS. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
- CLEO. Is she as tall as me?
- MESS. She is not, madam.
- CLEO. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
- MESS. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
- CLEO. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
- CHAR. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.
- CLEO. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
- MESS. She creeps:
Her motion and her station^a are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
- CLEO. Is this certain?
- MESS. Or I have no observance.
- CHAR. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
- CLEO. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
- CHAR. Excellent.
- CLEO. Guess at her years, I prithee.
- MESS. Madam,
She was a widow.
- CLEO. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
- MESS. And I do think she's thirty.
- CLEO. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round?
- MESS. Round even to faultiness.
- CLEO. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
- MESS. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
- CLEO. There's gold for thee.

^a *Station* is the act of standing, as *motion* is the act of moving.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;

Our letters are prepar'd.

[Exit Messenger.]

CHAR. A proper man.

CLEO. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much

That so I harried^a him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

CHAR. Nothing, madam.

CLEO. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHAR. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long !

CLEO. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian :

But 't is no matter : thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write : All may be well enough.

CHAR. I warrant you, madam.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

ANT. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—

That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd

New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it

To public ear :

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me,

When the best hint was given him : he not look'd,

Or did it from his teeth^b.

OCT. O my good lord,

Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady¹²

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts :

^a *Harried*. To *harry* is to vex, to torment, to annoy ; the same as harass : and derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hergian*. The word had originally reference to military plunder and ravage.

^b We follow the original in the punctuation of these two lines, and in retaining the word *look'd*. The modern reading is—

“ When the best hint was given him, he not *took* 't ; ”

by which we are to understand he did not take the hint. We believe, on the contrary, that, although it was hinted to Cæsar when speaking that he should mention Antony with terms of honour, he lent him most narrow measure—cold and sickly. His demeanour is then more particularly described. He *looked* not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he *spoke* from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 "O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANT. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
 Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself; better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
 So your desires are yours.

OCT. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

ANT. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

ENO. How now, friend Eros?

EROS. There's strange news come, sir.

ENO. What, man?

EROS. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENO. This is old: what is the success?

EROS. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently
 denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action:
 and, not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to
 Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till
 death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
 And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

EROS. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

ENO. Our great navy 's rigged.

EROS. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

ENO. 'T will be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

EROS. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

CÆS. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria¹³—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

MEC. This in the public eye?

CÆS. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

MEC. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

AGR. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆS. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

AGR. Whom does he accuse?

CÆS. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGR. Sir, this should be answer'd.

CÆS. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MEC. He 'll never yield to that.

CÆS. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

OCT. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

CÆS. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

OCT. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CÆS. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation^a of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCT. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal: whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

CÆS. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract^b 'tween his lust and him.

^a *Ostentation* in the original. Stevens reads *ostent*.

^b *Abstract*. This is the word of the original; and, although it may be used with sufficient licence, it gives us the meaning which the poet would express, that Octavia was something separating Antony from the gratification of his desires. Warburton reads *obstruct*; but we have no example of such an abbreviation of *obstruction*. There are difficulties in either reading; and it is better, therefore, to hold to the original, seeing that Shakspeare sometimes employs words with a

OCT. Do not say so, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCT. My lord, in Athens.

CÆS. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

OCT. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

CÆS. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their^a ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

AGR. Welcome, lady.

MEC. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;

meaning peculiar to himself. His boldness may not be justified by example,—but his meaning has always reference to the original sense of the word.

^a *Their*. The original has—

“And the high gods,

To do you justice, *makes his* ministers.”

Here is a false concord; and to correct it we ought to read *make their*. But the modern editors read *make them*, which is a deviation from the principle upon which a correction can be authorised.

And gives his potent regiment^a to a trull,
That noises it against us.

OCT. Is it so, sir?

CÆS. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But, why, why, why?

CLEO. Thou hast forspoke^b my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

ENO. Well, is it, is it?

CLEO. If not denounc'd^c against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

ENO. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely^d lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

CLEO. What is 't you say?

ENO. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war¹¹.

CLEO. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

ENO. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

ANT. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,

*

^a *Regiment*—government, authority.

^b *Forspoke*—spoken against.

^c The modern reading is—

"Is 't not? Denounce against us why should not we."

We follow the original, the meaning of which is, if there be no especial denunciation against us,
why should we not be there?

^d *Merely*—entirely.

And take in ^a Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?

CLEO. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

ANT. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEO. By sea! What else?

CAN. Why will my lord do so?

ANT. For that he dares us.

ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

ENO. Your ships are not well mann'd¹⁵:
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

ANT. By sea, by sea.

ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

ANT. I 'll fight at sea.

CLEO. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

ANT. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

MESS. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

ANT. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,

^a *Take in*—gain by conquest.

And our twelve thousand horse :—We 'll to our ship,

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

SOLD. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea¹⁶ ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking ; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away.

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

SOLD. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't : So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

SOLD. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

CAN. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeijs,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

SOLD. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions^a,
As beguil'd all spies.

CAN. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you ?

SOLD. They say, one Taurus.

CAN. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The emperor calls Canidius.

CAN. With news the time 's with labour : and throes forth,
Each minute, some.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

CÆS. Taurus,—

TAUR. My lord.

CÆS. Strike not by land ; keep whole ;
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll ;
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[Exeunt.]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

ANT. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,

^a *Distractions—detachments.*

In eye of Cæsar's battle : from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught¹⁷ ! I can behold no longer :
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

SCAR. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

ENO. What 's thy passion ?

SCAR. The greater cantle^a of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight ?

SCAR. On our side like the token'd pestilence^b,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid^c nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize^d upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

ENO. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCAR. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENO. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

CAN. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

^a *Cantle*—a portion. See 'Henry IV., Part I.,' Act III., Scene 1.

^b *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when those spots appear on the skin which are called God's tokens.

^c *Ribald-rid*. The original has *ribaudred*.

^d *The brize*—the gad-fly.

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own.

ENO. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night, indeed.

[*Aside*

CAN. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCAR. 'T is easy to 't;

And there I will attend what further comes.

CAN. To Cæsar will I render

My legions and my horse; six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

ENO. I 'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

ANT. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
 It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither¹⁸,
 I am so lated in the world, that I
 Have lost my way for ever^a:—I have a ship
 Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

ATT. Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
 To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
 I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
 Which has no need of you; be gone:
 My treasure 's in the harbour, take it.—O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
 My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure,
 Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—

^a In 'Macbeth' we have—

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace."

Here is the same image; but *lated* and *letted* each have the sense of obstructed, hindered.

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I 'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

IRAS. Do, most dear queen.

CHAR. Do! Why, what else?

CLEO. Let me sit down. O Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no.

EROS. See you here, sir?

ANT. O fie, fie, fie.

CHAR. Madam,—

IRAS. Madam; O good empress!—

EROS. Sir, sir,—

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer^a; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry^b, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

CLEO. Ah, stand by.

EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him;

He is unqualitied with very shame.

CLEO. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANT. I have offended reputation;

A most unnoble swerving.

EROS. Sir, the queen.

ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back on what I have left behind

'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEO. O my lord, my lord!

Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought

You would have follow'd.

ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit

^a A passage in 'All 's Well that Ends Well' explains this allusion:—

"Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with."

^b Made war by lieutenants.

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLEO. O, my pardon.

ANT. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEO. Pardon, pardon.

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

CÆS. Let him appear that 's come from Antony¹⁰.—
Know you him?

DOL. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

CÆS. Approach, and speak.

EUP. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea^a.

CÆS. Be it so: Declare thine office.

EUP. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;

^a Capell explains this passage thus: "The sea, that he (the dew-drop) arose from."

Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆS. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUP. Fortune pursue thee !

CÆS. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*
To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : Despatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise, [*To THYREUS.*
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

THYR. Cæsar, I go.

CÆS. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

THYR. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

ENO. Think, and die^a.

CLEO. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

ENO. Antony, only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered^b question : 'T was a shame, no less

^a Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen. But the commentators have not been satisfied with it. Hammer reads "*drink* and die ;" Tyrwhitt proposes to read "*wink* and die." We may here very safely trust to the original.

^b *Mered*. Mere is a boundary ; and *to mere* is to mark, to limit. Spenser thus uses the word as a verb.

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEO. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

ANT. Is that his answer?

EUP. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

EUP. He says so.

ANT. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

CLEO. That head, my lord?

ANT. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd^a, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I 'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

ENO. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

ATT. A messenger from Cæsar²⁰.

CLEO. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

ENO. Mine honesty and I begin to square.

[Aside.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make

^a Johnson explains the passage thus: "I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power."

Our faith mere folly :—Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

CLEO. Cæsar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends ; say boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that is Cæsar's.

THYR. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar^a.

CLEO. Go on : Right royal.

THYR. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEO. O !

THYR. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

CLEO. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

ENO. To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[Aside.

[Exit ENOBARBUS.

THYR. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

CLEO. What 's your name ?

THYR. My name is Thyreus.

CLEO. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation

^a This is the reading of the second folio. The first edition has "Further than he is Cæsar's."

I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

THYR. "T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLEO. Your Cæsar's father,
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

ANT. Favours, by Jove that thunders !—
What art thou, fellow ?

THYR. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

ENO. You will be whipp'd.
ANT. Approach, there :—Ay, you kite !—Now gods and devils !
Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cried "ho !" ^a
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will ?" Have you no ears ?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

ENO. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

ANT. Moon and stars !
Whip him :—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra ?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : Take him hence.

THYR. Mark Antony,—

ANT. Tug him away ; being whipp'd,
Bring him again :—The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.*]
You were half-blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

^a A muss—a scramble.

And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders^a?

CLEO. Good my lord—

ANT. You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth^b; drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion.

CLEO. O, is it come to this?

ANT. I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

CLEO. Wherefore is this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare^c about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

1 ATT. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 ATT. He did ask favour.

ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

^a Antony is comparing Cleopatra with Octavia; "One that looks on feeders" is one that bestows favours on servants. *Eaters, feeders*, were terms for servants in the old dramatists. Gifford has clearly shown, in a note to 'The Silent Woman,' that Dr. Johnson was mistaken when he interpreted the passage in the text to mean that Antony was abused by Thyreus,—by one that looked on whilst others fed.

^b We follow the original punctuation. The ordinary reading is

"The wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments;"

the only recommendation of which appears to be that it gives occasion for a note by Steevens emulating many others that have rendered the variorum edition of Shakspeare one of the filthiest books in our language. If there be a possibility of distorting Shakspeare into indelicacy, Steevens, in his own name, or under the disguise of Amner or of Collins, never misses the opportunity.

^c *Yare*—nimble.

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him: for he seems
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 't is to do 't;
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
 Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[Exit THYREUS.]

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

CLEO. I must stay his time.

ANT. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandering^a of this pelleted storm,

^a *Discandering*. This is the word of the original; but the invariable modern reading is *discandying*. Theobald, treating the original as a corruption, "reformed the text;" and Malone explains that "*discandy* is used in the next Act." But how is it used?—

"The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do *discandy*, melt their sweets,
 On blossoming Cæsar."

The expletive *melt their sweets* gives us the peculiar and most forcible meaning in which the word is here used. But the pelleted storm, which makes Cleopatra's brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word *discandying*. We refer our readers to a note in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Act I, Scene 3, upon the passage "Other ventures he hath squandered abroad." To *squander* is to scatter; and so Dryden uses the word:— "They

Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

ANT. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet^a, threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in 't yet.

CLEO. That's my brave lord!

ANT. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night^b: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLEO. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANT. We will yet do well.

CLEO. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

ENO. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,

“They drive, they *squander* the huge Belgian fleet.”

To *dis-scander*, we believe then, is to *dis-squander*. The particle *dis* is, as Mr. Richardson has stated, “frequently prefixed to words themselves meaning separation or partition, and augmenting the force of those words.” We therefore, without hesitation, restore the original *discandering*, in the sense of *dis-squandering*.

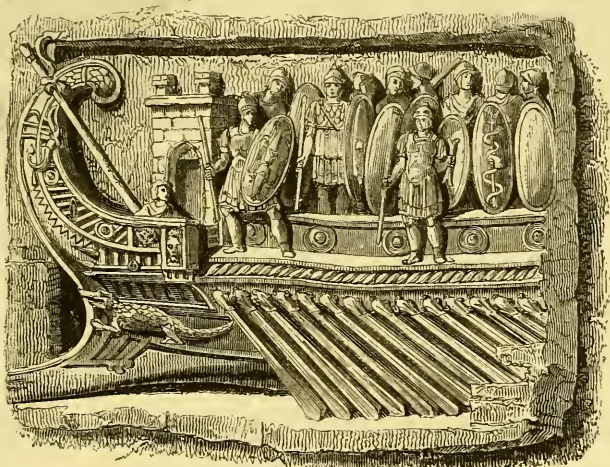
^a *Fleet*—the old word for *float*.

^b *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing. A gaudy day in the Universities and Inns of Court is a feast day. Nares, in explanation of the term, quotes from an old play:—

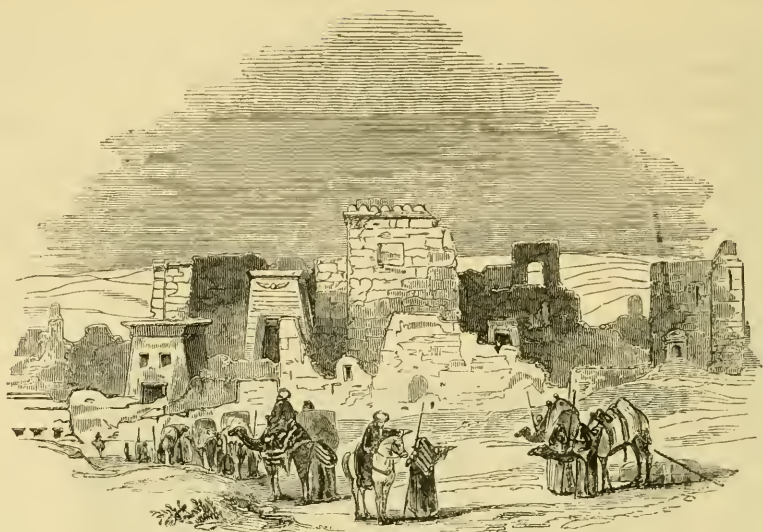
“A foolish utensil of state
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day, 's
Brought forth to make a show, and that is all.”

A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*



[*Prow of a Roman Galley.*]



[*Ancient Egyptian Palace.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.

CÆS. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
 To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
 Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
 I have many other ways to die; mean time,
 Laugh at his challenge²¹.

MEC. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

CÆS. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
 And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius ?

ENO. No.

ANT. Why should he not ?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

ANT. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I 'll fight : or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well ?

ENO. I 'll strike ; and cry, " Take all."

ANT. Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants²² ; let 's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—

Thou^a,—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

CLEO. What means this ?

ENO. 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

[*Aside.*

ANT. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men ;

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony ; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

SERV. The gods forbid !

ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :

Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

CLEO. What does he mean ?

ENO. To make his followers weep.

ANT. Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow

You 'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

^a *Thou.* Hanmer reads *and thou*, which all the editors follow. They cannot understand how the pause which is necessary in addressing various persons, stands in the place of a syllable.

2 SOLD. Hark!

1 SOLD. Music i' the air.

3 SOLD. Under the earth.

4 SOLD. It signs well,
Does 't not?

3 SOLD. No.

1 SOLD. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 SOLD. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 SOLD. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. *[They advance to another post.]*

2 SOLD. How now, masters?

SOLDIERS. How now?

How now? do you hear this? *[Several speaking together.]*

1 SOLD. Ay: Is 't not strange?

3 SOLD. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 SOLD. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how 't will give off.

SOLDIERS. *[Several speaking.]* Content: 'T is strange. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEO. Sleep a little.

ANT. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

CLEO. Nay, I 'll help too.

What's this for?

ANT. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this.

CLEO. Sooth, la, I 'll help: Thus it must be.

ANT. Well, well:

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

EROS. Briefly, sir.

CLEO. Is not this buckled well?

ANT. Rarely, rarely;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen 's a squire
 More tight at this than thou : Despatch.—O love,
 That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
 The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
 Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :
 To business that we love we rise betime,
 And go to 't with delight.

1 OFF. A thousand, sir,
 Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
 And at the port expect you. *[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 OFF. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

ALL. Good morrow, general.

ANT. 'T is well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
 So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
 Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
 This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable,
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
 On more mechanic compliment ; I 'll leave thee
 Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight
 Follow me close ; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[Kisses her.]

[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.]

CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

CLEO. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
 Determine this great war in single fight !
 Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier meeting them.

SOLD. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

ANT. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
 To make me fight at land !

SOLD. Hadst thou done so,
 The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
 That has this morning left thee, would have still
 Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who 's gone this morning?
SOLD. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

ANT. What say'st thou?
SOLD. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone?

SOLD. Most certain.

ANT. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men;—despatch: Enobarbus^a!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

AGR. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA.*

CÆS. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Antony
Is come into the field.

CÆS. Go, charge Agrippa:
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

ENO. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

^a We follow the words of the original, but not the punctuation. That reading is "despatch Enobarbus." It may possibly mean despatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says, "despatch;" and then, thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name. The second folio changes the words, having "Eros, despatch."

But now 't is made an H.

ANT. They do retire.

SCAR. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

EROS. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCAR. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCAR. I 'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

ANT. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;

[*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLEO. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANT. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though gray
Do something mingle with our younger^a brown;

^a *Younger.* Steevens omits the epithet in his "regulation of the metre."

Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
 And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
 Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANT. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together,
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril,—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. *Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 SOLD. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: The night
 Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 SOLD. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

ENO. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 SOLD. What man is this?

2 SOLD. Stand close, and list him.

ENO. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

When men revolted shall upon record

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did

Before thy face repent!—

1 SOLD. Enobarbus!

3 SOLD. Peace;

Hark further.

ENO. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,

May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

2 SOLD. Let's speak to him.

1 SOLD. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Cæsar.

3 SOLD. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 SOLD. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his was never yet for sleep.

2 SOLD. Go we to him.

3 SOLD. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2 SOLD. Hear you, sir?

1 SOLD. The hand of death hath caught him. Hark, the drums

[Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
 Is fully out.

3 SOLD. Come on then;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.

ANT. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.

SCAR. For both, my lord.

ANT. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven^a:—
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.

^a The sentence—

“Order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven”—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

“Where their appointment we may best discover.”

The editors allow nothing for the rapidity of utterance, and the modulation with which such parenthetical passages are given upon the stage; and they therefore corrupt the text by the feeble addition of “*Let's seek a spot, where their appointment,*” &c. This is Malone's cobbling. Others give us “*further on.*”

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.

CÆS. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

ANT. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go.

[*Exit.*]

SCAR. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

ANT. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian bath betrayed me²⁴:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd^a me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, bath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

[*Exit SCARUS.*]

^a *Spaniel'd.* The original has *panell'd*. The emendation, which is by Hanmer, is judicious; and it is supported by the fact that *spaniel* was formerly spelt *spannel*.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

CLEO. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

ANT. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown

For poor'st diminutives, for dolts^a; and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*] 'T is well thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!

The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,

Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall

Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, hoa!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly

Was never so emboss'd.

CHAR. To the monument;

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,

Than greatness going off.

CLEO. To the monument:—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;

Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,

And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,

And bring me how he takes my death.—

To the monument.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a We follow the original. The ordinary reading is

“For poor'st diminutives to dolts;”

and it is explained that the poorest diminutives are the smallest pieces of money. Others read “for *doits*,” diminutives and dolts each meaning small moneys. We believe that the “poor'st diminutives” are the lowest of the populace, as the “dolts” are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of; or adopt a suggestion by Malone, be shown *fore*, &c.

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.**Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,

A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants^a.

EROS. Ay, my lord.

ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,

As water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body; here I am Antony;

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't

A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has

Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us

Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

MAR. No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine entirely²⁵.

ANT. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;

She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

MAR. Death of one person can be paid but once;

And that she has discharg'd: What thou wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake

Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony; it was divided

^a T. Warton remarks upon this passage, "The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age." Whiter adds that "The rack dislimns" is a continuation of the same allusion.

Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

ANT. Dead then ?

MAR. Dead.

ANT. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[Exit MARDIAN.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;

You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[Exit EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no farther : Now all labour

Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done^a.—

Eros !—I come my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,

And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

EROS. What would my lord ?

ANT. Since Cleopatra died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a woman ; less noble mind

Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

“ I am conqueror of myself.” Thou art sworn, Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which now

Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me

Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace

And horror, that, on my command, thou then

Wouldst kill me^b : do't ; the time is come :

^a The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in ‘ King Henry V. : ’—

“ And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.”

^b The passage is regulated thus in the original :—

“ When I should see behind me

Th'

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

ANT. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd^a arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued ?

EROS. I would not see 't.

ANT. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir, pardon me.

ANT. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor ; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'T is said, man ;—and farewell.

EROS. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then :—[Falls on his sword.] Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.

ANT. Thrice nobler than myself !
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That, on my command, thou then wilt kill me."

The ordinary metrical arrangement is—

" When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me."

We trust our change is an improvement.

^a *Pleach'd*—folded.

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
 Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
 A nobleness in record: But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
 The guard—ho^a!—O, despatch me.

[*Falling on his sword.*]

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 GUARD. What's the noise?

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
 Of what I have begun.

2 GUARD. The star is fallen.

1 GUARD. And time is at his period.

ALL. Alas, and woe!

ANT. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 GUARD. Not I.

2 GUARD. Nor I.

3 GUARD. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Where's Antony?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*]

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
 Sufficing strokes for death.

DIO. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
 Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
 (Which never shall be found) you did suspect
 She had dispos'd with^a Cæsar, and that your rage
 Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
 But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
 Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
 I dread, too late.

^a The original has *how*, with a note of interrogation.

^b *Dispos'd with*—made terms with.

ANT. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I prithee.

DIO. What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard, what, ho !

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides !

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 GUARD. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

ALL. Most heavy day !

ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :

I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

CLEO. O Charmian, I will never go from hence²⁶.

CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEO. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

DIO. His death 's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

CLEO. O sun^a,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony !

Antony, Antony !—Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;

Help, friends below ; let 's draw him hither.

ANT. Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEO. So it should be, that none but Antony

^a *O sun.* The ordinary reading is "*O thou sun.*" Pope added *thou*.

Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

CLEO. I dare not, dear ^a,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd ^b with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

ANT. O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEO. Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come; [*They draw ANTONY up.*]
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL. A heavy sight!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEO. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel ^c,
Provok'd by my offence.

ANT. One word, sweet queen:

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

CLEO. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me;

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

CLEO. My resolution, and my hands, I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

ANT. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,

^a Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to bestow the poor last kiss.

^b *Brooch'd*—adorned, as with a brooch.

^c Johnson calls this "a despicable line." There are not many such despicable lines in 'Irene.'

In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

[Dies.]

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

[She faints.]

CHAR. O, quietness, lady!

IRAS. She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHAR. Lady,—

IRAS. Madam,—

CHAR. O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras.

CLEO. No more, but e'en^a a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares^b.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—

[To the Guard below.]

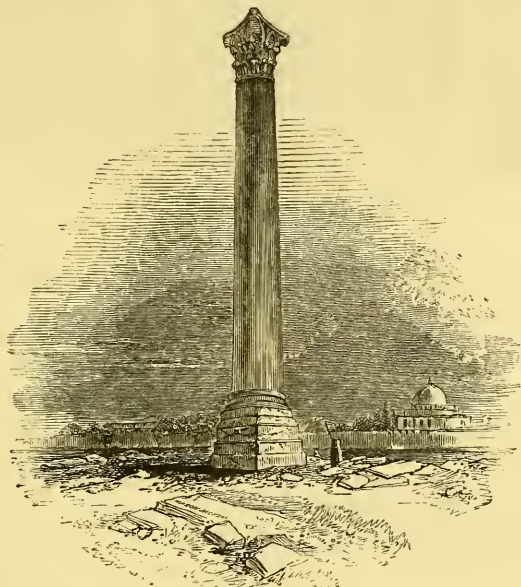
We 'll bury him; and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,

^a *E'en*. The original has *in*.

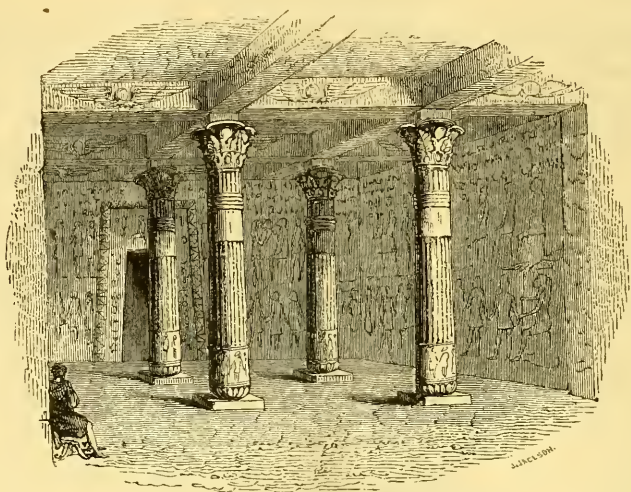
^b *Chares*. A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work,—a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*, to turn. Hence, a charwoman.

And make Death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.]



[Pompey's Pillar.]



[Interior of an Egyptian Monument.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

CÆS. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by^a]
The pauses that he makes.

DOL. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

CÆS. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us²⁷?

DER. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

^a The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them, and Steevens adopts them with some hesitation, saying, "We are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the word *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare." It is difficult, however, to render the passage intelligible without some such words as those inserted.

CÆS. What is 't thou say'st?

DER.¹ I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

CÆS. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens^a:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

DER. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

CÆS. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

AGR. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

MEC. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

AGR. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

MEC. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

CÆS. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this^b:—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,

^a The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

^b *Follow'd thee to this*—driven thee to this.

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

MESS. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen, my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

CÆS. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

MESS. So the gods preserve thee !

[*Exit.*

CÆS. Come hither, Proculeius : Go, and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

PRO. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

CÆS. Gallus, go you along.—Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ?

[*Exit GALLUS.*

AGR., MEC. Dolabella !

CÆS. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent : where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS^a.

CLEO. My desolation does begin to make

^a Malone says, " Our author here (as in 'King Henry VIII.,' Act V., Scene 1) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their

A better life : 'T is paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will : And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's^a.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

PRO. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEO. [*Within.*] What 's thy name?

PRO. My name is Proculeius.

CLEO. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PRO. Be of good cheer ;
You are fallen into a princely hand ; fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need : Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency : and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEO. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

PRO. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument." Our readers will recollect what we have so often said about the secondary stage of the old theatre, which contrivance got rid of the difficulty here pointed out. See 'Othello,' Illustrations of Act V.

^a *The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's* is unquestionably death; not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Cæsar.

GAL. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;

[Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]

Guard her till Cæsar come²⁸. [To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.]

IRAS. Royal queen!

CHAR. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

CLEO. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.]

PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not thyself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLEO. What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

PRO. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLEO. Where art thou, Death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PRO. O, temperance, lady!

CLEO. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither^a: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides^b my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PRO. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,

^a Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."

^b *Pyramides*—the Latin plural of pyramid; used as a quadrisyllable.

And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.

PRO. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you 'll employ me to him.

[To CLEOPATRA.]

CLEO. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*]

DOL. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEO. I cannot tell.

DOL. Assuredly you know me.

CLEO. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

DOL. I understand not, madam.

CLEO. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOL. If it might please you,—

CLEO. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

DOL. Most sovereign creature,—

CLEO. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't: an autumn^a 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates^b dropp'd from his pocket.

DOL. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLEO. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff

^a *Autumn.* The original has *Antony*; evidently a mistake. The correction was made by Theobald.

^b *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*. So in Marlowe's '*Jew of Malta*,'—
"Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates*?"

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

DOL. Hear me, good madam :
 Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
 My very heart at root.

CLEO. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

DOL. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEO. Nay, pray you, sir,—

DOL. Though he be honourable,—

CLEO. He 'll lead me then in triumph?

DOL. Madam, he will;

I know it.

WITHIN. Make way there,—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

CÆS. Which is the queen of Egypt²⁹?

DOL. 'T is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

CÆS. Arise, you shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEO. Sir, the gods
 Will have it thus; my master and my lord
 I must obey.

CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts.
 The record of what injuries you did us,
 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
 As things but done by chance.

CLEO. Sole sir o' the world,
 I cannot project mine own cause so well
 To make it clear; but do confess I have
 Been laden with like frailties, which before
 Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆS. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce:
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
 A benefit in this change; but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEO. And may, through all the world: 't is yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

CÆS. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEO. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus?

SEL. Here, madam.

CLEO. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SEL. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

CLEO. What have I kept back?

SEL. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

CÆS. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEO. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

CÆS. Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEO. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern^a friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

[To SELEUCUS.]

^a Modern—common.

Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

CLEO. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆS. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend : And so adieu.

CLEO. My master, and my lord !

CÆS. Not so : Adieu.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.]

CLEO. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

IRAS. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

CLEO. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

CHAR. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. Where is the queen ?

CHAR. Behold, sir.

[Exit CHARMIAN.]

CLEO. Dolabella ?

DOL. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey³⁰ ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

CLEO. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

DOL. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

CLEO. Farewell, and thanks.

[*Exit* DOLABELLA.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

IRAS. The gods forbid!

CLEO. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS. O the good gods!

CLEO. Nay, that is certain.

IRAS. I 'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEO. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen:—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we 'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise? [*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

CLEO. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine. [*Exit* Guard.]

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEO. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

CLEO. Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN. I wish you all joy of the worm.

CLEO. Farewell.

[*Clown sets down the basket.*]

CLOWN. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEO. Ay, ay: farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEO. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEO. Will it eat me?

CLOWN. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEO. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

CLEO. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Irás, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

CLEO. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou^a mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpoliced!

CHAR. O eastern star!

CLEO. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHAR. O, break! O, break!

CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O, Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:— [*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*]

CHAR. In this vild^b world?—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1st GUARD. Where is the queen?

CHAR. Speak softly, wake her not.

1st GUARD. Cæsar hath sent—

CHAR. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

^a Steevens omits the impressive *thou*.

^b *Vild*. The original has *wild*. Steevens suggested that the true word was *vild*—vile. Mr. Dyce has shown that the misprint of *wild* for *vild* "is one of the commonest in early books."

1 GUARD. Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguil'd.

2 GUARD. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1 GUARD. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.

Enter DOLABELLA.

DOL. How goes it here?

2 GUARD. All dead.

DOL. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

WITHIN. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

DOL. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear is done.

CÆS. Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

DOL. Who was last with them?

1 GUARD. A simple countryman, that brought her figs.

This was his basket.

CÆS. Poison'd then.

1 GUARD. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

CÆS. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

DOL. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

The like is on her arm.

1 GUARD. This is an asp's trail: and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

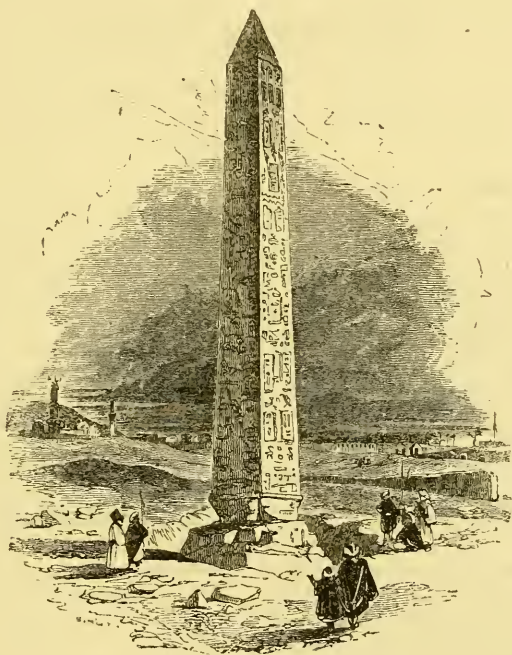
CÆS. Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me

She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*



[*Cleopatra's Needle.*]



[Medal of Antony and Cleopatra.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.

"To-night we'll wander through the streets," &c.
IN this, and the subsequent Illustrations in each Act, the quotations are from North's Plutarch, unless otherwise distinguished.

"But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look."

² SCENE II.

"Fulvia thy wife first came into the field."

"Now, Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius, with much ado, a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia; but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail, and as he went took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war; who, being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to draw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the

way, and died in the city of Sicion: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easier made friends again."

³ SCENE IV.

*"When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena," &c.*

"Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar serjeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor; and, moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all

other, and that which pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself. Every man that feelth want or adversity knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do; but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and dislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and, moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

ACT II.

⁴ SCENE II.

"Thou hast a sister by the mother's side."

"THE friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Afric unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their friends consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel; but yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister, Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife

Fulvia. * * * Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserved) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him."

⁵ SCENE II.

"Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast."

"I have heard my grandfather Lamprias report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and, amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, Sure you have a great number of guests to supper. The cook fell a laughing, and answered him, No (quoth he), not

many guests, not above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius, peradventure, will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in."

⁶ SCENE II.

"When she first met Mark Antony," &c.

"The manner how he fell in love with her was this:—Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. * * * So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citterns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, appareled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys, appareled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were appareled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet favour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all

along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it."

⁷ SCENE III. *Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?"*

"With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Caesar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his: and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Caesar's cocks or quails did ever overcome."

⁸ SCENE V. *"'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling," &c.*

"On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore she secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook

which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing."

9 SCENE VI.

"*Your hostages I have, so have you mine,*" &c.

"Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirate ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all

thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we sup? There, said Pompey: and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars: That (said he) is my father's house they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of Mount Misena; and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him, Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length answered him, Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily."

10 SCENE VII.

"*They take the flow o' the Nile,*" &c.

Shakspeare might have found a description of the rise of the Nile, and the estimate of plenty or scarcity thereon depending, in Holland's translation of Pliny. The Nilometer is described in Leo's 'History of Africa,' translated by John Pory. Both works were published at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

ACT III.

11 SCENE I.—"*Now, darting Parthia,*" &c.

"In the mean time Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria, at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as

ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them

any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius's displeasure by it. * * * * Having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family, who only came to that he attained unto through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet, to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Caesar, to wit, that they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves."

¹² "SCENE IV.—*A more unhappy lady,*" &c.

"But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Caesar upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail; and because those of Brundisium would not receive his army into their haven, he went further unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. She put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Caesar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mecenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, entreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate creature of all other. For now, said she, every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other; and if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid), and that they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

¹³ SCENE VI.—*In Alexandria.*"

"And to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans; for he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his

children; then he openly published before the assembly that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the Lower Syria; and at that time also, Cæsarian king of the same realms. This Cæsarian was supposed to be the son of Julius Caesar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander, for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy, for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown, after the fashion of the Medes, with a high cop-tanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them; and Ptolemy appeared in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet, and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times else when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these:—First, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof which had been assigned unto him for his part; and, last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again,—That for Lepidus, he had indeed despoiled him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and, secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented

Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia; and, thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain."

14 SCENE VII.—"*T is said in Rome,*" &c.

"Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they that should make war with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bed-chamber, that frizzled her hair and dressed her head), and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius's empire."

15 SCENE VII.

"*Your ships are not well mann'd.*"

"Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea, though he saw before his eyes that for lack of water-men his captains did press by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys, so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough; but, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundisium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army, into Italy, and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius,

on the other side, bravely sent him word again, and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before."

16 SCENE VII.

"*O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.*"

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself."

17 SCENE VIII.—"*Naught, naught, all naught!*"

"Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships, for the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also: for when he saw Cleopatra's

ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction."

¹⁸ SCENE IX.—"*Friends, come hither.*"

"Now for himself he determined to cross over into Afric, and took one of his carects, or hulks, laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart, and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place until they had made their peace with Cæsar."

¹⁹ SCENE X.

"*Let him appear that's come from Antony.*"

"They sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. * * * Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests; but for Cleopatra, he made

her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country."

²⁰ SCENE XI.—"*A messenger from Cæsar.*"

"Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, inso-much as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he), thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnise the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich."

ACT IV.

²¹ SCENE I. "*Let the old ruffian know, I have many other ways to die,*" &c.

"So Cæsar came, and pitched his camp hard by the city (Alexandria), in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men, even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men-at-arms unto her that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra,

to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold; howbeit, the man-at-arms, when he received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so."

²² SCENE II.—"*Call forth my household servants.*"

"Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is

reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could, for, said he, You know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour."

²³ SCENE III.—"*Peace, what noise?*"

"Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they used in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him that did forsake them."

²⁴ SCENE X.

"*This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.*"

"The next morning by break of day he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto

them, with whom he had made war for her sake."

²⁵ SCENE XII.—"*My mistress lov'd thee,*" &c.

"Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus:—O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman. Now he had a man of his, called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. This man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument."

²⁶ SCENE XIII.

"*O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*"

"Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open

the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, 'trised' Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight; for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then

she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman."

ACT V.

27 SCENE I.

"Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st

Appear thus to us?"

"AFTER Antonius had thrust his sword into himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetaus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and furthermore, he thought that, if he could

take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph."

28 SCENE II.—*"Guard her till Cæsar come."*

"But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was 'trised' up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then, when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from

the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to 'appeache' him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her."

29 SCENE II.—"*Which is the queen of Egypt?*"

"Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. * * * * * When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O, Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he

did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself."

30 SCENE II.

*Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey."*

"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table, written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the toms where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of

the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs the aspic should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth: for they report also that she had hidden

poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."

COSTUME.

For the costume of the Roman personages of this play, we, of course refer our readers to the Notice appended to that of Julius Cæsar: but for the costume of Egypt during the latter period of Greek domination we have no satisfactory authority. Winckelmann describes some figures which he asserts were "made by Egyptian sculptors under the dominion of the Greeks, who introduced into Egypt their gods as well as their arts; while, on the other hand, the Greeks adopted Egyptian usages." But from these mutilated remains of Greco-Egyptian workmanship we are unable to ascertain how far the Egyptians generally adopted the cos-

tume of their conquerors, or the conquerors themselves assumed that of the vanquished. In the work on Egyptian Antiquities published in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, the few facts bearing upon this subject have been assembled, and the minutest details of the more ancient Egyptian costume will be found in the admirable works of Sir G. Wilkinson; but it would be worse than useless for us to enter here into a long description of the costume of the Pharaohs, unless we could assert how much, if any part of it, was retained by the Ptolemies.



[Augustus.]

TITUS

ANDRONICUS





[Pontine Marshes.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of 'Titus Andronicus,' appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlaine theyre Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.'

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of 'The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.' It follows 'Coriolanus,' and precedes 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly or in part.

2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend, of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows;" and that edition contains an

entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of 'Henry VI.' to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of 'Titus Andronicus.'

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his 'Bartholomew Fair,' first acted in 1614, says—"He that will swear 'Jeronimo,' or 'Andronicus,' are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well." Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry':—"There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years;' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces." It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare's career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide: each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into

the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable. Accepting that fact, we are reconciled to the inferiority of this play, compared with Shakspeare's undoubted performances. Its revolting story, in the same way, appears such as a very young poet would not have rejected. It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power "to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit." Lamb adds, "writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality." The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona,' Shakspeare had produced 'Lear' and 'Othello.' But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of 'Titus Andronicus'—who use blood as they would "the paint of the property-man in the theatre." Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd?

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *brother to Titus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LUCIUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

QUINTUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1.

MARTIUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1.

MUTIUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus the tribune.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ALARBUS, *son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHIRON, *son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

DEMETRIUS, *son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

AARON, *a Moor.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

A Captain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

A Tribune.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Messenger.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Clown.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.

Goths.

Appear, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Romans.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

A Nurse.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

A Black Child.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY NEAR IT.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft: and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

SAT. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,
 Plead my successive title with your swords:
 I am his^a first-born son, that was the last
 That wore^b the imperial diadem of Rome:
 Then let my father's honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age^c with this indignity.

BASS. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
 If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol;

^a *Am his.* The folio, *was the.*

^b *Wore.* The quarto, *ware.*

^c *Age—seniority.*

And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat ; to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility ;
But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

MARC. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SAT. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

BASS. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy

In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour

Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of BASSIANUS.*

SAT. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;

And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates and let me in.

BASS. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

CAP. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,

Successful in the battles that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From where he circumscribed with his sword,

And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of TITUS' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

TIT. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,

Returns with precious lading to the bay

From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears,

Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou great defender of this Capitol,

Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!

Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,

Half of the number that king Priam had,

Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!

These that survive let Rome reward with love:

These that I bring unto their latest home,

With burial amongst their ancestors.

Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,

Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,

To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?

Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :

O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,

That thou wilt never render to me more !

LUC. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,

Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,

Before this earthy ^a prison of their bones ;

That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TIT. I give him you, the noblest that survives,

The eldest son of this ^b distressed queen

TAM. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,

Victorius Titus, rue the tears I shed,

A mother's tears in passion for her son :

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

O think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome

To beautify thy triumphs, and return

Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause ?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?

Draw near them then in being merciful :

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge,

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

TIT. Patient ^c yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are the ^d brethren, whom you Goths beheld

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,

'T appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC. Away with him, and make a fire straight ;

^a *Earthy*, in both quartos. The folio, *earthly*.

^c *Patient*—as a verb.

^b *This*, in the folio. The quarto, *his*.

^d *The*, in the folio. The quarto, *their*.

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* TITUS' Sons with ALARBUS.

TAM. O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHI. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEMET. Oppose not^a Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.

LUC. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd;
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT. Let it be so, and let Andronicus

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

LAV. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb, my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes^b Rome's best citizens applaud.

^a Not. So the quarto. The folio, *me*.

^b Fortunes, in the quarto. The folio, *fortune*.

TIT. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
 Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
 And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

MARC. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
 Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TIT. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MARC. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
 You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all^a,
 That in your country's service drew your swords.
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
 And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
 This palliament^b of white and spotless hue,
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late deceased emperor's sons:
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TIT. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
 What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons;
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country;
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world!
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARC. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SAT. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TIT. Patience, prince Saturninus.

SAT. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:

^a The folio has, "all alike in all."

^b *Palliament*—robe.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

LUC. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TIT. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BASS. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TIT. People of Rome, and people's^a tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

MARC. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, "Long live our emperor, Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

SAT. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon^b her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TIT. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,

^a *People's*, in the quarto. The folio, *noble*.

^b *Pantheon*, in the second folio. All the earlier copies, *Pathan*.

The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
 Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

SAT. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;
 To him that, for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

[To TAMORA.]

SAT. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew :
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths ;
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

LAV. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesies.

SAT. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

BASS. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.]

TIT. How, sir ? are you in earnest then, my lord ?

BASS. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
 To do myself this reason and this right.

MARC. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
 This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT. Traitors, avaunt ! where is the emperor's guard ?
 Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

SAT. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

BASS. By him that justly may
 Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

MUT. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
 And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

TIT. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

MUT. My lord, you pass not here.

TIT. What! villain, boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?

MUT. Help, Lucius, help!

[TITUS kills him.]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUC. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

TIT. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:

My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

LUC. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[Exit.]

Enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA and her two Sons, and AARON the Moor.

SAT. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine^a?

Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

SAT. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to handy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TIT. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SAT. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths; dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and everything

In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

^a The second folio has—

“Was there none else in Rome, to make a stale,
But Saturnine?”

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

TAM. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

SAT. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt SATURNINE and his Followers ; TAMORA, and her Sons ;

AARON, and Goths.

TIT. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

MARC. O, Titus, see ! O see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT. No, foolish tribune, no : no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

LUC. But let us give him burial as becomes :
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

TIT. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb :
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame : none basely slain in brawls :
Bury him where you can ; he comes not here.

MARC. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :
He must be buried with his brethren.

QUINT., MART. And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT. And shall ! What villain was it spake that word ?

QUINT. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

TIT. What ! would you bury him in my despite ?

MARC. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :
My foes I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART. He is not with himself^a; let us withdraw.

QUINT. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried. [*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

MARC. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

QUINT. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

TIT. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

MARC. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

LUC. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

MARC. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice, did bury Ajax,

That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT. Rise, Marcus, rise!

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next. [*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

LUC. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel and say,*]

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[*Exeunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]

MARC. My lord,—to step out of these sudden^b dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

TIT. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is:

Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;

Is she not then beholding to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes; and will nobly him remunerate^c.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA, and her two Sons, with the Moor, at one side;
enter at the other side, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

SAT. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

BASS. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

SAT. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

^a With himself, in the quarto. The folio omits *with*.

^b Sudden, in the folio. The quarto, *dreary*.

^c This line, found in the folio, is wanting in the quarto. It is, probably, not intended to be spoken by Titus.

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

BASS. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

SAT. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

BASS. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TIT. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

TAM. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all:
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

TAM. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forbend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose;
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all ;
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.]

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

SAT. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

TIT. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable :
And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

MARC. That on mine honour here I do protest.

SAT. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

TAM. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

SAT. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend : and sure as death I swear^a,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

^a *Swear*, in the folio. The quarto, *swore*.

TIT. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we 'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
SAT. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

AARON. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile^a thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph^b,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
 Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

DEMET. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHI. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'T is not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

DEMET. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMET. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[They draw.]

AARON. Why, how now, lords?
 So near the emperor's palace, dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
 I would not for a million of gold
 The cause were known to them it most concerns.
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

DEMET. Not I, till I have sheath'd
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

^a *Servile*, in the quarto of 1600; the folio, *idle*, and so the quarto of 1611.

^b *Nymph*, in the quarto of 1600; the folio, and the quarto of 1611, *queen*.

CHI. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

AARON. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all!
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware; and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHI. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMET. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

CHI. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I do love.

AARON. To achieve her, how?

DEMET. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMET. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

CHI. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

DEMET. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
 To square for this? would it offend you then
 That both should speed^a?

CHI. Faith, not me.

DEMET. Nor me, so I were one.

AARON. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect, and so must you resolve
 That what you cannot as you would achieve
 You must perforce accomplish as you may:
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than^b ling'ring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred^c wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHI. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice,

DEMET. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a This line is omitted in the folio: the sense is incomplete without it.

^b *Than*—in the original copies, *this*.

^c *Sacred*—in the Latin sense, *accursed*.

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *his three Sons, and* MARCUS, *making a noise with hounds and horns.*

TIT. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and their Attendants.*

TIT. Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SAT. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BAS. Lavinia, how say you?

LAV. I say no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport: madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

MARC. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMET. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON.

AARON. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

TAM. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping^a noise :
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

AARON. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more ; we are espied :

^a *Yelping.* So the folio—commonly, *yelling.*

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

TAM. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

BASS. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM. Saucy controller of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

LAV. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day;
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

BASS. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but^a with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness; I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

BASS. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

LAV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAM. Why have I^b patience to endure all this?

^a *But.* The edition of 1600 has this word.

^b *Have I.* The original copies, *I have.*

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

DEMET. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEMET. This is a witness that I am thy son.

CHI. And this for me struck home to show my strength.

[Stabs him.]

[Stabs him likewise.]

LAV. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEMET. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;

First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw;

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the honey you desire,

Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice preserved honesty of yours.

LAV. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEMET. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory

To see her tears, but be your heart to them

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

CHI. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

LAV. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

TAM. I know not what it means; away with her.

LAV. Oh let me teach thee! For my father's sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

LAV. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,

Where never man's eye may behold my body ;—
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMET. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV. No grace!—no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall——

CHI. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth; bring thou her husband:

[*Dragging off* LAVINIA.]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

TAM. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away:

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

AARON. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINT. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. [*MARTIUS falls into the pit.*]

QUINT. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briers,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt^a

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AARON. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*]

MART. Why dost not comfort me and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUINT. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

MART. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,

^a *Hurt.* In the quarto of 1600.

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

QUINT. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

QUINT. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?

MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

QUINT. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUINT. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

SAT. Along with me :—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

SAT. My brother dead ? I know thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

MART. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

TAM. Where is my lord the king?

SAT. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

TAM. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

The complot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny. [*She gives SATURNINE a letter.*]

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

SAT. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AARON. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

SAT. Two of thy whelps [*to TITUS*], fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

TIT. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

SAT. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, 'Tamora, was it you?

TAM. Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverent tomb I vow

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

TAM. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :

Fear not thy sons ; they shall do well enough.

TIT. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

DEMET. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

CHI. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

DEMET. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

CHI. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

DEMET. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so, let 's leave her to her silent walks.

CHI. An 't were my cause^a, I should go hang myself.

DEMET. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

MARC. Who is this ? my niece, that flies away so fast ?

Cousin, a word ; where is your husband ?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !

Speak, gentle niece ; what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As half thy love ? why dost not speak to me ?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,

^a *Cause.* So the old editions. In modern copies, *case*.

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
 O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal^a,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*]

^a So the folio. The quarto of 1600,

"A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met."





[Scene I.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.

TIT. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.]

For these, tribunes^a, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

^a Malone reads "good tribunes."

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.*]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

LUC. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

LUC. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TIT. Why, 't is no matter, man; if they did hear
They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me^a:
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless^b to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax^c, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUC. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

^a So the folio of 1623. The quarto of 1600—

“Or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them.”

The quarto of 1611 omits “Yet plead I must,” but retains “All bootless unto them.”

^b *Bootless* is omitted in modern editions.

^c *As soft wax.* So the folio: the quartos, “soft as wax.”

TIT. Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee :
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine : how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished !
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

MARC. Titus, prepare thy noble^a eyes to weep,

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT. Will it consume me ? Let me see it, then.

MARC. This was thy daughter.

TIT. Why, Marcus, so she is.

LUC. Ah me ! this object kills me.

TIT. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her :

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?

What fool hath added water to the sea ?

Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy ?

My grief was : at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds :

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd me to effectless use.

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

MARC. Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

LUC. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

MARC. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :

^a *Noble.* The common reading is *aged*.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
 It would have maddened me : what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MARC. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

TIT. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd like^a meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues
 Plot some device of further misery
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUC. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief

^a *Like*. The old copies have *in*. Rowe made the change.

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARC. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TIT. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wote

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUC. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs;

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee.

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;

As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

AARON. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TIT. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUC. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARC. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?^a
Oh, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARC. My hand shall go.

LUC. By heaven, it shall not go!

TIT. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these

^a *Castle*. Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for stronghold, power.

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUC. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARC. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUC. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

MARC. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

TIT. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:

But I 'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* TITUS's hand.]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

TIT. Now, stay your strife: what shall be is despatch'd:

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,

Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.

Their heads I mean: oh, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face!

[*Aside.*

[*Exit*

TIT. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call: What, wilt^a thou kneel with me?

[*To* LAVINIA.

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARC. Oh brother, speak with possibilities^b,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

^a *Wilt*, in the folio; the quartos, *would*.

^b *Possibilities*, in the folio, and quarto of 1611. That of 1600, *possibility*.

MARC. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.

TIT. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow^a:

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

MESSEN. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,

And here 's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:

Thy griefs their sports: thy resolution mock'd:

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

MARC. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell:

These miseries are more than may be borne.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

MARC. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARC. Now farewell flattery: Die Andronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,

Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control my^b griefs:

^a *Blow*, in the second folio. The earlier copies, *flow*.

^b *My*, in all the early copies. Theobald changed it to *thy*. We see no necessity for the change.

Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TIT. Ha, ha, ha!

MARC. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TIT. Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things^a.
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:
He leaves^b his pledges, dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

^a *Things*, in the folio. The quartos, *arms*.

^b *Leaves*. The old copies have *loves*. Rowe made the change, which appears judicious.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out^a.**Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast;
And^b when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

[*To* LAVINIA.]

MARC. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

^a This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose was wanting.

^b *And*. The original has *who*.

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

BOY. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MARC. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

TIT. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

MARC. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

TIT. Out on thee, murtherer ! thou kill'st my heart ;

Mine eyes are ^a cloy'd with view of tyranny :

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother : Get thee gone ;

I see thou art not for my company.

MARC. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air !

Poor harmless fly !

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him

MARC. Pardon me, sir ; 't was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

TIT. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—

Ah, sirrah !

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MARC. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

^a *Are* is omitted in the original.

TIT. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS; then Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

MARC. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

TIT. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

MARC. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

TIT. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her son than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad :
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
 Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to fear ;
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
 Causeless, perhaps : but pardon me, sweet aunt :
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

MARC. Lucius, I will. [*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

TIT. How now, Lavinia ? Marcus, what means this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see :
 Which is it, girl, of these ? open them, boy.
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :
 Come, and take choice of all my library ;
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
 What book^a ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

MARC. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was :
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

BOY. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
 My mother gave it me.

MARC. For love of her that 's gone,
 Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

TIT. Soft ! How^b busily she turns the leaves !
 Help her : what would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MARC. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes^c the leaves !

TIT. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?
 See, see ! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,
 (O had we never, never hunted there !)

^a This hemistich is found only in the folio, and is omitted in modern editions.

^b *How*. The early copies read *so*. The modern reading is, *See how*. The pause after *soft* is a metrical beauty.

^c *Quotes*—observes, searches through.

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

MARC. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

MARC. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me. I have writ my name^a,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

TIT. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

“Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.”

MARC. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

MARC. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere^b,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:

^a The modern editors read—

“This after me, *when* I have writ my name.”

^b *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband. See Illustrations of ‘Henry IV., Part I.,’ Act I.

The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARC. Ay, that's my boy: thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TIT. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TIT. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

MARC. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his extasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge:
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS *at one door; at another door* Young LUCIUS and Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

CHI. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;

And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*

DEMET. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news?

BOY. That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news^a,

For villains mark'd with rape [*Aside*]. May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bad me say:

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well,

And so I leave you both: [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

DEMET. What 's here? a scroll; and written round about?

Let 's see:

"*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."

CHI. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

AARON. Ay, just a verse in Horace^b; right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here 's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[*The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*

And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMET. But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

AARON. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

DEMET. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI. A charitable wish, and full of love.

AARON. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

^a This line is omitted in the folio; a typographical error, which has arisen through the preceding line ending with the same word.

^b *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just! A verse," &c.

CHI. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEMET. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,

For our beloved mother in her pains.

AARON. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[*Aside. Trumpets sound.*]

DEMET. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHI. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMET. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.

NURSE. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

AARON. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NURSE. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

AARON. To whom?

NURSE. I mean she is brought a-bed.

AARON. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

NURSE. A devil.

AARON. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

NURSE. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

AARON. Out, you^a whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

DEMET. Villain, what hast thou done?

AARON. That which thou canst not undo.

CHI. Thou hast undone our mother.

AARON. Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEMET. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

CHI. It shall not live.

AARON. It shall not die.

NURSE. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AARON. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I

^a *Out you* is the reading of the folio. The quartos, *Zounds, ye*.

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEMET. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

AARON. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse.]

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood:

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEMET. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AARON. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

DEMET. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

NURSE. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

CHI. I blush to think upon this ignominy^a.

AARON. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer^b.

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

^a *Ignominy*, in the folio; the quartos, *ignomy*.

^b *Leer*—complexion, hue.

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

NURSE. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEMET. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

AARON. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

DEMET. How many women saw this child of his?

AARON. Why, so, brave lords: When we^a join in league

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed^b boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms:

But say, again, how many saw the child?

NURSE. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AARON. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel when the third's away:

Go to the empress, tell her this I said:

[*He kills her.*]

Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

DEMET. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

AARON. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy;

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongued babbling gossip! No, lords, no:

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives^c, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack^d with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

* And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

^a The ordinary reading is, *all* join.

^b *Chafed*, in the old copies; the modern reading, *chased*.

^c *Lives*, which is not in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.

^d *Pack*—contrive, arrange.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHI. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

DEMET. For this care of Tamora,

Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing off the Nurse.*]

AARON. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends:

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave, and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A public Place in Rome.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the arrows with letters on them.

TIT. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way:

Sir boy^a, let me see your archery;

Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.

Terras Astraea reliquit, be you remember'd, Marcus.

She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools;

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,

And cast your nets. Happily, you may find^b her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah, Rome! well, well, I made thee miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.

Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

^a The reading of the second folio is, *Sir boy, now.*

^b *Find.* So the folio, and quarto of 1611; that of 1600, *catch.*

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence ;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

MARC. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

PUB. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

MARC. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

TIT. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What, have you met with her ?

PUB. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall :
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

TIT. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs ; no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear :

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.

Come to this gear ; you are a good archer, Marcus. [*He gives them arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that 's for you ; here, *ad Apollinem* :

Ad Martem, that 's for myself ;

Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine^a,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy : Marcus, loose when I bid :

Of my word I have written to effect,

There 's not a god left unsolicited.

MARC. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

TIT. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius !

[*They shoot.*]

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

^a The old copies read—

“ To *Saturnine*, to Caius, not to Saturnine.”

Rowe corrected the passage.

MARC. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

TIT. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

MARC. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

TIT. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy^a.

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

TIT. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

CLOWN. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again,
for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

TIT. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLOWN. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never drank with him in all my life.

TIT. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

CLOWN. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

TIT. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

CLOWN. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be
so bold to press to heaven in my young days! Why, I am going with my
pigeons to the tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle
and one of the imperial's men.

MARC. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him
deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

TIT. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

CLOWN. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say grace in all my life.

TIT. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile, here 's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

CLOWN. Ay, sir.

TIT. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the
first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your
pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir; see you do
it bravely.

^a The quarto of 1600, "*his* lordship." That of 1611 omits the line, which we print as in the folio.

CLOWN. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TIT. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN. God be with you, sir; I will.

TIT. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me.

[*Exit.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot at him.

SAT. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do^a the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he^b sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAM. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

^a *As do.* These words were inserted by Rowe.

^b *He.* So the original copies. The antecedent being considered *Justice*, the modern reading is *she*. But the change is scarcely necessary.

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.

[*Aside.**Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

TAM. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN. 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought
 you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [SATURNINUS reads the letter.

SAT. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

CLOWN. How much money must I have?

TAM. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN. Hanged! by 'r lady then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*

SAT. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

SAT. What news with thee, Æmilius?

ÆMIL. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

SAT. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms :
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
 'T is he the common people love so much !
 Myself hath often heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

TAM. Why should you fear ? is not your city strong ?

SAT. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

TAM. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing^a

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome !

Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

SAT. But he will not entreat his son for us.

TAM. If Tamora entreat him, then he will ;

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

Go thou before to be our ambassador ;

[To ÆMILIUS.

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

SAT. Æmilius, do this message honourably :

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

ÆMIL. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.

TAM. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;

And temper him, with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

SAT. Then go successantly^b, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

^a *Wing*. The originals, *wings*. But the lines are meant to rhyme alternately.

^b *Successantly*, in the old copies ; in the modern, *successfully*.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths, with drum.

LUC. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

GOTH. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,

And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora :
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUC. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

GOTH. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with his discourse :
"Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf :
Peace, villain, peace !"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUC. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face ?
Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ?^a not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

LUC. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

AARON. Get me a ladder^b ! Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress :
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear ;

^a The second folio here inserts *no*.

^b *Get me a ladder*. These words belong to the Moor in all the editions. He may mean, Execute me, but save the child ! In modern copies Lucius is made to call for the ladder.

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

LUC. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

AARON. And if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUC. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

AARON. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUC. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears;
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

LUC. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

AARON. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

LUC. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

AARON. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

LUC. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

AARON. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd,
And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

LUC. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head :
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd ;
Confederate with the queen and her two sons.
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUC. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears :
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
“ Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUC. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
 LUC. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

GOTH. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

LUC. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: What 's the news from Rome?

ÆMIL. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

GOTH. What says our general?

LUC. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come: march away.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

TAM. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
 I will encounter with Andronicus,
 And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
 To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
 Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.]

TIT. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do
 See here in bloody lines I have set down;
 And what is written shall be executed.

TAM. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TIT. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action^a?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

TAM. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TIT. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,

Witness the tiring day and heavy night,

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAM. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes:

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody Murder, or detested Rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—

Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

TIT. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me

To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAM. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

TIT. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands!

Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge;

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet^b,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers^c in their guilty caves.

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east

Until his very downfall in the sea.

And, day by day, I 'll do this heavy task,

^a *It action.* So the folio. The quartos, *that accord.*

^b Modern editors write the line,

“Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet.”

^c *Murderers.* The early copies, *murther.*

So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

TAM. These are my ministers, and come with me.

TIT. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

TAM. Rape and Murther; therefore called so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

TIT. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men

Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[TITUS closes the door.]

TAM. This closing with him fits his lunacy.

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,

Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches;

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I 'll make him send for Lucius, his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies:

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

TIT. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;

Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.

How like the empress and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the empress never wags

But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil:

But welcome as you are: What shall we do?

TAM. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

DEMET. Show me a murtherer: I 'll deal with him.

CHI. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

TAM. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

TIT. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,

Good Murther, stab him; he 's a murtherer.

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine.

TAM. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Enter MARCUS.

TIT. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

MARC. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit.]

TAM. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

TIT. Nay, nay; let Rape and Murther stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but Lucius.

TAM. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

[Aside.]

TIT. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[Aside.]

DEMET. Madam, depart at pleasure : leave us here.

TAM. Farewell, Andronicus ; Revenge now goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[*Exit TAMORA.*]

TIT. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

CHI. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

TIT. Tut ! I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

PUB. What is your will ?

TIT. Know you these two ?

PUB. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

TIT. Fie, Publius, fie ; thou art too much deceiv'd :

The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name ;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius :

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry ^a.

[*Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]

CHI. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress' sons.

PUB. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths ; let them not speak a word ;

Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast ^b.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and LAVINIA with a basin.

TIT. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound :

Sirs, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband ; and for that vild fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest ;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

^b There is a stage-direction here—*Exeunt*. They perhaps go within the curtain of the second-ary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

The basin that receives your guilty blood.
 You know your mother means to feast with me ;
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
 Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste,
 And of the paste a coffin^a I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own^b increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on :
 For worse than Philomel you used my daughter ;
 And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats : Lavinia, come,
 Receive the blood ; and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it,
 And in that paste let their vild heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.
 So ; now bring them in ; for I 'll play the cook,
 And see them ready against their mother comes.

[*He cuts their throats.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Titus's House. A Pavilion.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON.

LUC. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

GOth. And ours, with thine ; befall what fortune will.

LUC. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress'^c face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings :

And see the ambush of our friends be strong :

I fear the emperor means no good to us.

AARON. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

LUC. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave !

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

[*Flourish.*

^a *Coffin*—the crust of a raised pie.

^b The folio omits *own*.

^c *Empress*, in the quarto of 1600. The quarto of 1611, and the folio, *emperor's*.

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS, and TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.

SAT. What, hath the firmanent more suns than one?

LUC. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARC. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle^a!

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end;

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SAT. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys.*

Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face; Young LUCIUS, and others.

TIT. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

SAT. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

TIT. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

TAM. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

TIT. An if your highness knew my heart, you were:

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

SAT. It was, Andronicus.

TIT. Your reason, mighty lord?

SAT. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

TIT. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[*He kills her.*

SAT. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

TIT. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage; and it is now done^b.

SAT. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

TIT. Will 't please you eat, will 't please your highness feed?

TAM. Why hast thou slain thy only daughter?

TIT. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

^a Begin the parley.

^b This line is omitted in the folio.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

SAT. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TIT. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs TAMORA.*

SAT. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*He kills TITUS.*

LUC. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There 's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed.

[*He kills SATURNINUS. The people disperse in terror.*

MARC. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body—

ROM. LORD. Lest^a Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend [*To LUCIUS*], as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUC. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister:

^a *Lest.* The originals, *let.*

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave:
 Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
 And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just and full of truth.
 But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,
 For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MARC. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child;
 Of this was Tamora delivered,
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd^a as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause^b had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house:
 Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

ÆMIL. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
 Lucius, our emperor; for well I know,
 The common voice do cry it shall be so.

MARC. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor^c!

^a *Damn'd.* The old copies, *And*.

^b *Cause.* The earliest copies, *course*. The fourth folio gave the correction.

^c This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people—"Romans"—

Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[To Attendants.

Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor!

LUC. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
'The last true duties of thy noble son.

[Kisses TITUS.

MARC. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

LUC. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.*

BOY. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

ROMAN. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUC. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.

by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

AARON. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers

I should repent the evils I have done:

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did

Would I perform, if I might have my will:

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

LUC. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument:

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of ^a prey:

Her life was beastly ^b and devoid of pity,

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on ^c Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then afterwards, to order well the state,

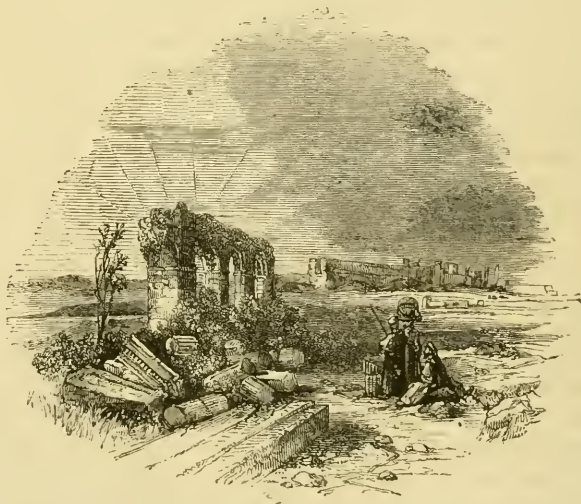
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Of*, in the folio. The quartos, *to*.

^b *Beast-like*, in the folio. The quartos, *beastly*.

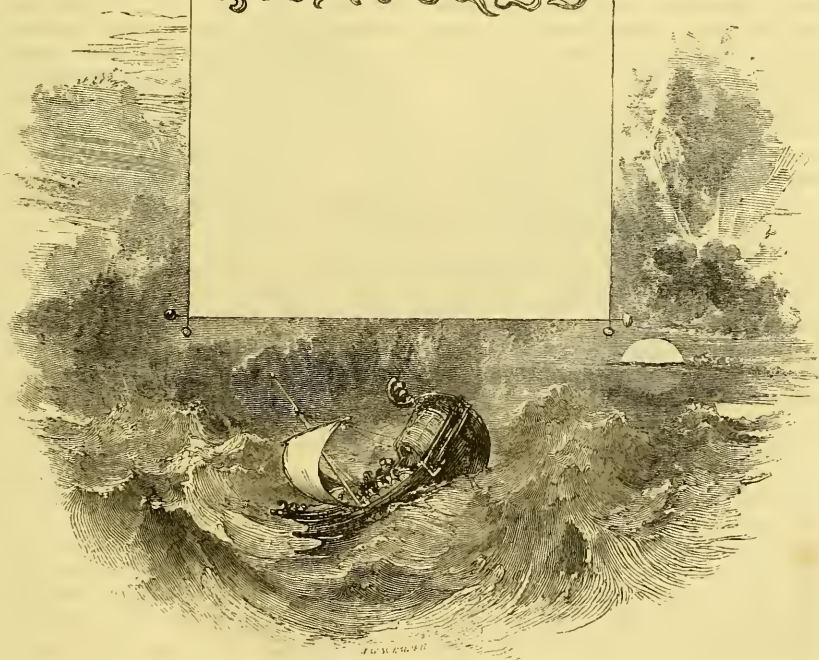
^c *On*, in the quartos. The folio, *to*.





GOWER

PERICLES



W. H. & C. 1847

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of 'Pericles' appeared in 1609, under the following title:—'The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609.' Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 'Pericles' first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio."

We advocate the belief that 'Pyrocles,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted. Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century,

when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that 'Pericles' ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than 'Pericles,' and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second Acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth Acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."^a We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterisation, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "'Pericles' is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the

^a 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 268.

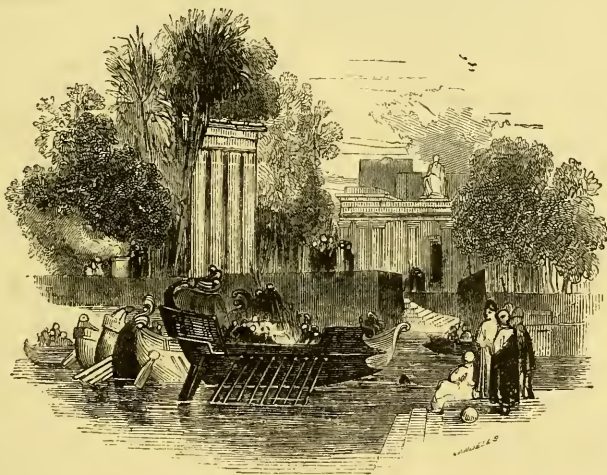
tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted." ^a Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable" — "the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam, that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second

^a 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 509.

or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth Act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, Shakspeare would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the 'Pericles' which appears to have been in some respects a new play at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, <i>King of Antioch.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i>	A Pander <i>and his Wife.</i> <i>Appear, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.</i>
PERICLES, <i>Prince of Tyre.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.</i> Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.	BOULT, <i>servant to the Pander.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.</i>
HELICANUS, <i>a lord of Tyre.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.</i> Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.	GOWER, <i>as Chorus.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. Chorus. Act II. Chorus.</i> Act III. Chorus. Act IV. Chorus, sc. 4. Act V. Chorus, sc. 2; sc. 3.
ESCANES, <i>a lord of Tyre.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.</i>	The Daughter of Antiochus. <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1.</i>
SIMONIDES, <i>King of Pentapolis.</i> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.</i>	DIONYZA, <i>wife to Cleon.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3.</i> Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.
CLEON, <i>Governor of Tharsus.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.</i>	THAISA, <i>daughter to Simonides.</i> <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.</i> Act V. sc. 3.
LYSIMACHUS, <i>Governor of Mitylene.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.</i>	MARINA, <i>daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6.</i> Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
CERIMON, <i>a lord of Ephesus.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.</i>	LYCHORIDA, <i>nurse to Marina.</i> <i>Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>
THALIARD, <i>servant to Antiochus.</i> <i>Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.</i>	DIANA. <i>Appears, Act V. sc. 2.</i>
LEONINE, <i>servant to Dionyza.</i> <i>Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.</i>	<i>Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen,</i> <i>and Messengers.</i>
Marshal. <i>Appears, Act II. sc. 3.</i>	

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.



ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of ^a old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung, at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales ^b;
 And lords and ladies, in ^c their lives,
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purpose ^d is to make men glorious;
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.

^a *Of.* The early editions, *that*.

^b The early copies, *holy-days*. Farmer suggested *holu-ales*.

^c *In their lives*, in all the copies. During their lives.

^d *Purpose*. In the originals, *purchase*.

If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say :)
 This king unto him took a pheere^a,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blythe, and full of face,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace :
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke ;
 Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By^b custom, what they did begin
 Was with long use account'd no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.**Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

ANT. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake.

PER. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

[Music.]

^a *Pheere*. In the originals, *peer*. *Pheere*, or *fere*, is a mate. See 'Titus Andronicus,' Act IV.
 Scene 1.

^b *By*. The originals, *but*.

ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride^a,
 For the embracements, even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

PER. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever 'ras'd^b, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

ANT. Prince Pericles——

PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.

ANT. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That, without covering save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare

^a The old copies read,

"Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride."

Musick was evidently a marginal direction.

^b *Ras'd*. The first quarto reads *racte*—the subsequent copies, *rackt*. The verb *raze*, or *erase*, was formerly written *race*, and *racte* was the past participle.

This body, like to them, to what I must:
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life 's but breath, to trust it error.
 I 'll make my will then; and, as sick men do
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but, feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you. [To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

ANT. Scorning advice; read the conclusion then^a;

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness^b!

PER. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought,
 But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

"I am no viper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh which did me breed:
 I sought a husband, in which labour,
 I found that kindness in a father.
 He 's father, son, and husband mild,
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two,
 As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, ye powers!
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
 For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;

^a The early editions give these lines confusedly:—

"I wait the sharpest blow, (Antiochus),
 Scorning advice; read the conclusion then."

The name of the character was evidently mistaken for a part of the dialogue.

^b *Of all sayd yet* is the ancient reading; which Percy suggested meant—of all who have essay'd yet. The modern is, "*In all save that,*" in both passages.

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods, to hearken;
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANT. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
 For that 's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd;
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

PER. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
 'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
 He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:
 For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
 Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd^a
 By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
 Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law 's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—
 All love the womb that their first being bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANT. Heaven that I had thy head! he has found the meaning!
 But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
 Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days^b;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty days longer we do respite you,
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
 And, until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,

^a Steevens reads *wrong'd*.

^b The quartos, *counsel of*; the folio (1664), *cancel off*.

Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you 're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun^a no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
 To have his head;
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner:
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

THAL. Doth your highness call?

ANT. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and our mind
 Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THAL. My lord, 't is done.

Enter a Messenger.

ANT. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

MES. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

ANT. As thou

^a *Shun*. The original copies, *show*.

Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow, shot
 From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,
 Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

THAL. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I 'll make him sure
 enough: so farewell to your highness. [Exit.

ANT. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

PER. Let none disturb us: why should this charge of thoughts,—

The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
 By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet^a?
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me:
 Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so with me;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he 's so great, can make his will his act)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him^b,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:

^a In the first line of this speech in the original the word now printed *charge* is *châge*. Douce thinks the reading of *change* may be supported:—"Let none disturb us; why should this *change* of thoughts [disturb us]?" *Charge* appears to be the likeliest word, in the sense of burthen. But we do not make the sentence end at *charge of thoughts*, as is usually done. *The sad companion* is that charge. The passage is usually printed thus:—

"Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
 The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
 By me so us'd a guest *is*, not an hour," &c.

Malone reads—

"By me 's so us'd a guest, as not an hour."

In following the original we must understand the verb *be* :—

"Why should, &c.

By me [be] so us'd a guest *as* not an hour."

^b *Him* was added by Rowe.

And what may make him blush in being known,
 He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;
 With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the stint^a of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who am^b no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 LORD. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable!

HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
 They do abuse the king that flatter him,
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
 To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing;
 Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
 When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

PER. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
 What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
 And then return to us. Helicanus, thou
 Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

HEL. An angry brow, dread lord.

PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
 They have their nourishment?

PER. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee.

HEL. I have ground the axe myself; do but you strike the blow.

PER. Rise, prithee rise; sit down, thou art no flatterer;

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

^a *Stint*, "which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Ostent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before?—

"He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;"

He will *stop* it, by the *stint* of war. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.

^b *Am*. The original has *owe*. Farmer suggested *am*.

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;

That minister'st a potion unto me,

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then; I went to Antioch,

Whereas^a, thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate;

Are arms^b to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;

The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth^c: but thou know'st this,

'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;

I know him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears

Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:

And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)

That I should open to the listening air,

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—

To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,

Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all (of which thyself art one,

Who now reprov'st me for it)——

HEL. Alas, sir!

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts

How I might stop this tempest ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,

I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,

And justly, too, I think; you fear the tyrant,

^a *Whereas*, in the sense of *where*.

^b Which are *arms*, &c., is here understood.

^c To *smooth* signifies to *flatter*.

Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

PER. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

HEL. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince^a,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter THALIARD.

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles;
and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous.—Well,
I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to
ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a
villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.

THAL. How! the king gone!

[*Aside.*]

HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

^a *Convince*, in the sense of *overcome*.

THAL. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*

HEL. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THAL. Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he 's gone, the king sure must please^a
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THAL. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;
My message must return from whence it came.

HEL. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen^b with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

CLE. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

^a The original copies have—

“But since he 's gone, *the king's seas* must please.”

We adopt the principle of Steevens's alteration, who reads—

“But since he 's gone, the king *it* sure must please.”

^b *And seen.* Thus in the original copies. Malone proposed *unseen*; but Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering; but if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues^a
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that
 If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helpers^b to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
 And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

DIO. I'll do my best, sir.

CLE. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,
 A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIO. Oh, 't is too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
 Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's savour^c,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
 Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup

^a *Tongues*, in all the early editions. Steevens changed the word to *lungs*, which is the received reading.

^b *Helpers*, in the original. The modern reading is *helps*.

^c This is Malone's reading. All the early copies have—

“Those pallats, who, not yet too savers younger.”

And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Where 's the lord governor?

CLE. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLE. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath^a stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

LORD. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

CLE. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there:
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

LORD. I go, my lord.

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist^b;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think

^a *Hath*. The original copies, *that*.

^b *Consist*—stands on.

Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd^a within,
 With bloody views expecting overthrow)
 Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
 And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

OMNES. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we will pray for you.

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise;

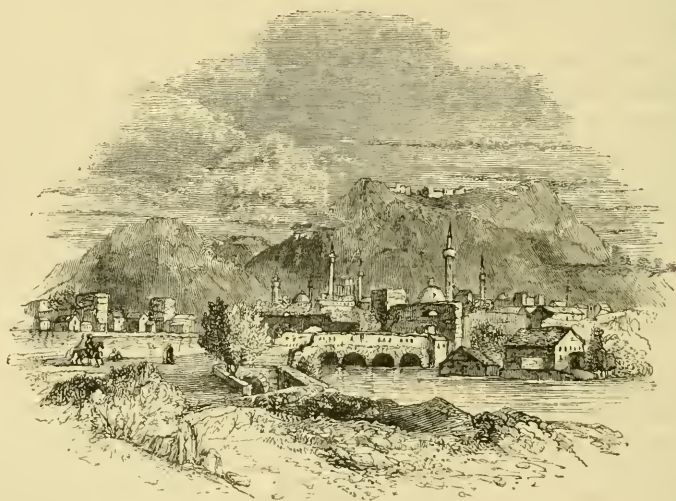
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
 Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *War-stuff'd*. This is Steevens's ingenious emendation of *was stuff'd*.



[*Antioch.*]



ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring :
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity.
I 'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good, in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can ^a :

^a The meaning of this obscure line probably is—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.

And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue^a to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them.
Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES
shows the letter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and
knights him.*

[Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.]^b

Good Helicane hath^c stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours ; for though he strive
To killeu bad, keeps good alive ;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word^d of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tharsus 't was not best
Longer for him to make his rest :
He, knowing so^e, put forth to seas,
Where when men bin, there 's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen'd but himself ;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad :

^a *Build his statue.* All the old copies read *build* ; but the word is invariably changed to *gild*, because in the 'Confessio Amantis' we find, with regard to this statue—

"It was of laton over-gilt."

But before the statue was *gilt* it was erected, according to the same authority :—

"For they were all of him so glad,
That they for ever in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of him, and in a common place
They set it up."

Why not then *build* as well as *gild* ?

^b We give this *dumb show* literally, as in the original.

^c *Hath.* In the old copies *that*.

^d *Sends word.* In the old copies, *sav'd one*.

^e In the old copies, *he doing so*.

And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text^a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

PER. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance, that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 FISH. What, ho, Pilche^b!

2 FISH. Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 FISH. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 FISH. What say you, master?

1 FISH. Look how thou stirrest now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 FISH. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 FISH. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 FISH. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

PER. A pretty moral.

^a Douce explains this clearly:—"This 'longs the text' is, in Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text*; I need not comment upon it; you will see it."

^b *Pilche* is most probably a name; as we have afterwards Patch-breech. The old copies have "What to pelch?"

3 FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 FISH. Why, man?

3 FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

PER. Simonides?

3 FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. How from the finny subject^a of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 FISH. Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it^b.

PER. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast^c.

2 FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practis'd it.

2 FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

PER. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

^a *Finny subject*. The original has *fenny*. *Subject* must be taken as a plural noun.

^b This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, If it be a day (*i. e.* a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not *in*) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)? Steevens supposes that the dialogue originally ran thus:—

"Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;

The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch* it out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it."

^c This is the reading of the folio.

1 FISH. Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays^a, fish for fasting days, and more-o'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

2 FISH. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

2 FISH. But crave? then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]*

PER. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

PER. Not well.

1 FISH. Why, I 'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

PER. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 FISH. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 FISH. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 FISH. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul^b.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 FISH. Help, master, help; here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour!

PER. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;

And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,

With this strict charge (even as he left his life),

"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield

'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace);

For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,

^a The old copies have *all day*.

^b We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more riddles in this play than that of Antiochus.

The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee."^a
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
 Took it in rage, though calm'd they've given it again:
 I thank thee for it; my shipwrack now 's no ill,
 Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 FISH. What mean you, sir?

PER. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
 For it was some time target to a king;
 I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,
 And, for his sake, I wish the having of it;
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
 And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
 I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 FISH. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PER. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 FISH. Why, d' ye take it, and the gods give thee good on 't.

2 FISH. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment
 through the rough seams of the water: there are certain condolences,
 certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you
 had it.

PER. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
 And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
 This jewel holds his bidding^b on my arm;
 Unto thy value I will mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases^c.

2 FISH. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a
 pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

PER. Then honour be but a goal to my will,

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by
 the side of it, for the reception of the King and Princess^d.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

^a The old copies read—

“The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee.”

^b *Biding*. The old copies, *buylding*.

^c Armour for the legs.

^d This description of the scene is modern.

1 LORD. They are, my liege ;

And stay your coming, to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.

THAI. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

SIM. 'T is fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain^a
The labour of each knight, in his device.

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

[Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his
shield to the Princess.

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

SIM. He loves you well, that holds his life of you. [The second Knight passes.
Who is the second that presents himself ?

THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerça*.

[The third Knight passes.

SIM. And what 's the third ?

THAI. The third of Antioch ; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry : the word, *Me pompæ prorexit apex*.

[The fourth Knight passes.

SIM. What is the fourth ?

THAI. A burning torch that 's turned upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill. [The fifth Knight passes.

THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that 's by the touchstone tried :
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[The sixth Knight passes.

SIM. And what 's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

THAI. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present

^a Explain. The old copies read *entertain*.

Is a wither'd branch, that 's only green at top :
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

SIM. A pretty moral ;

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 LORD. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend :
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

SIM. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming ; we 'll withdraw

Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight !*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the Knights from tilting.

SIM. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
You are princes, and my guests.

THAI. But you, my knight and guest ;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

PER. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed ;

And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

SIM. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

MARSHAL. Sir, yonder is your place.

PER. Some other is more fit.

I KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

PER. You are right courteous knights.

SIM. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon^a.

THAI. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat: sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

SIM. He 's but a country gentleman; has done no more
Than other knights have done; has broken a staff,
Or so; so let it pass.

THAI. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PER. Yon king 's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where^b now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights?

I KNIGHT. Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIM. Here, with a cup that 's stor'd^c unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.

SIM. Yet pause a while; yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

^a This speech is usually assigned to Pericles; and in the second line under this arrangement, we read, "*she* not thought upon." But throughout the remainder of the scene Pericles gives no intimation of a sudden attachment to the Princess. The King, on the contrary, is evidently moved to treat him with marked attention, and to bestow his thoughts upon him almost as exclusively as his daughter. If we leave the old reading, and the old indication of the speaker, Simonides wonders that he cannot eat—"these cates resist me"—although he (Pericles) is "not thought upon." This is an attempt to disguise the cause of his solicitude even to himself. It must be observed that the succeeding speeches of Simonides, Thaisa, and Pericles, are all to be received as soliloquies. In the second speech Simonides continues the idea of "he not thought upon," by attempting to depreciate Pericles—"He 's but a country gentleman."

^b *Where*—whereas.

^c *Stor'd*. The first quarto has *sturd*; the subsequent copies *stirr'd*—each the same word.

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

THAI. What is 't to me, my father?

SIM. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them:

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

SIM. How! do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

THAI. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*]

SIM. And further tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

THAI. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

PER. I thank him.

THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

THAI. And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

PER. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles;

My education has been in arts and arms;)

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.

THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by

Misfortune of the sea has been bereft

Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,

Will very well become a soldier's dance^a:

^a Malone says, "The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient 'Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing' (black letter, no date):—

"There is a dance call'd Choria,
Which joy doth testify;
Another called Pyrricke,
Which warlike feats doth try.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
 Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
 So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well perform'd.
 Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;
 And that their measures are as excellent.

[*The Knights dance.*]

PER. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

SIM. Oh, that 's as much as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
 But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, to conduct
 These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
 We have given order to be next our own.

PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
 For that 's the mark I know you level at:
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
 To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot of
 An inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
 Those bodies, even to loathing: for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them^a ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCA. 'T was very strange.

HEL. And yet but justice; for though

For men in armour gestures made,
 And leap'd, that so they might,
 When need requires, be more prompt
 In public weal to fight."

^a An elliptical construction—all those eyes *which* ador'd them.

This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

ESCA. 'T is very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 LORD. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, hath respect with him but he.

2 LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 LORD. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 LORD. Follow me then: lord Helicane, a word.

HEL. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1 LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

HEL. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1 LORD. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 LORD. Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our censure^a:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

OMNES. Live, noble Helicane.

HEL. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas^b,
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

^a *Censure*—opinion. We believe, says the speaker, that the probability of the death of Pericles is the strongest. He then proceeds to assume that the kingdom *is* without a head. So the ancient readings, which we follow.

^b *Seas*. Malone proposed to read *seat*.

1 LORD. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it^a.
HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake
A married life:
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.
2 KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?
SIM. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break.
3 KNIGHT. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SIM. So,
They 're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd:
Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides!
SIM. To you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
PER. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

SIM. Sir, you are music's master.

PER. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

SIM. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think
Of my daughter, sir?

^a It has been added to the old reading.

PER. A most virtuous princess.

SIM. And she is fair too, is she not?

PER. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

SIM. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

PER. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

SIM. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

PER. What 's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.

[*Aside.*

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

PER. By the gods I have not;

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

SIM. Traitor, thou liest.

PER. Traitor!

SIM. Ay, traitor.

PER. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*

PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

SIM. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

THAI. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence

At that would make me glad?

SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

I am glad of it with all my heart.

[*Aside.*

I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
 Will you, not having my consent, bestow
 Your love and your affections upon a stranger?
 (Who, for aught I know,
 May be, nor can I think the contrary,
 As great in blood as I myself.)
 Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
 Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,
 Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
 Man and wife;
 Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
 And, being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;—
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
 What, are you both pleas'd?

[*Aside.*

THAL. Yes, if you love me, sir.

PER. Even as my life, or^a blood that fosters it.

SIM. What, are you both agreed?

BOTH. Yes, if it please your majesty.

SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I 'll see you wed:

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

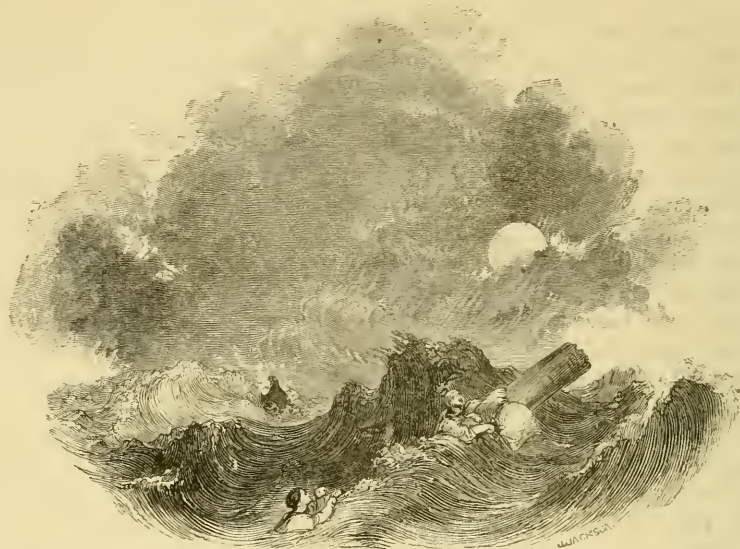
[*Exeunt.*

^a Or, in the old copies. Malone reads—

“Even as my life *my* blood,” &c.

Even as my life loves my blood. The original answer is clear enough—I love you, even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.

[*Tyre.*]



ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
 No din but snores, the house about ^a,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches from ^b the mouse's hole ;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 Are ^c the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded :—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche ^d ;
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to

^a *The house about.* In the original, "about the house."

^b *From*—before—a short distance off.

^c *Are.* So the original. *As* is the modern reading.

^d *Eche*—eke out.

SIMONIDES; *the Lords kneel to him*^a. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [*his daughter*] *the letter*; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.

Gow. By many a derne^b and painful perch,
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes^c,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strange inquire)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenor these:
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Yravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
 "Our heir apparent is a king:
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre;
 His queen with child, makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe:)
 Lychorida her nurse she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd^d,
 Varies again: the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:

^a Malone says, "The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of Tyre."

^b *Derne*—solitary.

^c *Coignes*. The old copies have *crignes*.

^d *Fortune mov'd*. So the old copies. Steevens reads, "fortune's mood."

And what ensues in this fell storm, .
 Shall for itself, itself perform ;
 I will relate ; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey :
 Which might not what by me is told.—
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.

PER. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O still
 Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders ; gently quench
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen ?—Thou storm, venomously,
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
 Is, as a whisper in the ear of death,
 Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife^a, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA.

LYC. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
 Am like to do : take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

PER. How ! how, Lychorida !

LYC. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.
 Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
 A little daughter ; for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

PER. O ye gods !
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,
 Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Use honour with you.

^a *Midwife.* The old copies, *my wife*.

LYC. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

PER. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb:
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 SAIL. What! courage, sir! God save you.

PER. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 SAIL. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud,
and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

PER. That's your superstition.

1 SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are
strong in, astern^a. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

PER. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

LYC. Here she lies, sir.

PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze^b;

^a *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong in *easterne*." Steevens first proposed to read, "we are strong in *credence*;" and subsequently, "we are strong in *earnest*." Boswell would read, "we are strong in *custom*." It appears to us that the sailor, at such a moment, was not very likely to enter into an explanation of his superstition. He believes in it; and he points out the danger. Thus Malone receives "we are strong in *eastern*" as, "there is a strong easterly wind." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense, with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea-room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dreads the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—"We are *strong in* [driving strongly in shore] *astern*."

^b *Ooze.* The originals have *oare*. Steevens made the ingenious correction.

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining^a lamps, the belching whale
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffin^b: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2 SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

PER. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 SAIL. We are near Tharsus.

PER. Thither, gentle mariner;

Alter thy course for Tyre^c. When canst thou reach it?

2 SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PER. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

CER. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

PHIL. Doth my lord call?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
 It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

SER. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
 Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
 And tell me how it works.

[*To PHILEMON.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Good morrow.

2 GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

^a *And aye-remaining.* The originals have, "*The ayre-remaining.*" Malone made the alteration, which gives a clear meaning, monuments being surrounded with constantly-burning lamps.

^b *Coffin*, and *coffer*, are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently, Cerimon says to Thaisa—

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels
 Lay with you in your *coffer*."

* Pursue not the course for Tyre.

CER. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

1 GENT. Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake ;
The very principals ^a did seem to rend,
And all to topple : pure surprise and fear
Made me to leave the house.

2 GENT. That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
'T is not our husbandry.

CER. O you say well.

1 GENT. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose :
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

CER. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning ^b were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
'To please the fool and death ^c.

2 GENT. Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

SER. So ; lift there.

^a *Principals*. The strongest timbers of a building.

^b *Cunning*—knowledge.

^c So, in 'Measure for Measure'—

"Merely thou art *death's fool*,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still."

CER. What 's that?

SER. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest; 't is of some wrack.

CER. Set it down, let 's look upon it.

2 GENT. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

CER. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2 GENT. It is so, my lord.

CER. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd!
Did the sea cast it up?

SER. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

CER. Wrench it open;
Soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 GENT. A delicate odour.

CER. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
Oh you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

1 GENT. Most strange!

CER. Shrouded in cloth of state!
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices!
A passport too! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters!

[*He reads out of a scroll.*]

“Here I give to understand
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!”

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.

2 GENT. Most likely, sir.

CER. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The viol ^a once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen, this queen will live:
Nature awakes; a warmth breathes out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.
See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again!

1 GENT. The heavens, through you, increase our wonder,
And set up your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be!

[She moves.]

THAI. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

2 GENT. Is not this strange?

1 GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours;

Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,

And Esculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying her away.]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us^b.

DION. O your sweet queen!

^a *The viol.* So the first quarto. The second and subsequent editions, *the vial*.

^b This is Steevens's reading. The originals have *shakes* (not shafts), and *haut* (not hurt). The use of *glance* decides the value of the correction.

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)
Here I charge your charity withal,
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord; but think,

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't^a. So I take my leave:
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,

Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace

Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a The original has "*unsister'd* shall this *heir*." He will not marry; she shall be *unsister'd*. But when Pericles in the fifth Act discovers his daughter, he will "clip to form" what makes him "look so dismal;" and beautify what for "fourteen years no razor touch'd." Steevens has the merit of this construction of the passage.

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.**Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

THAI. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea
I well remember, even on my yearning time;
But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire^a:
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

THAI. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt.]

^a Until you die.





ACT IV.

Enter GOWER^a.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place^b
 Of general wonder. But, alack!
 That monster Envy, oft the wrack

^a In the early quartos there is no division into acts and scenes, which first occurs in the folio of 1664. In that edition this chorus, and the two following scenes, belong to Act III.

^b The old copies have—

“Which makes *high* both the *art* and place.”

Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown^a,
 Even ripe^b for marriage fight; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be.
 Be 't when she^c weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp neeld wound^d
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute
 That still records^d with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: so
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest^e for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carried winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

^a The old copies read—

“And in this kind our Cleon hath
 One daughter and a full-grown wench.”

Steevens transposed the words to produce the rhyme.

^b *Ripe* is the reading of one of the quartos: *Right* is the general reading.

^c *She*. The old copies, *they*.

^d *Records*—makes music—sings.

^e *Prest*—ready.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore**Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it.

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely^a; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DION. The fitter then the gods above should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death^b.
 Thou art resolv'd?

LEON. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

MAR. No: I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green^c with flowers: the yellows, blues,
 The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall as a carpet^d hang upon thy grave,
 While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring me from my friends.

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
 How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe!

^a Much of this scene, though evidently intended to be metrical, is printed as prose in the old copies. This passage runs thus: "Let not conscience, which is but cold, *inflaming thy love bosom*, inflame too nicely." The passage is usually printed "*inflame* love in thy bosom." We gain a better construction by departing less from the original.

^b Malone prints this,

"Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.
 Death—thou art resolv'd."

Percy suggested that the passage should be altered to "weeping for her *old nurse's* death." We follow the original; though probably *mistresse* is a misprint for *nourice*.

^c *Green*, in the quartos. The folio of 1664, *grave*. See the next note.

^d *Carpet*. So the old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them^a.
 Walk with Leonine; the air 's quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MAR. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve^b
 That excellent complexion which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
 Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;

Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood:
 What! I must have a care of you.

MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.

[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEON. South-west.

MAR. When I was born the wind was north.

LEON. Was 't so?

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cried, " Good seamen," to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
 That almost burst the deck.

LEON. When was this?

MAR. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;

^a *Them.* The early copies read *it*; and Malone has,

" Give me your *wreath of* flowers, ere the sea mar it.

The change of *it* to *them* is less violent.

^b *Reserve*—preserve.

And from the ladder-tackle washes off
 A canvas-climber: "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
 And with a dropping industry they skip
 From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

LEON. Come, say your prayers.

MAR. What mean you?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
 To do my work with haste.

MAR. Why will you kill me?

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

MAR. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life;
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
 Or my life imply her any danger?

LEON. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

MAR. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
 Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

LEON. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.

1 PIRATE. Hold, villain!

[LEONINE runs away.]

2 PIRATE. A prize! a prize!

3 PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.
 [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go ;
 There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
 And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further ;
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.**Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

PAND. Boul't.

BOULT. Sir.

PAND. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do ; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PAND. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD. Thou say'st true : 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

BOULT. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market ?

BAWD. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PAND. Thou say'st true ; they 're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made him roast-meat for worms :—but I 'll go search the market. [Exit BOULT.

PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why, to give over, I pray you ? Is it a shame to get when we are old ?

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity ; nor the commodity wages not with the danger : therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. As well as we ! ay, and better too ; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade ; it 's no calling ; but here comes Boul't.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.

BOULT. Come your ways [To MARINA]. My masters, you say she 's a virgin ?

1 PIRATE. O sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see : if you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boulton, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD. What's her price, Boulton?

BOULT. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. *[Exeunt Pander and Pirates.]*

BAWD. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow.

[Exit BOULT.]

MAR. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had but overboard

Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not.

BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands, where I

Was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boulton's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. 'Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who? monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere^a profit.

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

BOULT. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boul't, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana?

Pray you, will you go with us?

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Mere*—absolute—certain.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Cleon's House at Tharsus.**Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

DION. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think you 'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I 'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth,

I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,

Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say,

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

DION. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the impious innocent,

And for an honest attribute, cry out,

"She died by foul play."

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods

Do like this worst.

DION. Be one of those that think

The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,

And open this to Pericles. I do shame

To think of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added,

Though not his pre-consent^a, he did not flow

From honourable courses.

DION. Be it so, then:

Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She did disdain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,

^a *Pre-consent.* The first quarto has *prince* consent; the second quarto, *whole* consent. Steevens made the judicious alteration.

You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Heavens forgive it!

DION. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DION. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind^a.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

^a In the old copies these lines are thus misplaced:—

“Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it: you beare in mind
Old Escenes whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie estate.”

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA]; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'erflow'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit^a
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza. *[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument.*

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No vizor does become black villainy
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our tears^b must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylene.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

2 GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 GENT. But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

^a Please you wit—be pleased to know.

^b Tears. In the old copies, *steare*.

2 GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 GENT. I 'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

BOULT. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

PAND. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. 'Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

BOULT. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

LYS. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

LYS. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

LYS. If she 'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

LYS. Well; call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

LYS. What, prithee?

BOULT. O, sir, I can be modest.

LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

**To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

BAWD. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

LYS. Have you done?

BAWD. My lord, she 's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boulton.]

LYS. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. Ever since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

MAR. Earlier, too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good

That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.

MAR. For me, that am a maid, though most ungente

Fortune have plac'd me in this loathsome sty,

Where since I came, diseases have been sold

Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

LYS. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

LYS. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,
And I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold; here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me
It shall be for thy good.

[As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his purse, BOULT enters.

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away.

[Exit.

BOULT. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish
chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come
your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall
execute it. Come your way. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away.
Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

BAWD. How now! what 's the matter?

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord
Lysimachus.

BAWD. O abominable!

BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent
him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

BAWD. Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her
virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, ye gods!

BAWD. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit Bawd.]

BOULT. Come, mistress: come your way with me.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing?

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,

Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'rel

That comes inquiring for his tib;

To the cholerick fisting of every rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

MAR. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty

Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely

Deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But amongst honest women?

BOULT. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Mitylene.*]



ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays :
 Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her neeld composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost :
 Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with feivour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight.
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you sit and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

TYR. SAIL. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you [*To the Sailor of Mitylene*]. O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HEL. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYR. SAIL. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Doth your lordship call?

HEL. Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

TYR. SAIL. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

LYS. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

HEL. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

LYS. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

HEL. First, what is your place?

LYS. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

HEL. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

LYS. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

HEL. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
 But the main grief of all springs from the loss
 Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

LYS. May we not see him?

HEL. You may,
 But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.

HEL. Behold him, sir [*PERICLES discovered*]. This was a goodly person,
 Till the disaster that, one mortal night^a,
 Drove him to this.

LYS. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
 Royal sir!

HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

LORD. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
 Would win some words of him.

LYS. 'T is well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
 And other chosen attractions, would allure,
 And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
 Which now are midway stopp'd:
 She is all happy as the fairest of all,
 And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
 The leafy shelter that abuts against
 The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord in the barge of*
 LYSIMACHUS.

HEL. Sure all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
 That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness
 We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
 That for our gold we may provision have,
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,
 But weary for the staleness.

LYS. O, sir, a courtesy,
 Which if we should deny, the most just God
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,
 And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
 But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

LYS. O here 's the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
 Is 't not a goodly presence?

^a *Night.* The old copies, *wight*.

HEL. She 's a gallant lady.

LYS. She 's such a one, that were I well assur'd
 Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
 I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty^a
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat^b
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

MAR. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery,
 Provided none but I and my companion
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

LYS. Come, let us leave her,
 And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings.

LYS. Mark'd he your music?

MAR. No, nor look'd on us.

LYS. See, she will speak to him.

MAR. Hail, sir! my lord,
 Lend ear.

PER. Hum, ha!

MAR. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
 My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

[Aside.

PER. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
 To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
 You would not do me violence.

PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
 You are like something, that—What countrywoman?
 Here of these shores^c?

^a *Bounty*. The old copies have *beauty*. Steevens made the correction.

^b *Feat*. The old copies, *fate*. Percy suggested *feat*.

^c *Shores*. The old copies, *shewes*.

MAR. No, nor of any shores :

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been : my queen's square brows ;
Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly : in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live ?

MAR. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck

You may discern the place.

PER. Where were you bred ?

And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe^a ?

MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PER. Prithee speak ;

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I 'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends ?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending ?

MAR. So indeed I did.

PER. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

MAR. Some such thing I said, and said no more

But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

PER. Tell thy story ;

If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them^b ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?
Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

MAR. My name is Marina.

^a *Owe*—own.

^b *Them* is not found in the old copies.

PER. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

MAR. Patience, good sir, or here I 'll cease.

PER. Nay, I 'll be patient;
Thou little knowest how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

MAR. The name was given me
By one that had some power; my father and a king.

PER. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

MAR. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

PER. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?
Well; speak on. Where were you born^a?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

MAR. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

PER. At sea? who was thy mother?

MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

PER. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: This cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You 'll scarce^b believe me; 't were best I did give o'er.

PER. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

MAR. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither

^a Malone reads,

“Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?”

This reading was probably adopted from the desire to avoid an alexandrine. A “fairy-motion” appears to us in the poet's best manner.

^b *You 'll scarce.* The old copies have, *you scorn.* Malone made the change.

Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
 You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
 I am the daughter to king Pericles
 If good king Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my lord?

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
 Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,
 That thus hath made me weep?

HEL. I know not; but
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
 Speaks nobly of her.

LYS. She never would tell her parentage;
 Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

PER. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness. O come hither,
 Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
 And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
 As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

PER. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
 My drown'd queen's name; as in the rest you said,
 Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
 And another like ^a to Pericles thy father.

MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
 To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end
 The minute I began.

PER. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
 Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, she is ^b;
 Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
 By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;

^a Like. Monck Mason suggests *life*.

^b Malone prints the passage thus:—

“ Mine own Helicanus,

She is not dead,” &c.

Steevens omits *she is*.

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you.

Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music's this?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PER. Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

LYS. Music? My lord, I hear—

PER. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

LYS. A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you^a.

[*Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and attendant Lady.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

PERICLES on deck asleep: DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the like.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow
Awake, and tell thy dream.

[*DIANA disappears.*]

PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

^a Malone thinks this sentence should be spoken by Marina to her female companion.

Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
 For other service first: toward Ephesus
 Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
 Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
 And give you gold for such provision
 As our intents will need?

[To HELICANUS.

LYS. Sir,

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
 I have another suit^a.

PER. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
 You have been noble towards her.

LYS. Sir, lend me your arm.

PER. Come, my Marina.

[Exeunt.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

GOW. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then dumb.

This, as my last boon, give me,

(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, what pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise,

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

PER. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;

Who, frighted from my country, did wed

^a *Suit.* The old copies have *sleight*.

The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

THAI. Voice and favour;—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[*She faints.*]

PER. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

CER. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

PER. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PER. 'T is most certain.

CER. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

PER. May we see them?

CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

THAI. O, let me look upon him!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd
And dead.

PER. Immortal Dian!

THAI. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

PER. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: You shall do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

MAR. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

THAI. Bless'd and mine own!

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not.

PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

THAI. 'T was Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom
The gods have shown their power; that can from first
To last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir, the gods
Can have no mortal officer more like
A god than you. Will you deliver how
This dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

PER. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them^a; although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*]

^a *Them* is omitted in the old copies.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

To enable the reader to judge how closely the author of 'Pericles' has followed the course of the narrative in Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' we shall make some considerable extracts from that poem; following the exact order of the poem, so as to include the events of each Act. It will be unnecessary for us to trace the association by reference to particular scenes and passages. We have modernised the orthography, so that the comparison may be pursued with more facility; and we give an interpretation of some obsolete words:—

"The father, when he understood
That they his daughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought
How that he might find a let;
And thus a statute then he set,
And in this wise his law he taxeth—
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couth^a his question
Assoil^b, upon suggestion
Of certain things that befell,
The which he would unto him tell,
He should in certain lose his head.
And thus there were many dead,
Their heads standing on the gate.
Till at last, long and late,
For lack of answer in the wise^c,
The remnant, that weren wise,
Eschewden to make essay."

* * * * *

"The king declareth him the case
With stern look, and sturdy cheer,
To him, and said in this manner:
With felony I am up bore,
I eat, and have it nought forbore,
My mother's flesh, whose husband
My father for to seek I fonde^d,
Which is the son of my wife,
Hereof I am inquisitive,
And who that can my tale save,
All quite^e he shall my daughter have
Of his answer; and if he fail,
He shall be dead without fail.
For thee, my son, quoth the king,
Be well advised of this thing
Which hath thy life in jeopardy."

* * * * *

"This young prince forth he went,
And understood well what he meant,

^a Couth—was able.

^b Assoil—answer.

^c In the wise—in the manner.

^d Fonde—try.

^e Quite—free.

Within his heart, as he was lered^a;
That for to make him afferd^b
The king his time hath so delayed.
Whereof he dradde^c, and was amayed^d
Of treason that he die should,
For he the king his soth^e told:
And suddenly the night's tide,
That more would he not abide,
All privily his barge he hent^f,
And home again to Tyre he went.
And in his own wit he said,
For dread if he the king bewray^gs,
He knew so well the king's heart,
That death ne should he not asterte^h,
The king him would so pursue.
But he that would his death eschew,
And knew all this to fore the hand,
Forsake he thought his own land,
That there would he not abide;
For well he knew that on some side
This tyrant, of his felony,
By some manner of treachery
To grieve his body would not leave."

* * * * *

"Antiochus, the great sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His heart beareth so, as ye heard,
Of that this prince of Tyre answer'd.
He had a fellow-bachelor,
Which was the privy councillor,
And Taliart by name he hight,
The king a strong poison dight
Within a box, and gold thereto,
In all haste, and bad him go
Straight unto Tyre, and for no cost
Ne spare, till he had lost
The prince, which he would spill.
And when the king hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galley
With all haste he took his way.
The wind was good, and saileth bliveⁱ,
Till he took land upon the rive^k
Of Tyre, and forthwith all anon
Into the burgh he 'gan to gon,
And took his inn, and bode a throw^l,
But for he would not be know,
Disguised then he goeth him out,
He saw the weeping all about,
And axeth what the cause was.
And they him tolden all the ease,
How suddenly the prince is go.
And when he saw that it was so,

^a Lered—taught.

^b Afferd—afraid.

^c Dradde—dreaded.

^d Amayed—dismayed.

^e Soth—truth.

^f Hent—took to.

^g Bewray'd—discovered.

^h Asterte—escape.

ⁱ Blive—quick.

^k Rive—coast.

^l Throw—time.

And that his labour was in vain,
 Anon he turneth home again :
 And to the king when he came nigh,
 He told of that he heard and sihe^a,
 How that the prince of Tyre is fled,
 So was he come again unspe'd.

The king was sorry for a while,
 But when he saw, that with no wile
 He might achieve his cruelty,
 He stint his wrath, and let him be."

* * * * *

"But over this now for to tell
 Of adventures, that befell
 Unto this prince of whom ytold :
 He hath his right course forth hold
 By stern and needle^b, till he came
 To Tharse, and there his land he name.
 A burgess rich of gold and fee
 Was thilke time in that city,
 Which cleped was Strangulio;
 His wife was Dionise also.
 This young prince, as saith the book,
 With him his herbergege^c took

- ^a Sihe—saw. ^b Stern and needle—stars and compass.
^c Herbergege—lodging.

And it befell that city so,
 By fore time and then also,
 Thurh^a a strong famine, which them lad^b,
 Was none that any wheat had.
 Appollinus, when that he heard
 The mischief how the city ferde^c,
 All freely of his own gift,
 His wheat among them for to shift,
 The which by ship he had brought,
 He gave, and took of them right nought.
 But sithen first the world began,
 Was never yet to such a man
 More joy made, than they him made ;
 For they were all of him so glad,
 That they for ever in remembrance
 Made a figure in resemblance
 Of him, and in common place
 They set it up; so that his face
 Might every manner man behold,
 So that the city was behold.
 It was of laton^d over-gilt;
 Thus hath he not his gift spilt."

- ^a Thurh—through. ^b Lad—lead.
^c Ferde—terrified. ^d Laton—mixed metal.

ACT II.

"WHEN him thought all grace away,
 There came a fisher in the way,
 And saw a man there naked stond,
 And when that he hath understand
 The cause, he hath of him great ruth^a,
 And only of his poor truth,
 Of such clothes as he had
 With great pity this lord he clad,
 And he him thanketh, as he should,
 And saith him that it shall be gold,
 If ever he get his state again;
 And pray'd that he would him seyn^b
 If nigh were any town for him ?
 He said, Yea, Pentapolim,
 Where both king and queen dwellen.
 When he this tale heard tellen
 He gladdeth him, and gan beseech
 That he the way him would teach;
 And he him taught, and forth he went,
 And prayed God with good intent
 To send him joy after his sorrow.
 It was not yet passed mid-morrow."

* * * * *

"Then thitherward his way he name^c,
 Where soon upon the noon he came.
 He eat such as he might get,
 And forth anon, when he had eat,
 He goeth to see the town about;
 And came there as he found a rout
 Of young lusty men withal;
 And as it should then befall,
 That day was set of such assise,
 That they should in the land's guise,
 As he heard of the people say,
 The common game then play:
 And cried was, that they should come
 Unto the game, all and some
 Of them that ben^d deliver^e and wight^f,
 To do such mastery as they might."

- ^a Ruth—pity. ^b Seyn—say. ^c Name—takes.
^d Ben—are. ^e Deliver—nimble. ^f Wight—active.

* * * * *

"And fell among them into game,
 And there he won him such a name,
 So as the king himself accounteth
 That he all other men surmounteth,
 And bare the prize above them all.
 The king bade that into his hall,
 At supper-time, he shall be brought;
 And he came there, and left it nought
 Without company alone.
 Was none so seemly of person,
 Of visage, and of limbs both,
 If that he had what to clothe.
 At supper time, natless,
 The king, amid all the press,
 Let clap him up among them all,
 And bade his marshal of his hall
 To setten him in such degree
 That he upon him might see.
 The king was soon set and serv'd,
 And he which hath his prize deserv'd,
 After the king's own word,
 Was made begin a middle board,
 That both king and queen him sihe^a.
 He sat, and cast about his eye,
 And saw the lords in estate,
 And with himself wax in debate,
 Thinking what he had lore^b;
 And such a sorrow he took therefore,
 That he sat ever still, and thought,
 As he which of no meat rought."^c

* * * * *

"The king beheld his heaviness,
 And of his great gentleness
 His daughter, which was fair and good,
 And at the board before him stood,
 As it was thilke^d time usage,
 He bade to go on his message,

- ^a Sihe—saw. ^b Lore—lost.
^c Rought—cared. ^d Thilke—that same.

And fonde^a for to make him glad,
And she did as her father bade,
And goeth to him the soft pace,
And axeth whence and what he was ?
And prayeth he should his thoughts leave."

* * * * *
"When he hath harped all his fill
The king's best to fulfil,
Away goeth dish, away goeth cup,
Down goeth the board, the cloth was up,
They risen, and gone out of hall.
The king his chamberlain let call,
And bade that he by all way
A chamber for this man purvey,
Which nigh his own chamber be.
It shall be do, my lord, quoth he."

^a Fonde—try.

* * * * *
"And when that he to chamber is come,
He hath into his council nome^a
This man of Tyre, and let him see
This letter, and all the privy
The which his daughter to him sent.
And he his knee to ground bent,
And thanketh him and her also;
And ere they went then a two^b,
With good heart, and with good courage,
Of full love and full marriage
The king and he ben whole accorded.
And after, when it was recorded
Unto the daughter how it stood,
The gift of all the world's good
Ne should have made her half so blithe."

^a Nome—taken.

^b A two—apart.

ACT III.

"THEY axen when the ship is come ?
From Tyre, anon answered some.
And over this they saiden more,
The cause why they come for
Was for to seek, and for to find,
Appollinus, which is of kind
Their liege lord; and he appeareth,
And of the tale which he heareth
He was right glad; for him they told
That for vengeance, as God it would,
Antiochus, as men may wete^a,
With thunder and lightning is sore smete^b.
His daughter hath the same chance,
So be they both in o^c balance."

* * * * *
"Lychorida for her office
Was take, which was a nonrice,
To wend with this young wife,
To whom was shape a woeful life.
Within a time as it betid,
When they were in the sea amid,
Out of the north they saw a cloud :
The storm arose, the winds loud
They blew many a dreadful blast,
The welkin was all overcast.
The dark night the sun hath under,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moon and eke the stars both,
In black clouds they them clothe,
Whercof their bright look they hid.
This young lady wept and cried,
To whom no comfort might avail:
Of child she began travail,
Where she lay in a cabin close.
Her woeful lord from her arose,
And that was long ere any morrow,
So that in anguish and in sorrow
She was deliver'd all by night,
And dead in every man's sight.
But nathless for all this woe
A maid child was bore tho^d."

* * * * *
"The master shipman came and pray'd,
With other such as be therein,
And said that he may nothing win
Again the death, but they him rede^e,
He be well ware, and take heed.

^a Wete—know.

^b Smete—smitten.

^c O—one.

^d Tho—then.

^e Rede—advise.

The sea by way of his nature
Receive may no creature,
Within himself as for to hold
The which is dead; for this they would,
As they counsellon all about,
The dead body casten out:
For better it is, they saiden all,
That it of her so befall,
Than if they shoulde all spill."

* * * * *
"I am, quoth he, but one alone;
So would I not for my person
There fell such adversity,
But when it may no better be,
Do then thus upon my word:
Let make a coffer strong of board,
That it be firm with lead and pitch.
Anon was made a coffer such
Already brought unto his hand;
And when he saw, and ready found
This coffer made, and well enclosed,
The dead body was besowed
In cloth of gold, and laid therein."

* * * * *
"I, king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Do all manner men to wit,
That hear and see this letter writ,
That, helpless without rede^a,
Here lieth a king's daughter dead;
And who that happeth her to find,
For charity take in his mind,
And do so that she be begrave^b,
With this treasure which he shall have."

* * * * *
"Right as the corpse was thrown on land,
There came walking upon the strand
A worthy clerk, a surgeon,
And eke a great physician,
Of all that land the wisest one,
Which hight master Cerymon :
There were of his disciples some.
This master to the coffer is come,
And peyseth^c there was somewhat in,
And bade them bear it to his inn,
And goeth himself forth withal.
All that shall fall, fall shall."

* * * * *

^a Rede—counsel; perhaps here medical aid.

^b Begrave—buried.

^c Peyseth—considereth.

"They laid her on a couch soft,
And with a sheet warmed oft,
Her cold breast began to heat,
Her heart also to flack^a and beat.
This master hath her every joint
With certain oil and balm anoint,
And put a liquor in her mouth,
Which is to few clerks couth^b,
So that she 'covereth at the last.
And first her eyen up she cast;
And when she more of strength caught,
Her arms both forth she straught^c,
Held up her hand, and piteously
She spake, and said, Ah! where am I?

^a *Flack*—flutter.^b *Couth*—known.^c *Straught*—stretched.

Where is my lord? What world is this?
As she that wot nought how it is."

* * * * *
"My daughter Thaysé, by your leave,
I think shall with you bileave^a
As for a time; and thus I pray
That she be kept by all way:
And when she hath of age more,
That she be set to books' lore.
And this avow to God I make,
That I shall never for her sake
My beard for no liking shave,
Till it befall that I have,
In convenable time of age,
Beset her unto marriage."

^a *Bileave*—leave behind.

ACT IV.

"And for to speak how that it stood
Of Thaysé his daughter, where she dwelleth
In Tharsé, as the chronique telleth.
She was well kept, she was well looked,
She was well taught, she was well booked;
So well she sped in her youth
That she of every wisdom couth,
That for to seek in every land
So wise another no man found,
Ne so well taught at man's eye;
But, woe-worth, ever falls envy."

* * * * *

"The treason and the time is shape,
So fell it that this churlish knape
Hath led this maiden where he would
Upon the straud, and what she should
She was a drad; and he out braid^a
A rusty sword, and to her said,
Thou shalt be dead: alas, quoth she,
Why shall I so? So thus, quoth he,
My lady Dionise hath bade
Thou shalt be murder'd in this stede.

This maid then for fear shriht^b,
And for the love of God all-might
She pray' th, that for a little stound^c
She might kneel upon the ground
Toward the heaven, for to crave
Her woeful soul that she may save.
And with this noise and with this cry
Out of a barge fast by,
Which hid was there on scomerfare,
Men start out, and weren ware
Of this felon: and he to go,
And she began to cry tho^d.

^a *Braid*—started, drew.^b *Shriht*—shrieked.^c *Stound*—moment.^d *Tho*—then.

Ha, mercy, help, for God's sake!
Into the barge they her take,
As thieves should, and forth they went."

* * * * *

"If so be that thy master would
That I his gold increase should,
It may not fall by this way;
But suffer me to go my way
Out of this house, where I am in,
And I shall make him for to win
In some place else of the town,
Be so it be of religion,
Where that honest women dwell.
And thus thou might thy master tell,
That when I have a chamber there,
Let him do cry ay wide-where^a
What lord that hath his daughter dear,
And is in will that she shall lere^b
Of such a school as is true;
I shall her teach of things new,
Which that none other woman can
In all this land."

* * * * *

"Her epitaph of good assise^c
Was writ about, and in this wise
It spake: O ye that this behold,
Lo, here lieth she, the which was hold
The fairest, and the flower of all,
Whose name Taysis men call.
The king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Her father was: now lieth she thus.
Fourteen year she was of age
When death her took to his viage."^d

^a *Wide-where*—far and near.^b *Lere*—learn.^c *Assise*—situation.^d *Viage*—journey.

ACT V.

"A MESSENGER for her is gone,
And she came with her harp on hand;
And she said them, that she would fonde^a
By all the ways that she can
To glad with this sorry man.

^a *Fonde*—try.

But what he was she wist nought,
But all the ship her hath besought,
That she on him her wits despend^a,
In aunter^b if he might amend,
And say it shall be well acquit.

When she hath understanden it

^a *Despend*—would expend.^b *Aunter*—adventure.

She goeth her down, there as he lay,
Where that she harpeth many a lay,
And like an angel sang withal.
But he no more than the wall
Took heed of anything he heard.

And when she saw that he so ferde^a,
She falleth with him into words,
And telleth him of sundry bordes^b.
And asketh him demands strange,
Whereof she made his heart change;
And to her speech his ear he laid,
And hath marvel of that she said.
For in proverb and in problem
She spake, and bade he should deme^c
In many a subtile question;
But he for no suggestion
Which toward him she could stere^d,
He would not o^e word answer,
But as a madman at the last,
His head weeping away he cast,
And half in wroth he bade her go:
But yet she would nought do so;
And in the dark forth she goeth
Till she him toucheth, and he wrothe^f.
And after her with his hand
He smote: and thus when she him found
Diseased, courteously she said,—
Avoys, my lord, I am a maid;
And if ye wist what I am,
And out of what lineage I came,
Ye would not be so salvage.
With that he sober'th his courage,
And put away his heavy cheer.
But of them two a man may lere
What is to be so sibbe^g of blood:
None wist of other how it stood,
And yet the father at last
His heart upon this maid cast,
That he her loveth kindly;
And yet he wist never why,
But all was known ere that they went;
For God, which wot their whole intent,
Their hearts both he discloseth.
This king unto this maid opposeth,
And asketh first, what is her name,
And where she learned all this game,
And of what kin that she was come?
And she, that hath his words nomeⁱ,
Answereth, and saith, My name is Thaise,
That was some time well at ease.
In Tharse I was forth draw and fed,
There learned I till I was sped,
Of that I can: my father eke,
I not where that I should him seek:
He was a king men told me.
My mother drown'd was in the sea.
From point to point all she him told
That she hath long in heart hold,

^a Ferde—fared.^b Bordes—countries.^c Deme—judge.^d Stere—stir.^e O—one.^f Wrothe—was angry.^g Avoys—avoid.^h Sibbe—related.ⁱ Nome—taken.

And never durst make her moan
But only to this lord alone,
To whom her heart cannot hele^a,
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal,
Turn it to good, turn it to harm.

And he then took her in his arm;
But such a joy as he then made
Was never seen: thus be they glad
That sorry hadden be to for^b.
From this day forth fortune hath sworn
To set them upward on the wheel:
So goeth the world, now woe, now weal."

* * * * *

"With worthy knights environed,
The king himself hath abandoned
Into the temple in good intent.
The door is up, and in he went,
Where as, with great devotion
Of holy contemplation
Within his heart, he made his shrift,
And after that a rich gift
He off'reth with great reverence;
And there in open audience
Of them that stodeen all about
He told them, and declareth out
His hap, such as him is befall:
There was no thing forget of all.
His wife, as it was God's grace,
Which was professed in the place
As she that was abbess there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ear.
She knew the voice, and the visage:
For pure joy, as in a rage,
She stretch'd unto him all at once,
And fell a swoon upon the stones
Whereof the temple-floor was paved.
She was anon with water laved,
Till she came to herself again,
And then she began to seyn—
Ah, blessed be the high soonde^c,
That I may see mine husband,
Which whilom he and I were one."

* * * * *

"Attaint they weren by the law,
And doomed for to hang, and draw,
And brent, and with the wind to blow,
That all the world it might know.
And upon this condition,
The doom in execution
Was put anon without fail.
And every man hath great marvel
Which heard tellen of this chance,
And thanketh God's purveyance,
Which doth mercy forth with justice.
Slain is the murd'rer, and murd'ress,
Through very truth of righteousness;
And through mercy safe is simplese^d
Of her, whom mercy preserveth,
Thus hath he well, that well deserveth."

^a Hele—hide.^b To for—to before.^c Soonde—gift.^d Simplese—simplicity.

